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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XI.

PUBLISHED IN
JANUARY AND APRIL,
M. DCCC. XXXIII.

LONDON:
TREUTTEL AND WÜRTZ, AND RICHTER,
30, SOHO SQUARE:
& BLACK, YOUNG, AND YOUNG,
TAVISTOCK STREET.

1833.

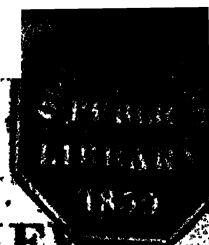
052
FOR Vol-11

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LONDON :
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH AND SONS, HELL-YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.



ART. I.—*Esquisse Morale et Politique des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord*, par Achille Murat, Citoyen des États-Unis, Colonel honoraire dans l'armée Belge, ci-devant. Prince Royal de Deux-Siciles. Paris. 1832. 8vo.

MOST pleasant is it to those who stand aloof from, but who do not therefore watch with less benevolent interest, the heady current of human affairs, to behold, that in spite of innumerable obstacles, the small bark which is freighted with the germs of much of the knowledge on which universal human happiness must be based, still preserves an even keel, still goes steadily onwards, and each day better provided, by the care of those who conduct it, with all that is needful to ensure the ultimate success of the voyage. Knowledge is daily gaining upon the world, and close at hand follows Wisdom, to turn every fresh accession of it to the purposes of utility. We do not speak of the knowledge which is taught in schools, that dubious kind resting solely on authority, and which, imperfectly understood, rarely produces fruit. The knowledge we speak of is of that practical kind which tends to strengthen the reasoning powers amongst the great mass of mankind, and renders it a difficult matter to gull them as of yore, with the coarse devices which the self-interested and low-minded amongst them, whether kings, conquerors, priests, lawyers, or demagogues, have been accustomed to set up. Mankind are still gullible, it is true; their kindly sympathies as a body, where not blighted by misery, render them the willing prey of the designing; but the number of those who can hope to succeed in gulling them is every day lessening, because a larger amount of skill is required to overreach their extended capacity. Public errors are becoming more and more obvious in the increasing light of truth, and once beheld, are extinguished for ever. As a mass, men do much wrong in ignorance, but rarely in wilful malice, unless misery urges them; and ignorance alone is the cause of that misery. When ignorance shall disappear from the majority, misery also will vanish. But inere writing, mere words, unfortunately, will not drive ignorance away. The school of practice seems also to be essentially necessary. Wise men have long

foreseen the results of ignorance. Wise men, had they possessed the confidence of their fellows, might have applied the needful remedies; but the unscrupulous charlatan has ever enlisted the passions of the multitude in his service, and it is not in the nature of passion to listen to the words of wisdom. Still is the prospect cheering; for through the very convulsion which seems to be shaking all things into hideous ruin, the calm philosopher who mingles not in the din, who neither urges nor is urged by the warring mass, can see the rising ferment in which is embodied the dim form of Truth. The combatants at times catch fragments of her robe, and are dazzled by its texture. Yet awhile, and she will smile upon them in beaming radiance, and they will wonder at the blindness which led them so long to strike at each other in error.

"Experience maketh fools wise," says the proverb. It is an unfortunate condition of humanity, that mere precepts cannot make an impression. It is needful to pass through the gate of experience in order to reach conviction. Still, much has been done. People refuse to worship as of yore, the senseless idols which authority had set up. They no longer ask how long a custom has existed, but what may be the *utility* of its continuance. Numberless confused answers are given both by the ignorant and by the designing, yet only through the midst of this confusion lies the pathway to truth. The clear vision of the philosopher can spy it, but amidst the Babel of tongues, his warning voice will for awhile be drowned. But even though it be late, the day-spring will at last visit us.

The work whose title stands at the head of this article is the production of M. Achille Murat, the son of the Paladin of that name, one of the false gods whom people are now ceasing to worship, who, by way of recompense for the quantity of human blood he shed in the service of Napoleon, was by that remorseless conqueror made King of Naples, which, in the perverted style of the Imperial Court, was considered equivalent to making the Neapolitans free. A Bourbon was turned out, and a Murat was brought in. Their intellect seems to have been upon a par, but the difference between them was, that the former was devoid of physical courage, whereas the latter possessed a superabundance of it, to such an extent indeed, that during the periods of truce while with the army, he was accustomed to engage in hand-to-hand fighting from pure liking for the sport. Without "knowing the divisions of a battle more than a spinster," Murat was an admirable bull-dog, and whenever his master, Napoleon, gave the signal for him to fall on, he was an excellent leader in a cavalry charge, and hewed away with the brawny arm of a butcher. It was therefore perfectly natural that he should bestow upon his

eldest son the name of Achilles, and the internal evidence of the work before us shows, that something of the disposition of the father has been inherited by the son; that he would rather still be "Prince Royal of the two Sicilies," or, it may be, King of Naples or any other kingdom, than "Honorary Colonel of the Belgic Army," or "Citizen of the United States," on which he piques himself with a species of mock humiliation. It has been said that his grandfather was a pastrycook; his father became a king; he himself has been, in addition to the titles already enumerated, slave-holder, lawyer, and postmaster of a village in Florida, which last occupation he altogether forgets to mention. This is more like an Arabian Night's Tale than a story of modern Europe, and is another sign of the age of transition in which we live, wherein good is constantly working its silent way out of evil. In a long dedication to Comte Thibaudeau, M. Murat talks much about rational liberty and self-government, the badness of European governments, and the goodness of that of the United States. He describes the burning delirium with which he quitted his plantation and his study, and hastened to join the ranks of the French army so soon as he heard of the days of July; but the mode in which he talks of his "disappointment" gives strong suspicion, that, dissatisfied with his career in the United States, he was quite willing to *faire fortune* in the career of liberty. He advises the getting rid of European armies by sending them "to make conquests and work civilization in Asia and Africa, which offer a vast field wherein French chivalry may reap a harvest of glory;" after the fashion of ancient Rome. But their numbers are to be recruited from the mother country. The name of MURAT affixed in large letters in kingly style to his preface, with the plebeianism of the christian name proportionately small, clearly points out one person whom the author thinks fitted to command these "armies of conquest and civilization." The affectation of equality in principle, and its practical denial throughout the volume, form a most amusing contrast, notwithstanding the disgust we experience at the hypocrisy.

The work is in the form of letters, written during the years 1826 to 1832 inclusive. A few of them appeared in a small volume in the early part of 1830, while the author was still in America, and were reviewed in a former number of this journal.* These are incorporated in the present volume. The author is a clever, though not a wise man, and moreover a very skilful describer; tolerably accurate where he speaks of facts from his own knowledge, but imbued with much prejudice when speaking of the people

* No. xiii. Art. x. "The United States," p. 194.

of the Northern or (as they are more frequently called) Eastern States. Take the work altogether, it is perhaps the best familiar picture that has appeared of that alternately lauded and depreciated portion of the globe-inhabited by our Transatlantic brethren. The work of Mrs. Trollope is a caricature, and of course bears a semblance to the reality; but there is much absolute untruth mixed up with it, and its general character is what a note-book of Charles Matthews might be supposed to be. Upon this showing only can the extraordinary sale it has met with be accounted for; but it is a grievous reflection, that an ill-natured squib of such a quality should be so eagerly seized on, to keep up the base contentions whereby two noble nations are made to dislike each other.* "The interests of the two nations perfectly coincide; and the open, and the covert hostilities, with which they plague one another, are the offspring of a bestial antipathy begotten by their original quarrel."† But though the facts of M. Murat may in most cases be regarded as correct, his inferences must be received with much caution; for, in addition to being a bad reasoner, he is evidently under the constant operation of prejudices, arising from an innate love of arbitrary power, which he vainly tries to disguise under an affectation of liberality.

The first letter treats of the general division of the Union into the States, and his prejudice at once breaks out, in speaking of the natives of the New England States, who are the class of men especially known by the name of *Yankees*,‡ though foreigners have generally made that name apply to the whole people of the Union.

* To the reader who is desirous of obtaining accurate notions relative to the United States, divested of the hasty, partial, and prejudiced views of tourists and political partisans, we cannot recommend a better work than Mr. Howard Hinton's "History and Topography of the United States of North America," recently completed in two volumes, 4to., and illustrated with appropriate maps and engravings. It contains by far the most complete and well-digested body of information relative to the North American Republic which has yet been offered to the world, written in a style of cleanness, and even elegance, not usual in such works. The first volume is entirely dedicated to the History, which is divided into three books, and brought down to the fiftieth year of the Republic (1826.) The second volume embraces, in five books, distributed into convenient chapters, the important subjects of Physical Geography, Natural History, Statistics, State of Society, and Topography. The labour of collecting, classifying, and condensing, within a reasonable compass, such a mass of various and scattered materials, must have been immense, and entitles the author to very high praise. Not less commendable is the spirit of impartiality which reigns throughout, equally removed from indiscriminate eulogy on every thing that is American, or from unjust depreciation.

† Austin's *Lectures on Jurisprudence*.

‡ The word *Yankee* is said to be an additional corruption from the imperfect speech of the Indians in endeavouring to pronounce the word *English*, which they called *Yenguees*. In Peru there is a popular tradition that Ynca Manco Capac, the first of the Peruvian dynasty, was, in reality, an Englishman wrecked on the coast, whence came the word *Yncas-Man*. There was also an existing superstition that the deliverance of Peru from the Spanish yoke was to be accomplished by a people coming from the west. When the Chileno squadron, commanded and partly manned by Englishmen, went to Peru to make war on the Spaniards, together with the army of San Mar-

"There (in the New England States) the men seem born to calculate by pence and farthings; but they rise thereby to calculate by millions, without losing an atom of their exactness, or the paltriness of their original views. Their greediness of gain is beyond all shame, and they make no scruple of avowing openly, like Petit-Jean, that "without money, honour is but a disease."

"This calculating and avaricious spirit harmonizes wonderfully with the pharisaical observance of Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and all the puritanical observances of the Presbyterian faith, of which most of them are professors. They are so scrupulous in this respect, that a brewer was publicly rebuked in church for having brewed on Saturday, which had exposed the beef to *work* on the Sabbath day. This they call morality, which they hold consists much more in not swearing, singing, dancing, or walking on the Sunday, than in refraining from the commission of fraudulent bankruptcy. This species of hypocrisy is so natural to them, that the greatest number of them practise it with perfect sincerity. They themselves glory in speaking of their country as the "country of steady habits;" not that they are a whit more virtuous, but because they put on a demure air once a week, and on Saturdays are contented with codfish and apple-pies. Boston, their capital, however, abounds with eminent literary men; it is styled the "American Athens;" it was the cradle of their liberty, and produced several of its most zealous defenders, men equally distinguished in council and in the field of battle. Education is there much more diffused than in any other part of the world whatever. In short, they possess every thing that leads to greatness, and have great views, without ever relinquishing that petty spirit of detail which follows them everywhere. Every where you may recognize a genuine Yankee by the adroit manner in which he asks questions about matters with which he is perfectly acquainted,—by the evasive way in which he answers such as are put to himself, without ever affirming anything,—and especially by the dexterous manner in which he contrives to disappear the moment the bill is ordered."

With little that is positively untrue in this statement—the stories of ~~the brewer~~ and the apple-pies being of course merely tales, characteristic of former times rather than of the present—the author has contrived to give a very unfavourable picture of people whom he evidently dislikes. That they have unamiable points, is true; but these are the result of local circumstances, rather than of mental defect. The New England States are the oldest settled, and the land, when compared with the rest of the Union, especially the Western States, is far from fertile. A large annual surplus of people is produced on their territory, beyond what there is food to support, and, consequently, rigid economy is practised by most of the inhabitants, and the remainder emigrate towards the unoccupied lands. Some of them, like the Scotch, become pedlars, dealing in innumerable articles of small value

tin, this superstition did as good service to the cause of the patriots as ever did the anniversary of a victory to Napoleon in inspiring his troops for a fresh conquest.

and easy carriage. Like most small dealers who make a trifling return, their occupation must yield a large profit, or it would not maintain them, and to increase the profit, much petty trickery is resorted to, as is common, not with the Yankees alone, but with all people of all countries who follow similar trades. The scenes of the Yankee peddling traffic are commonly in the Western and Southern States, amongst people far more wealthy than themselves, and who are consequently more easily overreached in a bargain. Hence arises the scandal that the Yankees are all cheats, which is the impression of the southern and western people, who judge of a large body from what they have seen of a few straggling supernumeraries, just as common-minded "Southrons" take it for granted that all Scotchmen must be mean and covetous, because limited means force them to frugality. M. Murat has fallen into this vulgar error. There may be much hypocrisy as well as much sincerity in their strict observance of the formula of their religion, as there doubtless is amongst the Scotch; but it is not true that fraudulent bankruptcy is held in less horror than singing or dancing on a Sunday, as M. Murat insinuates. The strongest minds in the Union are mostly to be found in the Eastern States, though, as is usual amongst most people of mediocré wealth, those minds have been applied, hitherto, to trade and commerce, rather than to other things which would have given them more fame and less riches.

M. Murat thus speaks of the Southern States:

"South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, the Mississippi, and Louisiana, constitute properly what is called 'the South.' Their *interest* is wholly agricultural. Long and short cottons, sugar, rice, and Indian corn, form their staple produce, which require the labour of blacks, and produce a price sufficiently remunerating to prevent them from employing their capital in other pursuits. The richness of the soil, and the fertility of the climate, second the labours of the cultivator to such a degree, that it is much more advantageous to employ the negroes in cultivation than in manufactures. Although the characters of the people of these different States vary considerably over so wide an extent of country, a certain southern temperament is, nevertheless, observable in all of them. The frankness, generosity, hospitality, and liberality of the opinions of the people have become proverbial, and form a perfect contrast to the character of the Yankees, not at all to the advantage of the latter. In the midst of this group, South Carolina has made itself remarkable by a union of talents wholly unequalled by any other state of the Union. The society of Charleston is superior to any that I have found in my travels, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. It leaves nothing to be desired in respect to refined and elegant manners; but what is much better in the eyes of persons like you and me, who attach no great importance to politesse, it abounds with men of real talent, and is equally free from pedantry and insignificance."

The "frankness, generosity, and hospitality," which the author describes, are precisely those qualities which do not depend upon the individual man, but on the locality in which he is placed. The Yankees are frugal, because they have more mouths than food. The Southerners are hospitable, because they have more food than mouths; and, moreover, live in a climate which requires fewer expensive appliances to constitute comfort. In all countries thus circumstanced, hospitality will exist; for in truth, pleasant company is of more value than the food and lodging which is exchanged for it. It is in this point of view that hospitality or ostentation, or both combined, are exercised at the country seats of the English aristocracy; but they are not found in the dwellings of the poor. Hospitality is a quality, whose very existence presupposes a surplus of means in those who exercise it. Reduce the means below par, and the hospitality would cease. Frankness, generosity, and hospitality, are three things which much conduce to human happiness; how desirable is it then, that the surplus of means which usually produces them should exist in all countries alike. But the generosity which M. Murat vaunts is rather of a questionable kind. The true meaning of the word has, indeed, been very commonly abused. Amongst common-minded people the word generosity means simply the act of giving away any thing, without reference to the means or motives of the giver. Thus they esteem a rich man, who gives away a guinea, more generous, by twenty shillings, than the poor man who gives away a shilling, though the proportion of means may be inversely that of the amount. This is precisely the way in which the West Indian character for generosity has been gained. They have given away what cost them nothing to acquire. It was a common remark formerly, that a miser who went to reside in the West India Islands usually became a liberal man, and a liberal man became a spendthrift. The remark countenances the fact, that neither generosity nor meanness are inherent in the moral nature of the individual, but vary with every change in external circumstances. People desire to hoard those things only of which they dread a scarcity. They do not hoard air, because there is enough for all, and where food is in abundance, they become as regardless of its expenditure. There is a far higher quality, more worthy to be called generosity, the self-sacrificing spirit which occasionally prompts individuals to endure personal suffering and painful privation, for the sake of friendship or of public good; of this quality, we apprehend more will be found amongst the Yankees than amongst the Southerners. Something of hardship, though it may debase many, seems to be requisite in order to bring forth the sterner virtues of humanity.

That a man can behave well in prosperity is no argument for his being amongst the most valuable members of society. The whites of the West India Islands, with all their hospitality, are not generally found the most moral of men, or the most punctilious as to the means of relieving their necessities when unaccustomed privations press upon them; and were the Carolina planters reduced to the same condition, the same causes would probably produce the same effects. As regards their "liberality of opinions, which has become proverbial," this is mere verbiage. Their liberality is applied to themselves—the white landholding and slaveholding race—exclusively. Put it to the test by touching upon the emancipation or education of the slaves, and their liberality will vanish into furious invectives on the right of property, and the loss they would incur by negro education. The "elegance of manners and politeness," at least the latter, has been produced to some extent by the practice of duelling, which has a tendency to produce carefulness in word and deed to avoid giving offence; but the "talents," which the author vaunts as superior to those of the Yankees, are very questionable. How else is it, that, in the question of the Tariff, the Southern and Western Members of Congress have been so often beaten by the men of the North, in spite of their having truth on their side.*

Speaking of the States of the West, the author says:

"Incomparably the largest and richest part of the Union, they will shortly be, if they are not already, the most populous, and it will not be long before they have power in their hands, as well as luxury, education, and the arts, which naturally flow from its possession.

"Their *interest* is manufacturing and agricultural, although the first has greatly the superiority. The character of the people is strongly marked by a rude instinct of masculine liberty, frequently degenerating into licentiousness, a simplicity of morals, and a rudeness of manners, sometimes bordering on boorishness and cynic independence. These States are too young to render it necessary for me to say much about their politics; they are generally bitter and ignorant."

This is a fair description of the people whose "gougings and nose-bitings" were formerly retailed in England by unreflecting or interested travellers. All rude people have their modes of settling personal disputes, and people who pass half their time in the woods are not likely to be very refined; but we remember the time when many good easy people in England, fond of reading about horrors, deemed that it was scarcely possible to land in the Union without losing at least one eye and half a nose. Yet, at the same time, had they turned off the king's highway, on their

* The ablest man in South Carolina, and the leader of the Anti-Tariff party, is an expatriated Englishman—Mr. Cooper.

road to Liverpool, they might have found, in most of the Lancashire villages, specimens of private battle, wherein the combatants lay down on the earth, side by side, to "kick, ballock, and bite," to the endangerment of eyes, ears, and noses. But it is a curious fact, that the brutalities of foreign countries afford a peculiar charm in narration, which home productions can never realize. History becomes romance, when the scene is laid in a remote region.

The following passage is well calculated to quiet the hopes and fears of those who speculate upon a breaking up of the Union:

"Here principles are immovably fixed in the minds and hearts. The people are unanimous as to the government. They only differ as to the persons, and upon some secondary measures. Shall there be a bank established? Shall there be a canal here or there? Shall there be a law against usury? Shall we send Mr. So and So to Congress? These are the objects which occupy, not a stirring and active minority, but the whole nation. People busy themselves till the law is passed, or the election is over; after that they no longer talk of it, nobody thinks of any further opposition."

And, now that steam-locomotion has half destroyed distance, even thus they may go on till the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall be full of people, when there may arise a cause of quarrel, if a large portion of them find a difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life.

The second letter gives a lively and tolerably accurate view of the state of the parties called *Democrats* and *Federalists*. In the third letter there is a vivid description of the mode of selling public lands, and the establishment of new towns, which might delight even a novel reader; together with the whole process which is usually gone through for the formation of a new State. The fourth letter treats of negro slavery; and on this subject the author speaks with all that lack of argument which characterises a slave-holder, blinded to every thing but the one consideration—that his "property" is called in question.

"The reasons that may be assigned for not becoming slave-proprietors can only be of two kinds—of right or of calculation. I shall endeavour to refute them; and, first of all, to justify the right of the master, afterwards, to show you that, at certain periods of society, this order of things is as advantageous to the slave as to the master."

Pleasant enough, perhaps, for those who happen to be masters; but what would the slaves say to it? M. Murat, being a master, takes no thought of that, but maintains that might gives right. The samples of his reasoning are facetious enough.

"A man meets with a lion; he has undoubtedly the right to appro-

priate to himself the lion's skin; but the lion has an equally undoubted right to the man's flesh. The man never thinks of making the lion acknowledge his right to flay him, or to punish him if he does not submit; he proceeds to force him, to compel him."

This is the argument upon which M. Murat claims a right over the slave. He might skin and eat a negro upon the same showing. But let us go on:

"The social state produces great changes in the rights of individuals; nevertheless, the three following rules may be laid down as certain.—1. Societies act towards each other in the same way as individuals to each other, without being regulated otherwise than by the individual (natural) right. 2. Societies act according to the same right, towards individuals who are strangers to them. 3. The members of a society recover their individual independence towards objects, strangers to the laws of that society."

Whereby we glean, that a black man is merely a species of chattel, not cognizable by the laws of a slave-holding society as a rational being. Farther on, the author argues, that a master has as much right to his slave as he has to his horse. But

"In short, the slave has as much right to resist his master, and to make his escape, as the master has to appropriate him to his use, and to compel him to be obedient. There is no contract between them, consequently no reciprocal right, for one social right can only be founded upon some other. The error has arisen from this, of supposing the slave to be bound to a moral duty of passive obedience, which is absurd; for that would suppose a contract where all the advantages are on one side, and all the disadvantages on the other; a contract null *ipso facto*. The master, notwithstanding, has as much right to be supported by society in the exercise of his authority over his slave, as in that over his horse."

This is what a great sage would have called "lawyer's law." What advantages does the slave possess? His master keeps him in working order, to get all he can out of his carcass, and would work him to death if he could thereby get a greater profit, and could supply the waste by purchase. Where is the barrier against "passive obedience?" The will of the master, who is both adversary and judge. But let us do the author full justice. Hear what he says further on:

"It is true, that there is no law to protect the slave from his master's bad treatment; but there is in public opinion a much stronger protection than in all laws; the man who would allow his passions to get the better of him, in the manner I have seen described by English writers, would forfeit for ever the character of a gentleman."

Alas for the lot of the poor negroes, if this be their only resource! There is no law to protect them, but if their master were to ill use them, he would be esteemed no gentleman! Just

such would be the case were a man wantonly to ill use his horses. But alter the case—make the ill treatment of the negroes a matter of mercantile profit—let a man be assured that he could realize his capital by working his negroes to death—how long would this *prestige* of gentility operate beneficially for the slaves? Not one hour. The communion of profit would make a communion of cruelty, and he would be esteemed a fool who failed to tread in the common track. M. Murat had better at once take another ground, and seriously set about proving that the negroes are not men at all, but merely inferior animals. So long as he fails to make good this position, so long as the negroes are acknowledged to be men, so long will the whites sustain more degradation in holding them as slaves than the blacks do in being so held.

“The public opinion in the southern states is, I believe, that slavery is necessary, but that it is an evil. I am far from looking at the matter in this light; on the contrary, I am tempted to consider it, in certain periods of the existence of nations, as a good.” “If, in political economy, slavery has the result of facilitating the peopling of our southern countries, its effect upon society is not less advantageous. The planter, relieved from all manual labour, has much more time to cultivate his understanding. The habit of considering himself morally responsible for the fate of a great number of persons, gives to his character a kind of austere dignity which conduces to virtue, and which, tempered by the arts, sciences and literature, contributes to form of the southern planter one of the most perfect models of the human race. His house is open to all comers with a generous hospitality; his purse is but too frequently so, to profusion. The habit of being obeyed gives him a noble *fiercé* in treating with his equals, that is to say, with every white man, and an independence of ideas in political and religious matters, which form a perfect contrast with the reserve and hypocrisy which we too often meet with in the North. Towards his slaves his conduct is that of a father rather than a master, for he is too powerful to be cruel.”

“Compare the elections in the great cities of the North and of the South; what tumult in the one, what calm in the other! In the North the inferior classes of society take possession tumultuously of the place of election, and, by their indecent conduct, drive from it as it were every well-educated and enlightened man. In the South, on the contrary, all the inferior classes are black, tongue-tied, slaves. The educated classes conduct the elections quietly and rationally, and it is, perhaps, to that alone that the superiority of talent exhibited by the southern members in the Congress is attributable.”

Be it remarked, *en passant*, that the author himself was for several years one of the slaveholders whom he represents as such “perfect models of the human race.”

“In all countries, and at all times, a great majority of mankind is condemned to subsist by manual labour, and I have not the least doubt but that this portion of society is much more happy and much more useful in a state of slavery than in any other. Compare the lot of our ne-

groes, well clothed, well fed, with no care for the morrow and no anxiety for their family; compare them, I say—not with the degraded race of free negroes and mulattos, having the whole weight of liberty without a single one of its advantages, but—with the white labourers of Europe, working twice or thrice as much, and constantly on the verge of starvation, both them and their families. I have no hesitation in saying that our negroes are not only much happier than the operatives of the English manufacturing towns, but even than the peasantry generally throughout Europe."

If this argument be a good one, England is at present in a most false position. The ministry and the people are in fault, and the plans of the Holy Alliance are those best calculated to promote human happiness. All the industrious classes of all countries, whether whites or blacks, ought to be slaves, and the days of July must be held as the overthrow of human happiness. M. Murat assuredly ought not to have been persecuted in the manner he complains of, by the European powers; for he is evidently a good friend to their system, and it were wiser for them at once to admit him into their *clique*, *parvenu* though he be. Dionysius the tyrant kept a school when he could no longer rule grown people; and M. Murat, the Ex-prince Royal, takes to governing black slaves in America. But his argument is unsound. It may be true that the present condition of the free workmen of England is *physically* worse than that of the American slaves; but there is this difference, that the former can improve their condition indefinitely, by the exercise of their own energy and discretion; whereas nothing which the latter can do, short of operating upon the fears of their masters, can help them. It is said in the old classic fable, that when the box of Pandora was opened, evils innumerable flew about the world, but Hope remained at the bottom. The black slaves have no hope, because their masters will ever keep them in a state of *ignorance*, in order to rule them more easily; but with regard to the European workmen, whenever they resolve to limit the supply of labour to the demand there is for it,—in other words, whenever their numbers cease to be above the existing supply of food,—they will gradually rise in the scale of happiness, and be perfectly capable of appreciating the advantages of freedom, which M. Murat appears to consider them at present unfitted for. But what must be the state of a man's intellect who can seriously declare that the possession of black slaves "gives to the character a species of austere dignity which conduces to virtue?" If dignity there be, it would rather be found in the poor slave who bears with patience the injustice of his lot, than in the inflictor of the injustice.

"Bad is *all* slavery, but far less degrading,
To black men traded, than to white men trading!"

Much has been written on both sides of the question with regard to negro slavery, but it has been rather with the furious spirit of partizanship, than in the calmness of philosophic research. We can more readily excuse the philanthropists for their enthusiasm, because they err in behalf of the better feelings of human nature; but we regret that they should injure their cause by it. Great pains have been taken to represent the blacks as capable of equalling the whites in intellect if they were instructed. This is not true of the present race, whatever may be the case in future times; and M. Murat is partly correct in affirming, that "the black race of men is incontestably inferior to the white." If proofs were wanting, look at the fact, that in the West India islands, one white man holds nearly ten black men in a state of forced subjection, which is most distasteful to them. Were the case reversed—one black holding ten whites in forced subjection—how long would it endure? Not a day. The very working tools would prove the weapons of freedom. But, with the exception of Haiti, the negroes have never been able to get up an effective plot; they are evidently infirm of purpose: and even in the island of Jamaica, when the Maroons* had beaten the white troops, they were frightened into submission by some twenty bloodhounds and chasseurs brought from Cuba—frightened even without seeing them. What peculiar excellence have the negroes ever been found to possess? There have been many good mechanics amongst them, and some writers, poets inclusive. But what have they been, more than mere imitators? No great invention, no books of high merit, have been produced by them.† Their physical construction is awkward and unshapely; their heads betray no capacity for the development of high intellectual faculties, and their power of language is exceedingly imperfect. Cunning in them for the most part supplies the place of what in the whites is wisdom. Professor Lawrence says of them—

"To expect that the Africans can be raised by any culture to an equal height in moral sentiments and intellectual energy with Europeans, appears to me quite as unreasonable as it would be to hope that the bull-dog may equal the greyhound in speed: that the latter may be taught to hunt by scent, like the hound; or that the mastiff may rival in talents and acquirements the sagacious and docile poodle."†

What remedy is there then, our readers will ask? Must America ever be cursed with the infliction of slavery? M. Murat has answered the question, and, we think, in a satisfactory manner.

* From the Spanish word *cimarron*, signifying wild, unconquered.

† We do not agree with the professor as to what may be in future times, but confirm his opinion as to the present existing race.

"Formerly slavery was general in the United States, but in proportion as free labour has become cheaper, the legislatures have abolished it. The same thing is now taking place under our eyes in Virginia and Maryland, where the population having increased, the price of labour and of negroes has diminished. The proprietors get rid of them as fast as they can; these negroes are purchased for the new states, in which labour is dear. In a few years there will be scarcely any slaves in these two states, and the legislatures will do well, for form's sake, to abolish slavery in them. The same thing will happen in time in all the states, present and future, and the Union will be at last fairly rid of this domestic plague."

This is precisely the mode in which the abolition of slavery must take place in the Union, for to suppose that the slaveholders will give up what they have been taught to consider their property, and many of them possessing no other property, is a hopeless case, because they have the power of maintaining it; and if the negroes were enlightened enough to give regular battle for their freedom, the whites, from their superior intelligence, would slaughter them by thousands. The writer of this article was once rambling over the estate of Mount Vernon, in Virginia, formerly the property of General Washington, and, having lost his way, entered into conversation with an old negress, in the course of which she burst into a long tirade against the Virginian landholders, who were selling off their slaves to the southern markets, and in some cases giving them their freedom. She herself had formerly been a slave on the estate of Mount Vernon, but had been free six years, and concluded by wishing that she were a slave still, for in that state she had nothing to think of, whereas, being free, she could hardly make a living. Let not the anti-abolitionists quote this as an evidence in their favour. It is but another proof added to the many others, how debasing a thing slavery must be when it deprives human beings of the capacity of self-dependance.

The test of experience has made it very clear, that the whites and blacks cannot live on one territory in a state of equality, any more than the whites and red men. They never mix, except to assume the position of master and servant, or of master and slave. They cannot associate together, for they are incapable of conversing upon the same subjects; and, moreover, the peculiar odour emanating from the bodies of negroes, even when cleanly, more especially in a warm climate, renders them personally unpleasant to white people. Those who have not lived amongst them cannot judge of this matter; but those who have will readily agree to our statement. There are individuals of the white races from whom a strong musky odour is emitted, unpleasant enough, it is true, but not comparable with that of the negro, which re-

sembles that exuding from the snake, the crocodile, and the beetle.

Whenever the black slaves shall acquire knowledge, and the power of consecutive thinking, it is certain that they will not submit to remain slaves. They will either acquire their freedom by concession or force, or they will cut the throats of the whites as they did in Haiti, or lose their own lives in the attempt. The question is, how shall this be prevented? In the case of the American continent, by exportation to Africa. In the case of the West India Islands, by the abdication of the whites, whose claim to compensation should meet with liberal consideration. Possibly the slaves would be willing to work out their own freedom if the matter were fairly put to them. Some persons have speculated on the possibility of the negro race being absorbed by intermarriage with the whites. But even could this be accomplished, we should be loth to see it take place, because it would much deteriorate a race which is greatly superior to the other. It would be a long stride backwards in civilization. Were the race-horse intermingled with the cart horse, the produce would imperfectly possess the qualities of both. The world is wide enough to hold both black and white nations on its surface, and when there shall be no causes of collision between them, they will cease to inflict mutual injury. Oh that a *man of black blood* might arise, to work out the regeneration of his race in Africa, to undo the work of which the protector of the Red Indians, the philanthropic but unwise, and consequently unjust, Las Casas, was the original projector,—the horrible and atrocious slave trade, and its results!

The fifth letter gives an account by no means flattering of the state of religion in the Union. On this subject, however, we must observe, that the author's ideas are entirely those of the continental *ultra-liberal* school, of men with whom "religion" and "superstition" are synonymous terms—who regard all outward forms of religion as a mere farce, and all who practise them as bigots, knaves, or hypocrites. Such opinions will not be received with much favour or respect, either in America or this country. The sum total of his conclusions, very complacently stated, is, that "the great current of opinions, of literature, and the philosophy of the age," will sweep away the church, and "finally destroy the Christian religion;" and that this "destruction" has, "perhaps," made greater progress in the United States than is generally supposed. As an active but *insidious* co-operator in this work of "destruction," he enumerates the sect of Unitarians, which, by his account, has made great progress lately at Boston, and now includes almost every man of eminence in that city among its con-

verts. The Unitarians, we may remark, whatever M. Murat may think, are a *Christian* sect, and would disclaim, we doubt not, as indignantly as every other sect of Christians, the idea of being associated in any such design as is here imputed to them.

The sixth letter is on the subject of the administration of justice, and the rapturous mode in which the author speaks of his profession of an advocate, or what we should call a practising barrister, gives sufficient evidence that he has a strong family liking for that species of justice which the longest sword or the shrewdest wit can procure. He, evidently, neither understands jurisprudence nor legislation, and cares nothing for laws except as they open to him a field for the exercise of that species of chicanery which enables the man of ready wit to take advantage of his duller opponent. No man of a rightly constituted mind could have deliberately published the following remarks. They might have served for an after-dinner jest, but as a digested opinion, they mark the utterer for one unfitted to be trusted with authority over his fellows.

"To me, in fact, nothing is at all comparable to the interior of a tribunal. I could pass my whole life with pleasure there, even if I were forced to be but a silent spectator. People talk of the theatre! it is but a feeble and blundering copy of a court of justice. Here we have the reality. Tragedy, comedy, farce and melo-drama, are all to be found here, and the actors are much better than those on the stage, because what they represent are the passions which they really feel; I speak of the suitors and the witnesses. It requires one to have practised to know the pleasure arising from following up an idea,—of hunting out a law which seems to evade your search through twenty volumes,—to drive it from one entrenchment to another. When you have got hold of it at last, after verifying a thousand quotations, what a triumph! A very different one, indeed, from that of catching a red-fox after a chase of twenty miles! You arrive at the court; with what pleasure you enjoy the surprise which your discovery causes to the adverse party. He wishes to postpone the trial—you will not consent to it: it must immediately proceed. The examination of the witnesses commences—all are on his side—until you cross-examine them. I know nothing more amusing than to cross-examine a witness, half rogue, half fool, who has been well tutored by the adverse party, before a good jury. What art it requires to make him contradict himself, and after that, how easy it is to destroy the fabric of reasoning of one's adversary! The pleadings follow: then the advocate becomes an actor; it is the finest part of the whole business: and when he has played his part well, whether the cause is won or lost, he carries home the consciousness of having done all that was possible to do, and his client, even if he is the loser, joins in the unanimous applause bestowed on his exertions by the court and the auditory. So that whatever may be the fate of the cause, it always furnishes the advocate with the means of triumph. I cannot speak of

the profession otherwise than *con amore*, for the happiest hours of my life are those which I have devoted to it."

What a base kind of ambition is developed through the whole of this passage! How strongly marked is the self-same spirit, which made of the elder Murat a soldier of fortune! What a disregard of every thing but intensely selfish objects, which would lead him to sacrifice the whole human race for the gratification of individual ambition. Elsewhere he praises the laws of the United States, but what a libel is it on them, that he should have been enabled to extract from them so much tyrannous delight, hunting their meaning through twenty volumes, to secure a cause right or wrong, perchance to crush the helpless or aid the guilty, playing the part of an actor in real scenes, either of tragedy or comedy, and then describing it all with infinite gusto, as a thing far preferable to hunting a red fox twenty miles! Are human beings only made for sport to such men as this? * We fear that these feelings are by no means uncommon, even in England. At a meeting of barristers, at which we were present, the conversation happening to turn upon a member who was expected to retire from practice, an Irish barrister of some eminence, a liberal man on all public subjects, remarked: "Retire! Who ever heard of such a thing? What can he do if he retires? Can any amusement of fox-hunting be so full of sport as man-hunting? Making ducks and drakes of other people's property, without personal risk, and being paid for it in addition! No, no! No lawyer likes to retire after he has once got into practice." If M. Murat was so delighted with the practice of "man-hunting," as an advocate in the United States, why did he leave it and his postmaster's situation? We suspect that he preferred the shorter process of "man-hunting" by means of musquet and sabre in Europe. We hope, sincerely, that he may not have the means of gratifying his wishes.

From the seventh letter, which gives a good general account of the existing laws in the Union, we extract the following sentence, in which there would be much good sense, supposing that all lawyers were philosophers.

"In a theocracy, the government is in the hands of priests; under a military despotism, in those of generals; in a country governed by laws, it is just that their interpreters and their ministers should be the governors. And we are well governed, and I look upon this influence of lawyers upon the government as the strongest guarantee of our liberties. And it is to that consummation that Europe will come, in proportion as liberty shall be better understood in that part of the world."

The eighth letter treats of the army, navy, and Indian population. Six thousand men is the total amount of the army, which

is not maintained for the purpose of keeping the populace in order, as is the fashion of most other countries, but for the purpose, principally, of garrisoning a frontier line of some thousand leagues, all round the Union. The artillery occupies the coasts of the Atlantic; the infantry those of the Gulf of Mexico, the frontiers of Missouri, and the Arkansas territory, chiefly as a security against the Indian tribes. The following is a very correct statement.

"The present army can only be considered as the skeleton or the nursery of a much larger one; it is destined, so to speak, to preserve the tradition of military usages and regulations. The officers of whom it is composed are, in general, very good, and in the event of a war, would be immediately promoted to superior grades, and distributed among the new regiments that would be raised. What would be most wanted would be good non-commissioned officers, which make the basis and the nerves of every good army.

"The real military strength of the United States consists, not in its army, but in its militia. Every citizen forms part of it up to an age which varies in the different states; for if the army belongs to the federal government, the militia depends entirely on the several states."

Whoever has travelled in the Union will instantly recognize the fidelity of the following picture.

"But it is the militia of the west and of the south which you should see. A regiment of *mounted riflemen*, that is to say, of men inured to all the fatigues and privations of the almost savage life of a first establishment, each of them mounted on a horse which he knows perfectly, armed with his trusty rifle, to which both he and his family have been indebted for many a dinner in time of need. These people laugh at every sort of fatigue; to them a campaign is a real party of pleasure. They are perfectly acquainted with the woods, and know how to find their way by the sun and the bark of the trees, following an enemy or a stag by the scent; in this they are aided by their dogs, for each of them has a dog with him. They wear no uniform; every one comes in the dress he wears in his daily occupation, which has been spun and woven by his wife, from the cotton which he has himself planted. A hat, made of palm-leaves plaited, covers a face which has been blackened by the smoke of the bivouac. An otter's skin, neatly folded and sewed together, contains his ammunition, his materials for kindling a fire, and his small allowance of tobacco. A knapsack behind the saddle carries provisions for himself and his horse. The animal is not more nice on that head than his master. A few handfuls of Indian corn per day content him; but in the evening, on arriving at the camp, he is unsaddled, unbridled, and with two of his feet tied together, is turned loose into the woods, where a rich grass quickly provides him with a frugal supper. Discipline is not very rigid with such a troop. No regular movements; every man makes war for himself, and as it were, instinctively. It is a hunting-party on a great scale; and yet

these are the troops which most distinguished themselves in the last war, and who repulsed the English at the battle of New-Orleans."

The philosopher who contemplates the result of this battle will rejoice over the result, not because those who won happened to be Americans or republicans, but because those who lost were ~~invaders~~.^{*} After a just eulogium on the high state of maritime science and skill in the United States, the author states that in case of a war it might be difficult for them to find sailors. We have not much patience with the pugnacious disposition which leads M. Murat, like Captain Basil Hall, always to be calculating on wars, even when we recollect that it is their *métier*; but, notwithstanding, we pause to extract the following accurate remark :

Notwithstanding, there is one consideration which consoles me; and that is, that no war can be undertaken that is not sanctioned by the will of the majority. An unpopular war can never be undertaken by the United States, and if the people wish for war they will know how to carry it on."

With regard to the race of Red Indians, the author talks much good sense, and also some absurdities. We agree with him that it is not desirable that they should disappear by intermarriage with the whites, because the white race, being decidedly the finest, should be preserved free from an inferior intermixture. But the idea that a people who take little or no thought for the morrow should overpower the calculating and far-sighted whites, —should "come like clouds of Huns guided by another Attila to fall upon Washington as the Gauls did upon ancient Rome," is about as probable as that of the sapient politicians who prophesy that the whole western world must ultimately fall under the yoke of Russia. Natural causes are operating upon the Indians, and gradually they must disappear from the face of the earth, as many wild animals have done, who obstinately refuse to bend to the sway of civilization. The wolf was a savage, and the wolf disappeared from England. The dog being something more of a reasoner, accommodated himself to the new order of things, and he has remained. A remark has been made by those

* The following are two stanzas from a popular song, entitled "The Hunters of Kentucky."

"We raised a bank to hide our heads, not that we thought of dying,
But that we like to take a rest, unless the game be flying;
Behind it stood our little force, none wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse, and half an alligator.

"They didn't let our patience tire, before they showed their faces,
We didn't choose to waste our fire, but snugly kept our places;
Until so near, we saw them wink, we thought it time to stop 'em,
It would have done you good, I think, to see Kentucky drop 'em."

who only look upon the Indians as inconvenient obstacles to civilization, that the deer and red men are alike, and invariably disappear from the clearings; they cannot thrive away from the shelter of the woods. Dobrizhoffer, the ancient Jesuit, makes the same remark on some of the Indian tribes of Paraguay. The sentimentalists, on the contrary, who regard the preservation of the Indians as paramount to every other consideration, would, if they could, turn out the whites from their cultivated lands recently occupied, and restore them to their original state of woodland hunting grounds. We say would, if they could, but this must be understood in theory, for the practice would by its effects soon make them converts. The fact is, these sentimentalists are mostly the indwellers of cities, who, supplied with all that can make life desirable, get up sympathy for the Indians just as they would get up a play, or as the Highland Society, comfortably seated at dinner in well warmed rooms, recommends the use of the kilt to their poorer neighbours on the hill tops as a good old custom. The question is reducible to this. It is clearly understood, from the experience of ages, that the character of the white men and red men is so far dissimilar, that they cannot live on terms of equality while in a state of proximity. Which, then, shall remove—the whites who are many, and who have much valuable artificial property, or the Indians, who are few, and scarcely possess any property but what they carry about their persons? The Indians and sentimentalists reply, that the red men have the best right to remain, because they are the indigenous lords of the soil, and moreover, that the *reservations* of land scattered here and there amidst the territories of the whites have been preserved to them by specific laws; therefore it is cruel to turn them off. It is a pleasant thing to see the spirit of philanthropy existing, even though it be put forth in absurdities, for it is an evidence of the good that is in human nature, and a proof that the desire to do evil is rare when misery does not press; but the philanthropy has in this case degenerated into a blameable spirit of slander on the government of the United States, a spirit which has been much fomented by former governments in England for mischievous purposes. The opponents of the United States were accustomed to remark on the difference of treatment which the Indians of Canada have received at the hands of the English government, compared with what they have received from the government of the Union. It is very true, but the two nations have never yet been placed in the same condition. The English government, constantly ridden by a night-mare fear that the Americans would take Canada from them, have on all occasions sought to enlist the passions of the Indians on their

side, and to keep them at war with the Americans, by making them annual presents, especially of arms. It is a high crime, whoever may commit it, to excite the savage man to attack the civilized. The Americans have not imitated the example. They make no subsidiary presents, and promptly make war on the Indians in case of necessity, but, nationally speaking, without more of cruelty than is the result of all war.

The American government has ever treated the Indians with national good faith, has never broken a treaty with them. Yet still, cry the sentimentalists, they get possession of all their land. True; but is it by an unfair process? Let us analyze the character of the Indian, and we shall get a result.

The grand distinction between the red man and the white is, that the former, literally, or nearly literally, "takes no thought for the morrow." He is as devoted to the *dolce far niente* as ever was an Italian of easy means.* He will not move from his lazyreclining posture until hunger compels him, and, after catching as much game as will satiate his hunger, he returns to it again. Work he will not; *that* his wife must do for him; and though poor in every physical sense, he is as haughty in spirit as though he possessed the whole world uncontrolled. Possessing almost inconceivable constancy of endurance, as regards physical suffering, he has no moral power over himself to prevent physical enjoyment from degenerating into brutality. To see alcohol and to place himself past thinking with it, are one and the same thing with him. Not even his pride and abhorrence of degradation can effect any restraint. If he could contrive it, he would remain drunk for ever. He can enjoy the produce of the labours of others, but as to working himself, he will not hear of it. He would like to have all the advantages which the white man possesses, but he will not pay the white man's price for them,—industry and foresight. The white man asks for an acre on which he can grow corn; the Indian asks for leagues as his hunting ground. The process whereby the hunting ground changes owners is very simple. The whites settle on the skirts of the Indian territories, and enclose their plantations, whereupon the wild animals take the alarm and become scarcer. While the crop is growing, the cultivator or squatter takes his rifle to kill deer. The Indian complains, and a death probably takes place on one side or the other, precisely on the same system as the skirmishes between poachers and gamekeepers in England.* The Indians then

* The following anecdote is taken from a newspaper of the Union, called the *Batavia Press*, August 30th, 1829.

"We have a story of an Indian being killed in the town of Le Roy on Thursday of

watch their opportunity, and perhaps massacre a white family or two. The relatives seek revenge, and slaughter perhaps a dozen Indians, whereupon the neighbouring tribes collect from all quarters, and a petty war commences, which gradually increases till the nation is obliged to take it up, and the Indians, as a matter of course, are beaten. They then undergo the fate of the conquered, that is to say, the conquerors seize their land and settle upon it; but in all cases they leave a *reservation* for the use and enjoyment of the Indians, immensely beyond their necessities. In some instances this space has been enough to breed sufficient game to support them, but at all events sufficient cattle. In these *reservations* their right of possession has been strictly respected, and in most cases an annual supply of provisions and necessaries has been afforded. Laws have been enacted to prevent them from selling their land by private contract to the whites, who have also been prohibited from selling them brandy, or even trafficking with them, except under protecting regulations. Every thing, in short, has been done, that *laws* could accomplish, on the part of the American government, to protect the Indians of the reservations from the encroachments of the American citizens. But even as poaching continues in England in spite of game laws, so the whites bordering on the reservations smuggle brandy amongst the Indians, who are nothing loth, and gradually they are stripped of everything they can alienate, and are left in

last week. The story is as follows:—An Indian of the Onondaga tribe, we believe, came to the house of one Miller late at night; and after making some considerable noise at the door, finally succeeded in getting Miller up, who went to the door for the purpose of finding out the cause of so unreasonable a visit. On opening the door he discovered the Indian armed with a rifle and a large knife, who interrogated him as follows—‘You name Miller?’ The latter, mistrusting something in the wind, answered, ‘No.’ The Indian, it appears, was not satisfied, for he immediately replied, ‘Me guess you lie little; me guess you name Miller; you hunt deer some; kill ‘em some time; guess you kill ‘em some Indian too.’ Miller being totally unprepared for fight just then, assured him his name was not Miller; but that if he would go away peaceably, he would agree that Miller should meet him in a certain swamp on the Thursday following. With this assurance the Indian departed. On the day appointed Miller repaired to the swamp; but instead of entering it in the direction of the house he repaired to the opposite side; when near the centre, he discovered the Indian lying flat upon a log, watching, with his gun in his hand, the approach of Miller in the direction of the house, supposing he would come that way. At this time Miller stumbled, which caused some noise, on which the Indian sprang upon his feet and discharged his rifle at Miller, but without effect; Miller, like a true antagonist, gave it back again, and wounded the Indian; but the Indian not being disposed to fall, and Miller not willing to trust his red friend, worked another buttonhole in his side, and is then supposed to have secreted him, as Miller’s arms and sleeves were covered with blood when he came out of the swamp. A great number of Indians from Tonawanta and elsewhere, have since been searching the swamp, but have not as yet been able to discover the body.

“It is supposed that the Indian had an old grudge against Miller, which he was disposed to settle before leaving for the west. It would have been better for him to have passed receipts and quit.”

misery. They will not cultivate the earth for subsistence, and, like children, they will sell for present enjoyment the very provisions they have been supplied with by the government. No laws can provide against such an evil as this, and by degrees their numbers are lessened, because they have not the power of self-controul. The land is not divided amongst them, but merely held in common, and nothing is produced from it but what nature furnishes. In the reservations of the State of New York, a portion of the food of the Indians consists of the wild rice, which is indigenous. Brandy, and quarrels, and insufficient food, by slow process destroy their numbers; and it sometimes happens that half a dozen Indians become the sole occupiers of hundreds of thousands of acres. Yet their right is as religiously respected as if they were a great nation, until they choose to sell it. This is the case still in the State of New York. It has been said, indeed, that the government plays an insidious part, conniving at the injuries the white citizens inflict on the Indians for the sake of forcing them to a sale of their lands; but this appears to be without foundation, for when a number of squatters took possession of the gold-mines of the Cherokees in Georgia, a body of the United States troops were sent to drive them away. Ultimately, the Cherokees agreed to sell their land, and went across the Mississippi. Much abuse was showered on the government for this; but what could they do, when squabbles and murders were from time to time taking place between the uncivilized Indians and the almost as uncivilized border whites, who continually helped to demoralize each other? It was said that it was most cruel to drive the Cherokees away, just as they were becoming civilized. But what was their civilization? It was said that they had divided their lands and had made considerable progress in agriculture; but the fact was, that some of their chiefs, who were of half-white blood, had taken possession of the land, leaving the common Indians to their accustomed laziness and starvation, and the cultivation was carried on, not by the hands of Indians, but by those of negro slaves. The mass of the red men were as wretched in the Georgian reservations as in all others, but the idea of increasing civilization was constantly kept up for the benefit of a few interested persons. Let any man of common understanding reflect how constantly it is the case in all countries, that the ignorant mass are made the prey of designing leaders, and he will not find it difficult to credit this statement.

The advocates of the Cherokees stated, as a proof of the civilization of that tribe, that one of their number had actually invented a written alphabet for what, up to that time, had been a spoken language only, and that in that language a newspaper,

called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, was published weekly. What the sale might be, or who were the purchasers, we were not able to learn. But admitting the truth of all these statements, what do they amount to? If a tribe of gypsies in England were to invent an alphabet for their peculiar dialect, would it be a proof that they were a highly industrious and civilized race? Would the fact of their having a newspaper in an unknown tongue be a compensation for their collecting a crowd of vagabonds together, and then quarrelling and disturbing the public peace? Let us not be understood as wishing to advocate any cruelty or injustice towards the Indians. We regard them with pity, but we do not see how idle sentimentality is to relieve them. The border-line between them and the whites is ever sure to be the scene of contention and constant squabbles, which the laws of the Union cannot reach. The white inhabitants of the southern states settle their quarrels by duels; the Indians and squatters occasionally "rifle" one another at bush-fighting. It is the custom on the outskirts of civilization, and scenes of a similar nature take place on the reservations. Before the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia, they took it into their heads to attack a stage-coach which crossed their territory, and put the passengers in fear of their lives, though the road had long been in acknowledged use. It is affirmed that the whites purposely seek disputes with the Indians, knowing that it is a means of ultimately getting possession of their lands. That the white men may from interested motives commit unjust actions is nothing new, but the custom is no less ancient for the red men to entice them about them for the purpose of getting brandy; and amongst drunken people there is usually no want of an excuse for a quarrel. That any such interested feelings extend beyond individuals, we deny, and refer to the laws of the Union regarding Indian reservations as a proof. Nothing but making the Indians equal in character to the whites can remedy the evil, so long as they remain in the neighbourhood of each other. This is forbidden by their differing qualities. The whites are industrious, and conscious of superiority; the haughtiness of the Indians is only exceeded by their laziness. It is an acknowledged fact that the Indians, almost universally, are so addicted to the use of "fire-water," that they will sacrifice every consideration to obtain it. Clothes, weapons, children, wives, food, all are as nothing when compared with the accursed poison which steepes their senses in momentary delirium. Yet, notwithstanding this, they have never possessed sufficient industry to distil it for themselves. Surely this is a strong proof of their utter want of industrious energy. The French of Canada and Louisiana were accustomed to cohabit with Indian women, but this is rarely

the case with the descendants of the Saxon race, who invariably consider them as inferior to themselves, though superior to the negroes, who, however somewhat contest the point. The writer of this article was once amusing himself in an Indian reservation, shooting at a mark with the bow along with two boys whom he casually encountered. After a few shots, he asked one of the boys what tribe he belonged to? "Onsida," was the reply. "And you?" he asked of the other. "Me, sir," replied the urchin, who might be about ten years of age, "me, sir," drawing himself up,—“I am no Indian!” This was said in quite an offended tone. The writer looked at him again, and remarked that his woolly locks betrayed the one-third of African blood which had been added to that of the white.

Much pains have occasionally been taken by the government, to promote the education of the Indian chiefs in the colleges of the United States, in order thereby to operate upon their tribes. There is no want of natural capacity amongst them; they have the powers of oratory, can think and reason, and have vanity enough to excite them to action; but they have also an intensity of pride, which prompts them to do nothing, rather than submit to acknowledge any inferiority. One of the Indian chiefs went through his studies at the college with considerable *eclat*, and was received in the neighbouring families, as a visitor, upon apparently equal terms. He fell in love with the daughter of a respectable family, who was not altogether indifferent to him, and asked her in marriage. The lady's friends were astonished at his presumption, and refused his application with something of the kind of scorn which an English duke might use towards a tradesman or schoolmaster aspiring to the hand of his heiress. The haughty spirit of the Indian chief was aroused, and leaving the haunts of civilization he retired to his tribe. His tribe beheld him wearing the garb of the whites, and they asked, "Whence comes this degenerate red-skin, who wears not the garb of the forest?" Roused by the taunt, he threw away the trappings of civilization, and took to the mocassins, leggings, blanket, and rifle. Where is the power, where are the laws, which shall overcome this kind of prejudice? Laws may perchance prevent the white from "working a button-hole" in the body of an Indian, but they cannot force him to make an equal, an associate of him, or to receive him into his house; neither can they force the Indian to strip himself of his haughtiness, and reason like a philosopher on the matter, or to treat the whites *de puissance en puissance*. His philosophy is of that class of which Syphax says:—

"'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism."

Did the Indians possess a race of slaves to work for them, or were they provided with all they needed, abundant hunting grounds, and deprived of brandy, they would probably doze away their existences very comfortably, with the occasional interlude of a war with the neighbouring tribes. But they have no such slaves, and, as it is their fate to be extinguished, it is better that they should cross the Mississippi to quarrel amongst themselves, than remain amongst the whites to produce greater demoralization. It is useless to talk of saving, perforce, a nation which will not take the necessary pains for self-preservation. The talk of preserving a savage nation, separate in institutions, language, and manners, in the midst of a civilized one, appears to us too absurd to require serious refutation.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is certainly a remarkable circumstance; the inventor, however, was not a pure Indian, but a half-blood, called in Cherokee See-quah-yah, and in English, George Guess. Being lamed in war, and confined to his wig-wam, a cripple for life, he set himself seriously to reflect, whether the *talking leaf* of the whites was a gift of the Great Spirit, or only a human discovery. Having decided upon the latter, he set about the task of preparing signs for an alphabet. He first used painted figures of birds and beasts to express sounds. These he afterwards changed for simpler forms, at first two hundred in number, which he subsequently reduced to eighty-six. This is the alphabet made use of for the *Cherokee Phoenix*, a specimen of which is given in the late work of Mr. Ferriall. But the mere possession of the power of reading and writing is not civilization, although it is a step towards its acquirement.

M. Murat seems excessively afraid of what the Indians may do some day, to the injury of the United States, and gravely states, that it is possible some Napoleon may one day arise of the red race, who, taking possession of the Empire of Mexico, will stir up the whole of the Indians to make war on the Union, for the recovery of the province of Texas, which has caused so many disputes. This is a wild idea enough. It pre-supposes what never has happened, and is never likely to happen—union of purpose amongst the Indian tribes. Had they possessed the power of union, foreigners could never have gained a footing in their country. Friendly Indians did good service in behalf of the “fathers” in New England. Had Cortez found the Mexicans united, Montezuma would have retained his throne. Had not the Peruvian Incas quarrelled, even Pizarro might have been beaten off by that feeble people. The small number of gallant Aracauians, inhabiting the southern end of Chili, were a free and a united people, and they have remained unconquered even

to this day. Daily experience tells us that the Indians would, for the most part, rather fight with each other, than with the whites, and when they do fight with the whites, they are almost constantly beaten.

The province of Texas has become a cause of quarrel, or rather we should say of longing, to more nations than one, and if the descriptions of it be correct, it is a country to long for. The larger portion of the Southern States of the Union is too flat to be considered a beautiful country, though rich enough in products. But Texas is a region of hill and dale, of forest and grass land, of limestone rocks, and pure waters, in brooks, springs, and rivers, running over pebbly and sandy bottoms, with a fine climate and fertile soil. Wheat, oranges, and vines may be produced there, and consequently it is fit for breeding almost every kind of cattle. The origin of the disputes about this province, we believe to be as follows :—A few scattered herdsmen bred cattle there prior to the revolution, and the cavalry of the King of Spain kept the hordes of Indians somewhat at bay during a constant war. When the revolution produced disorder, the Indians took advantage of the time, and regained possession of the land from which the Spaniards had driven them away. The red men said, "It is ours." The King of Spain said, "It is mine." The red men had certainly the prior claim; but the power of the Spanish king gained the possession. The government of the Republic of Mexico maintained that the possession reverted to them; but the red men, being strongest, drove away the cattle breeders, and kept the territory for a hunting ground. Under these circumstances, one of the governments which ruled Mexico during the period of changes, granted or sold to Mr. Austin, an enterprising speculator, a large tract of land in the province, for the purpose of establishing a colony of Americans, subject to the Mexican Republic. This was probably done from the feeling that the American hunters would be the best settlers to clear the province of the Indians, and it is understood that they were very successful in doing so. Under these circumstances, it was extremely natural that more of their countrymen should flock to them; in fact, the number of settlers has so much increased, that we believe there are now upwards of five thousand families from the Western States of the Union, who possess thriving properties in Texas. The speculative people of the Union then established a yearly caravan from Louisville and the neighbourhood, which carried on a profitable trade. The Mexican government, finding that this traffic brought no grist to their mill in the shape of custom-house duties, prohibited it, and ordered that in future no trade should be

carried on but by sea. The colonists, paid no regard to the edict, knowing that there were no means of enforcing it; another law was then made, forbidding all further immigration from the United States, which is probably as little regarded. If the Mexican government attempts in any way to dispossess or coerce these people, they will most probably throw off the present nominal allegiance they pay to it, and set the military republic at defiance. The hope of an advantageous squatting ground will then induce the western hunters to flock there in still greater numbers, and in a short time ten thousand rifles will set at nought all the efforts of the beggarly guerilla cavalry which Mexico can furnish forth, with Indian allies to boot. The Mexicans are loud in their denunciations of this violation of their territory; but the squatters will not be made to understand without force wherein consists the crime of occupying land which was only lying waste. That the province of Texas is not an integral part of the Mexican Republic may be gathered from the fact, that there is extant a decree of the American Congress, determining that it shall be governed as a colony. As it was foreseen that, in time, Texas would become a source of annoyance, as Florida formerly was, attempts have been made, hitherto without success, to purchase it from the Mexican government. It is possible, that in the embarrassed state of their finances, some future government will accept the offered five millions of dollars, and the stumbling block will be removed.* It is very desirable that it should. As the case stands at present, the quarrel is not between the government of Mexico and the United States; but between the Mexican government and Mr. Austin's chartered colony, together with the squatters who have gathered round him. If the power of the Mexican government equalled the jealousy of the generality of the individuals composing it, there would be no restraint of morality to hinder them from ruining the whole of the colonists. This the latter are fully aware of, and they will, therefore, protect themselves with the strong hand and out-stretched arm, well accustomed to wield the long and heavy rifle of the western wilderness. If the province of Texas can maintain itself against the imperfect, because disunited, power of Mexico, it will become an independent community, and, after having become an independent community, it will be entitled to declare itself a member of the Union, if the Union be willing to fraternize with it.

* We remember being in one of the Southern American Republics, when an English loan; out of which forty per cent. had been peculated, arrived; which yet was accepted in the name of the state, and a still larger portion plundered, by a government which expired on the following day.

M. Murat's ninth letter gives a fair representation of the finances of the Union, and the general state of commerce, mingled with some remarks not evincing much philosophy. The tenth letter is a lively picture of the habits, manners, fine arts, and literature of the Americans, from which we may discover that their passions and prejudices are exceedingly like those of their elder brothers in England, always excepting

“The twice two thousand who are called the world.”

Some of M. Murat's remarks on painting and sculpture are very just, and evince a deeper consideration of the subject than is generally shown by those who deal in the slang of connoisseurship. Here we must conclude. We recommend the work as well worthy of a place on the shelves of those who wish to understand the character of the Americans, which can only be done, either by visiting the country, or by comparing the different authors who have written on it, amongst whom, M. Murat, notwithstanding his defects, certainly stands high, when his powers of observation are not obscured by prejudice. His inferences are far inferior to his delineations, even where interest does not bias him. His moral perceptions are by no means acute; but when we consider the school in which his early youth was trained, we do not marvel much at this deficiency.

ART. II.—*Etudes Statistiques sur Rome et la partie occidentale des Etats Romains, contenant une description topographique, et des recherches sur la population, l'agriculture, les manufactures, le commerce, le gouvernement, et les etablissements publics*: par le Comte de Tournon, Pair de France, Préfet de Rome de 1810 à 1814. 2 vols. 8vo. avec atlas. Paris. 1831.

2. *Memorie Storiche del Ministero, de'due Viaggi in Francia, e della Prigionia nel forte di S. Carlo in Fenestrelle, del Cardinale Bartolomeo Pacca*. Edizione terza. 2 vols. 8vo. Pesaro. 1830.
3. *Compendio Storico su' Pio VII., accompagnato da noti e documenti giustificativi*. 8vo. Milano. 1824.
4. *Moto-proprio della Santità di Nostro Signore Papa Leone XII., in data del 5 Ottobre, 1824*. Roma. 24mo.
5. *Tablettes Romaines, par Santo Domingo*. Bruxelles. 1826. 18mo.

6. *Des Espérances et des Besoins de l'Italie*, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

WE have been long wishing for the appearance of such a work as the one at the head of our list, a work that would tell us something more of the modern Romans, of their civil and social condition, of their laws and judicature, of their industry and commerce, than can be found in the hundred and one tours and travels which have been published in France or England since the beginning of our century. Hasty assertions, contemptuous vituperation, tales of banditti, and stories of gallantry, minute descriptions of church ceremonies, stale jokes about popes and cardinals, sneers at the Roman nobility, and denunciations of the lower classes in a lump;* besides a long interminable list of *virtù*, of statues and paintings, inscriptions and medals, intaglios and basso relievos,—all these we have had, *satis atque superque*; but to use the words of the author before us—

“No one, M. de Chateaubvieux excepted, seems to have taken pains to inquire how and upon what the population of Rome and its territory subsists, what are the products of the country, and its internal economy. In order to save themselves the trouble of these researches, travellers hastily declare that Rome is built in the middle of a desert, and that the people are dependent on foreign industry for the supply of all their wants.”—vol. i. p. 8.

Count de Tournon was prefect of the department of Rome, during the French occupation from 1810 to 1814. He is one of those highly intelligent and honourable men whom Napoleon sometimes sent as civil administrators of the countries he had invaded, as if to make some compensation for the evils of military conquest. When the French took possession of Rome in 1809, the Papal territory was reduced to the country between the Apennines and the sea—about one-third of the actual Roman states, with a population somewhat less than a million. The northern or Adriatic provinces had already been annexed to the kingdom of Italy, but the remaining territory was united to the French empire, of which it formed two departments; namely, that of Rome, and that of the Thrasymenian Lake, of which Perugia was the capital. The former and the

* The work No. 5. on our list affords a specimen of all this, and it contains nothing else.

most important, having Rome for its capital, included the whole country from the rivers Nera and Velino to the sea, and in length from the frontiers of Tuscany to those of Naples. It thus embraced all Latium, Sabina, and part of Etruria. Of this magnificent region and its 530,000 inhabitants, Count Tournon was chief administrator during four years. He then conceived the plan and collected the materials of the present work, having access to the best authorities and documents. No one had preceded him in the path of Roman statistics. With regard to his judgments, he professes in his introduction that he belongs

“neither to the enthusiastic school of which President Dupaty has been the leader, nor to the slanderous and sarcastic school of more modern date. I have attached myself solely to the *school of truth*, I have awarded censure or praise with measure, and always in an earnest and sincere tone; confident that by so doing, although I might not obtain many readers, I should secure the esteem of those who will peruse my work, which last is to me an ample compensation.”—Introd. p. x.

Our author begins his work by an interesting topographical description of his department. It is a common error to suppose that the whole province of Rome is unhealthy and uncultivated. We ought first of all to distinguish between the low lands, or *maremme*, which consist of a volcanic soil covered in many parts by the alluvions of the Tiber and other rivers, and by the decomposition of rank vegetable matter, and the high calcareous region formed by the secondary chains of the Apennines of Umbria and Sabina, and which extends to within a few miles of Rome, on the side of Tivoli and Palestrina, enjoying an atmosphere as healthy as that of any country. The *maremme* stretch like a broad belt along the coast of the Mediterranean, seldom extending deeper than five and twenty miles inland, and on several points considerably less. But this fatal belt is intersected in its breadth by two extensive volcanic ridges of high hills, the Cimino to the north, and the mounts Albanus and Algidus towards the south east. These two ridges, raised above the obnoxious plains, are watered by abundant springs, covered with luxuriant trees, and inhabited by an industrious and healthy population. On the slopes and valleys of the Cimino are the towns of Viterbo, Ronciglione, Vetralla, Caprarola, Vignanello, Bassano di Sutri, and Oriolo, surrounded by districts well cultivated, enlivened by villas and casinos of the wealthy proprietors. On the Alban Mount are the delightful residences of Frascati, Albano, Castel Gandolfo, Gensano, Marino; and on the opposite slope is the town of Velletri. Even within the flats of the pesti-

lential *maremme*, there are spots which, like Oases in the African desert, afford by their elevation, or other local accidents, comparative safety to the inhabitants, and cheer the traveller with the appearance of life and industry: such are La Tolfa, with its *allumiere*, or alum mines; the neighbouring colony of Monte Romano, first peopled by foundlings from the hospital at Rome; the pretty village of San Lorenzo Nuovo, built by Pius VI. (Braschi) at his own expense, to receive the inhabitants of the old village who were suffering by the malaria; the city of Montefiascone, built on an insulated hill in the midst of an unhealthy plain; the sea-port town of Civita Vecchia, (with its 10,000 inhabitants,) which is tolerably healthy, though the country outside of its walls is pestilential; the little town of Porto d' Anzio, built on a promontory jutting into the sea; and farther on, Mount Circello, with the village of Santa Felicita, rising in the very middle of the deadly Pomptine marshes. M. Tournon fully demonstrates that the state of the cultivation of the country is necessarily dependent, not on the greater or less industry of the inhabitants, but on the sanitary condition of the atmosphere.

“In the hilly region, all is life, bustle, and prosperity; the ground is covered successively by various productions, a multitude of trees spread ~~their~~ cool shade, the dwellings of the cultivators, scattered along the gentle slopes, appear in the centre of gardens and orchards; various branches of manufactures, paper-mills, iron-works, employ part of the population. In the plain below, on the contrary, solitude reigns; the ground rising in hillocks, or sinking in deep furrows, discloses here and there grey or reddish rocks, bared by the action of the violent rains; no trees are to be seen; the few inhabitants live huddled together in gloomy villages, few and far between, from whence they sally out to the works of the distant fields: the eye discovers for many miles no cottage, farm-house, or barn; you hear neither the barking of dogs, nor the crowing of the cock; during the winter and early part of the spring, you see, it is true, fields and pastures decked in all the luxury of spontaneous vegetation, numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazing on rich pasture; but as soon as the hot season arrives, a sudden change takes place in the appearance of the country, all vegetation ceases, first a yellow then a grey tinge covers the ground, the dusty soil looks as if calcined by fire, the cattle migrate to the mountains, and the inhabitants disperse. In short, we see clearly that wherever the inhabitants can without fear live in the midst of their lands, they pursue assiduously a varied and intelligent system of cultivation, and it is only where the malaria forces them away from their properties during four months of the year, that they have adopted the unequal alternative of tillage and pastures. This principle ought to be borne in mind by those who would judge of this country and its people dispassionately, and without prejudice.”—vol. i. p. 18, 51; 65.

The town of Corneto, built in the unwholesome plains, a short distance north of Civita Vecchia, is the centre of one of the largest districts cultivated in the latter manner, or *grande culture*, as the French style it, and where this system can be best studied. The territory is fertile in wheat, oats, Indian corn, beans, and hemp; its pastures feed large herds of cattle, and the farmers are wealthy. During the healthy season, Corneto and its vicinity present a most animated scene; all the proprietors have returned home; the population amounts to above 3000 inhabitants, besides hundreds of workmen from the neighbouring hills, who come in bands, led by their *caporali*, to offer their labour; these spread themselves merrily along the wide fields, and give to this rich country the most lively aspect; but the stranger who has witnessed such scenes, were he to come again in the summer, would find, both in the fields and in the town, nothing but solitude, sickness, or death. Hardly any one remains, all who are able repair to the hills till after the autumnal rains; a few poor individuals only are found who will risk their lives to watch the property of the wealthy. Corneto and the neighbouring towns of Montalto and Canino are near the borders of Tuscany, and here M. Tournon makes another just observation on the prejudiced views of travellers and political writers. Whatever may be the deficiencies of the Papal administration, whatever we may think of the energies of the inhabitants, the extent of the unhealthy *maremme* is not confined to the Papal states; the malaria does not stop either northward on the Tuscan frontiers, nor southward on those of Naples. The fiend carries his devastations over the territories of half a dozen governments and principalities, from the Riviera of Genoa to the southern coast of Sicily. The government of Tuscany, for more than half a century past, has been confessedly the best in Italy, and especially prone to encourage agriculture, having freed it from the trammels of restrictions. The Tuscan people too are industrious and intelligent in their agricultural labours, there is no want of enterprise and capital among the proprietors; and yet the *maremme* of Tuscany is as extensive, as solitary, as unwholesome, as that of Rome. The traveller who proceeds along the sea coast, after crossing the rivers Fiora or Pescia, which form the boundary line between the two states, finds no change whatever in the appearance of the country; he may wander through the vast and desolate plains of Grosseto, Volterra, Orbetello, and Castiglione, he may proceed northward as far as Piombino, and beyond it to the very gates of Leghorn and Pisa, and still further into the territory of Lucca, and all the while never leave the malaria country.

"Is it fair then," asks our author, "to throw the blame exclusively

on the Papal government, or on the laziness of the Roman population ? But the reason may be, that no traveller gives himself the trouble to go out of the beaten track in order to visit the maremme of Grosseto, and the valleys of the Ombrone and the Cecina, whilst the Roman lowlands, on the contrary, happen to lie straight on the way of every tourist, they border the high road to Rome, and he can observe them at his ease from the windows of his carriage."—p. 17.

Of the causes of the malaria our author speaks at some length. It seems certain that the infection proceeds partly from the nature of the soil and of the climate, and partly from the stagnant waters and the decomposition of vegetable matter. The former are inherent to the country, and must have existed in the oldest times, even where the low lands were cultivated and inhabited throughout. The position of the Roman plain between the sea and the Apennines exposes it to sudden alternations of southern hot winds and northern cold blasts from the mountains. The proximity of the sea, and the lakes and marshes, create abundant moisture, and the clouds, being stopped by the Apennine ridges, resolve themselves into copious rain. The extreme heat of the summer's day is often succeeded, if the wind is from the mountains, by a sudden chillness after sunset, when the vapours, pumped by the action of the sun, fall to the ground in heavy dew; exposure to the evening air is then dangerous, and often fatal. If the wind is from the south or *scirocco*, the air becomes suffocating, the perspiration profuse and incessant, and the nights are as sultry as the days; the body is weakened, and rendered incapable of exertion. Again, the Mediterranean, being a tideless sea, does not afford the means of refreshing and renovating the air of the plains which border on the coast, and of clearing the waters of the rivers—a very important consideration, which we have not seen noticed by any one. The proximity of stagnant waters is not the sole cause of the unhealthiness of the air; for the dry dusty plain which immediately surrounds Rome is as unhealthy as the marshes of Ostia and Macarese, near the mouths of the Tiber. Our author discards the supposition that the latter pools of stagnant waters, or the still more distant Pomptine marshes, divided as the latter are from Rome by the ridge of Mount Albano, can have any material influence on the atmosphere of the capital and the country around it. He grants, of course, that the marshes and stagnant pools are causes of malaria to the neighbouring lands; but he thinks they are not the *only causes*, and that the nature of the soil itself is accountable for something in it. He observes that the unhealthy region is of volcanic formation, containing a vast number of hydro-sulphurous or hydro-carbonic springs, and that from out a thousand

places emanations of carbonic or azot issue. He supposes that the volcanic strata, acted upon by the rays of the sun, emit quantities of deleterious gas, which affect the vital principles of the human frame, and being assisted by the chillness of the night, may give rise to attacks of fever. The late ingenious géologist, Brocchi, it is true, in his analysis of the air taken outside of the Roman walls, did not discover any of these emanations; but "is it not well known that there are elements which baffle the researches of chemistry, and that, for instance, we cannot by analysis discover any difference between the atmosphere of a crowded theatre and that of the best ventilated apartment?"

But whatever may have been the original causes of the insalubriousness of the Roman plains, there can be no doubt that the thinness and poverty of the population,—the overflowing in several places of the waters of lakes, canals, and streams,—the preference given to pasture over tillage, and the putrefaction of vegetable and animal substances, have fearfully aggravated the evil. Whence and how did the depopulation of the Campagna proceed? In a document quoted by Dureau de la Malle from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and dating of the year 278 of Rome, the population of the city and its colonies is stated at 195,000 citizens, as many women, 32,500 free strangers, and 17,000 slaves; in all, about 440,000 persons inhabiting the Latium, or country between the Tiber, the Anio, the Montes Lepini, and the sea,—not one third of the space included in the present province or department of Rome, as the whole right bank of the Tiber, or Etruria, and the mountains of Sabina and Umbria, were still independent.* The whole of the fourth century after the foundation of the city was spent in reducing the latter populations, which fact shows that they must have been at least as numerous as those of Rome. But in the fifth century the face of affairs changed; Rome, by the taking of Vulsinii and the overthrow of the Etruscan and Umbrian confederacy, forced a passage towards North Italy; whilst in the south she conquered Sicily from the Carthaginians. Then the male population of Rome became engaged in distant wars, and the cultivation of the country was abandoned to slaves;† the patri-

* There can be no doubt that the population of the Latium had been much greater before the Romans conquered it, when the Volsci alone had twenty-three towns, most of which were afterwards destroyed by their conquerors, in the single district between the Montes Lepini and the sea. Some of these were afterwards rebuilt by colonies sent from Rome, and were in their turn destroyed during the civil wars of the republic, or at the fall of the empire. Sylla had a great share in the second work of destruction. Ardea, Lanuvium, Circeii, Ostia, as well as Veii, Faleri, and others, have been thus repeatedly ruined.

† The number of slaves, owing to the gigantic and exterminating wars waged by Rome, increased to such a degree that their value fell from 56*l.* to the price of a measure of wheat per head!

cians, the successful generals, and the enriched pro-consuls, having accumulated properties in large masses, turned fields into large parks and pasture grounds.* The soil, given up to a spontaneous vegetation, developed and increased deleterious emanations; the Pomptine marshes and other lowlands, the towns of which had been ruined by the Romans, became overflowed through the neglect of the drains, and we begin to find the unhealthiness of particular spots mentioned by writers. Strabo designates as such Ardea, Setia, Auxur, and Circeii; Cicero complains of the fevers that afflicted the plains of Rome; Livy speaks of the Roman soldiers encamped in the pestilential barren grounds outside of the town, and Horace says of the month of August, *adducit febres, ac testamenta resignat*. The civil wars and proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, and of the triumvirates, must have greatly contributed to this, by reducing the population with frightful rapidity. Towns disappeared; the fields of Latium and Etruria were left to slaves and soldiers; whilst the people of Rome were supplied with distributions of corn from the granaries of Africa and Sicily.

The subject of malaria has been much discussed of late years by Brocchi, Dr. Macculloch, and others;† we shall abstain, therefore, from following M. Tournon in all his details, in which, however, the reader will find much that is new, accompanied by sound and sober judgment. The miasmata of the malaria seem to be of a dense heavy nature, seldom rising very high above the ground unless wafted by the winds. Walls seem to check their advance. The paving of streets and roads likewise prevents their exhalation. Fires dispel them. If one could transplant at once a dense population into a considerable village, sheltered as much as possible from the south winds, with houses built close together,

* *Propter avaritiam, contra leges ex segetibus fecit prata*, says Varro, speaking of some overgrown proprietor. And the number of proprietors became so small that in Cicero's time there were not 2,000 citizens who were freeholders, *qui in habuerunt. Latifundia perdidere Italiam*, is the memorable expression of Pliny.

† See an article on Malaria in the Edinburgh Review, No. 72, February, 1822. In the number for November last of the *Nuovo Giornale de' Letterati*, published at Pisa, we find an account of some interesting experiments lately instituted in Tuscany by MM. Savi and Passerini, professors of natural history and chemistry in the University of Pisa, on the noxious qualities of some plants supposed to be a source of malaria. The results of these we shall here briefly state.

The *chara*, a genus of plants which grows very plentifully in the marshes, exhales, especially during summer, a fetid smell, similar to that of the marshes themselves. This has led some to suspect that these plants, during their growth, decay, and decomposition, might be the cause of the malaria. To clear up this doubt, MM. Savi and Passerini undertook a series of observations on, and analyses of, the more common species, the *chara vulgaris* and the *chara flexibilis*.

They found these plants covered with an external crust of carbonate of lime, the quantity of which, always considerable, diminishes successively and gradually during the four months of May, June, July and August, which are precisely those in which

streets narrow and paved, and the ground around being previously cleared and planted into gardens, with wholesome water, and sufficient means of sustenance, and they were to follow the common precautionary rules, such as not to sleep on the ground, not to go out fasting in the morning, shut their shutters carefully at night, and light a fire, and live on temperate but nourishing diet, such a colony in the midst of the Campagna might succeed. But the undertaking of colonizing the maremma on such a system is too gigantic to be carried into effect. Pius VII. as well as his predecessors, made some attempts, but to no purpose.

The whole surface of the province or department of Rome M. Tommon states to be about 6,000 square miles, of which the healthy portions, where constant cultivation is practised, occupy 4,600; while the unwholesome plains, subject to the *grande culture*, or unequal alternation of crops, pasture, and fallows, fill up the remaining 1,400. Here we have, then, the extent of the evil, and limits to future exaggeration.

There is another important topic connected with the above, upon which we apprehend there exists a considerable degree of misconception; we mean the reported gradual progress of the malaria of late years within the city of Rome. By looking at the map, we shall find that, wherever the houses are few and far

the influence of the malaria is most strongly felt. Among the other elements of the *chara* they detected also a fat volatile substance, hitherto unnoticed, which, containing azot, has an analogy with animal substances, and produces the fetid smell which gave rise to these researches. They named this substance *puterine*, from the vulgar name of *putra*, which the Italians give to the plant.

After examining the *chara* in its living and perfect state, they submitted it to putrefaction by steeping it in water. Decomposition began to show itself very soon. Acetic acid was formed, united with carbonate of lime, and disengaged the carbonic acid, which, rising into the atmosphere, produced a scum over the surface of the water. The smell of the plant began to exhale at the same time so powerfully as to cause serious accidents and violent head-ache to the persons exposed to it, even at a great distance. By degrees the plant assumed a dark colour, became soft and soapy, and was finally reduced to a blackish mixture, formed of fragments of woody fibres and of very thin *cod*, unctuous to the touch, and with an intolerable stench. In the last stage of putrefaction, the water in which the plant had been steeped became stinking, blackish and mucilaginous; on its surface was formed a dark pellicle, sprinkled with yellowish stains, reflecting in some points the colours of the rainbow, and emitting a disagreeable odour; when exposed to the action of fire it yielded azotic productions. The same experiments, carried on with covered vessels, under the action of solar heat, gave the same results. Repeated upon the *chara* of brackish waters, the saline principle of which is so powerful as to destroy all other plants, the observations presented the same phenomena, but with a greater degree of intensity.

MM. Savi and Passerini think themselves entitled to conclude, from these repeated experiments, that the *puterine*, or fetid principle of the genus *chara*, if not the only and general cause of the malaria, is, at least, one of the most powerful causes of its production in Italy. This mischievous principle, the odour of which is the same with that of marshy exhalations, extends its influence with still greater effect, whenever the diminution or evaporation of the waters leaves the plants uncovered, and by its volatility, it escapes, and is kept suspended in the atmosphere.

between, and the ground is mainly covered with gardens and fields, or ruins, the malaria is felt during the summer months, though not in the same degree as in the open country outside of the walls. Now this is the condition of the greater part of ancient Rome, of all the districts to the east and south of the Quirinal and the Capitol, with the exception of some streets that extend towards Santa Maria Maggiore and Campo Vaccino. Five of the seven hills are, therefore, either totally or partially unhealthy; this was the case, we remember, thirty years ago, and, we believe, long before that epoch, as it was not talked of as any thing new. But it is said that the malaria has penetrated "through the Porta del Popolo, and extended along the Pincian Hill by the church of La Trinità de' Monti, and thus round the foot of the Quirinal and Viminal hills to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore." The upper part of the Pincian hill, which is entirely covered with villas and gardens, we remember was always considered unhealthy, as well as the further end of the road to Porta Pia and from the baths of Dioclesian, down to Porta San Lorenzo. Likewise we are told that "it reaches to the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, diverging towards the Campo Vaccino, and proceeding onward to the east of the Colosseum to St. John Lateran," &c. But all these districts can hardly be called inhabited; there are only a few houses and churches, and convents here and there, and the rest is gardens, villas, vineyards, fields, and ruins. To the best of our recollection they were all considered unhealthy in the summer months, as we have said, thirty years since, although a few individuals, chiefly monks, contrived to live there all the year round. We can say the same of the extensive district beyond the Palatine and Aventine to the gates of St. Sebastian and St. Paul's; they were decidedly bad; but then they are deserted, and covered with fields. One might there fancy oneself in the open country. On the other side of the Tiber, the Lungara, and the slope of the Janiculum above it, the seat of the Villa Corsini, we remember also as unhealthy. We see nothing new or particularly alarming, therefore, in these late reports. *Modern Rome*, which extends from the Quirinal and the Capitol to the banks of the Tiber, is sufficiently healthy, at least as far as the malaria is concerned. There are unhealthy seasons at Rome, as well as in other cities, in particular years, when epidemic fevers spread through the thickest inhabited districts; but this is very different from the gradual progress of the malaria.

One question, however, we are enabled to set definitively at rest; and that is the supposed decrease of the population of Rome. That population has been rapidly *increasing* ever since

the peace. Intolerable misery, brought on by violent convulsions and foreign invasion, and the dispersion of its government and court, did at various times fearfully reduce its numbers. The earliest census we possess since the fall of the western empire, after the ravages of barbarians, and the subsequent attacks of Normans and Saracens, is that of 1198, under Innocent III.; the population was then only 35,000. The removal of the Papal See to Avignon reduced it so low as 17,000!* It was then, indeed, that some prophets of woe might have announced the approaching annihilation of the eternal city! Viterbo and Tivoli were then able to rival and cope with the former mistress of the world! The return of the Papal court, however, from Avignon, in 1377, was followed by an increase, which continued till the time of Leo X. when we find the numbers 60,000. But the storming and pillage of Rome by Bourbon's army, in 1527, again reduced the population to 33,000. Afterwards it began to recover, especially under Sixtus V.; who having cleared the country of banditti, and checked feudal oppression, by a severe but equal justice to all, restored confidence and security, encouraged industry, and deserved the title of "Restorer of the public peace." Since his reign the population kept steadily increasing until the beginning of the last century, when it had risen to 138,000; having quadrupled in 150 years. In 1730 it was 145,000; in 1750, 157,000; and in 1775 it rose to 165,000; the highest point it has ever reached in modern times. It was 164,586 in 1795, just previous to the first French revolutionary invasion. The calamities of the following years, the depreciation of the paper money, which had been issued with prodigal improvidence by Pius VI., the unheard of exactions of the French generals, by draining the treasury, the clergy, and the nobility of all their disposable wealth, produced a lamentable state of misery among the lower classes, which was further increased by the entrance of the French army in 1798, the violent removal of Pius VI., the dispersion of his court and clergy, the plunder and confiscation of public and private property, and the contributions and other charges imposed upon the "Roman republic" by its French allies.† To these may be added, revolts in the province or Campagna, and the devastations which followed, and in which several towns, such as Terracina, Frosinone, Ferentino, Ronciglione, Viterbo, &c. were sacked and partly destroyed. In 1800 we find the population of Rome reduced to 153,000; and the consequences of these calamities continuing

* See the Abate Cancellieri's learned inquiries on the subject.

† See Botta, Book XIII.

to operate gradually, but not less surely, in the following years, it became in 1805 still further reduced to 135,000, being *a decrease of about 30,000, or nearly one-fifth, in the course of ten years, from 1795 to 1805*. At the latter period the Papal court had returned; Pius VII. filled the Pontifical throne; but the country was impoverished, the Papal state deprived of its northern provinces, the wounds inflicted in the preceding years were too deep to be healed, and confidence in the future was not restored. Then came the second French invasion in 1808, and another violent removal of the Papal court and clergy in 1809, when a number of families were deprived of their means of support; the public establishments and charities then became bankrupt, and thirty thousand persons were placed on the poor lists by their respective curates, and reported to the French consuls or provisional government as requiring immediate assistance.* No wonder if the population continued to decrease; and we find it in 1810 stated at 123,000, being a further falling off of 12,000 in five years, since 1805. This was the true malaria that afflicted Rome! During the four years of the French administration, the population remained nearly stationary, owing to the especial care of the local authorities in providing employment and new resources for the lower classes, and the exertions of benevolent and enlightened men like Tournon, Degerando, and others, who, assisted by the native nobility, mitigated as much as they could the calamities and distress in which the ambition and violence of their ruler had involved an unoffending country, whilst they reformed abuses and effected improvements in the old institutions. But the restoration of Pius VII. and of the central government in 1814 soon produced its wonted effect on the population, which rose next year to above 128,000; it increased to 135,000 in 1820; and in 1830 it amounted to 147,385. See Tournon's Statistical Tables, vol. i. p. 238-42. The census of last year, 1831, gives a further increase, the numbers being 150,666.

The above authentic statements, we conceive, will set at rest the question about the pretended progressive decrease of the Roman population, and its causes. The populousness and comparative prosperity of modern Rome have been ever closely dependent on the residence and independence of its government. Misery and the despondency resulting from it are fearful auxilia-

* Tournon, vol. ii. p. 136. By a severe scrutiny the list of *real paupers* was reduced one-half, or 15000; still an alarming amount in a population of 123,000. Tournon, as an honourable man, does not conceal the origin of the distresses of Rome; he speaks plainly of the effects of foreign invasion, and especially of that of 1798, which was the most lawless and most fatal to the country.

ries to the malaria fever. A doubt here arises, whether in the event of the permanent removal or suppression of the papal government, which we do not foresee imminent, but which may take place at some future time, the population of Rome would not go on decreasing, until being in its enfeebled state acted upon more and more powerfully by the malaria, it would at last dwindle into nothing, and future travellers, who came to visit the remains of Rome, would find the "Eternal City" as solitary and as desolate as the sites of Babylon or Persepolis. We cannot fairly judge of the effect of a permanent removal of the papal government on the population of the city by the experiment made under Napoleon. It was of too short a duration. The hope of an improvement, or of another change, sustained the drooping spirits of many a family, who contrived to live upon the savings of their former fortune. But in the course of years these hopes would have become fainter, and at last have vanished altogether. Future administrators also would not perhaps have proceeded with the same charitable zeal in propping up the resources and means of subsistence of the population. In short, we think that had Rome continued till now in the condition of a provincial town, its numbers would have been reduced lower than they were in 1814. Still we believe, that with a wise and orderly local administration it would not have fallen below a certain mark, say 70 or 80,000, being the population of several second rate Italian cities, not seats of government, such as Bologna, and Turin and Florence under the French. Rome is the centre of a large agricultural country, extending from the frontiers of Tuscany to those of Naples, and from the sea to the mountains of Umbria, in all which there is not a town that could for a moment dispute its precedence. The condition of the country is very different now from what it was when the popes left Rome for Avignon six centuries ago. The great landed proprietors, including a numerous patrician class and the wealthy farmers, would still reside at Rome, as the unhealthy state of the Campagna must necessarily prevent them from living in the country. The Roman nobility would not all desert their splendid palaces, and galleries, and villas, especially if they should derive an increased importance from the absence of an ecclesiastical government. The markets of Rome would still regulate the prices of the whole province. If cultivation were to improve, colonists and speculators would produce an increase. Several manufactures are established at Rome for the supply of the population of the town and country, and have considerably improved of late years.* Rome is the centre of a

* M. Tournon has dedicated the third book of his work to the commerce and manufactures of Rome. He observes at the beginning, that most travellers, including

considerable commerce, both of exportation and importation, through the ports of Fiumicino, Civita Vecchia and Porto d'Anzio, and with the interior of the country as far as the Adriatic. Its numerous churches and collegiate establishments would maintain a proportionate secular clergy. It would still be the University, the centre of professional studies, for the whole portion of its territory between the Apennines and the Mediterranean. It would be the resort of artists and amateurs from all parts of the world. It stands on the high road to Naples, the great and only channel of land communication with the rich kingdom of the two Sicilies. Unless, therefore, the removal of the papal court were attended by foreign oppression, violence and spoliation, we think that even if deprived of the seat of government, it might maintain itself as a city of considerable importance. But we confess, that we can hardly conceive any future political arrangements taking place in Italy by which Rome would be left a mere provincial town.

The tables of births and deaths give occasion to some interesting remarks by our author. The births keep pace with the increase or decrease of the population, whilst there is an extraordinary fluctuation in the number of deaths. Again, the sum total of deaths in a given number of years is much greater than that of the births, and yet the population, instead of decreasing, is found to have increased at the end. Several causes account for these anomalies. The population of Rome is recruited every year by provincials and other strangers, who come either to study or seek for employment. Again, a number of ecclesiastics, both secular and regular, resort thither from different parts of Italy, when the papal government resides at Rome. The fluctuations in the deaths are accounted for, partly by the extraordinary mortality occasioned in some years by epidemics, aggravated by peculiar distress in consequence of war and revolution, and partly by the fact that many workmen from the whole province who are taken ill with the summer fever, whilst reaping in the Campagna, come to die in the hospitals of Rome.* Births are to the population

M. Bonstetten, have limited the industry of the Romans to the manufacture of beads, rosaries, and agnus dei, relics and indulgences. The wit of all this has become stale now. Manufactures of common linen cloth, of woollens which employ 2000 workmen, of silk, leather, paper, iron foundries and forges, common potteries, &c. exist at Rome and in the country round. There were, in 1813, 682 factories and workshops at Rome. The manufactures, says M. Tournon, were much indebted to the Cardinals Lante and Ruffo, while they were treasurers. The arts of engraving, mosaic, scagliola, besides sculpture and painting, form a very essential branch of Roman industry.

* In 1795 there were 6,378 deaths, in 1800 they had increased to 8,457, in 1803 to 9,269, and in 1804 to 11,792. We now understand the mistake we noticed in Simond's *Travels*, No. III. of this Review. The last figure in the last number was left out, and thus the deaths of 1804 appeared to be only 1,179. Again, Simond stated

on an average as 1 to 30, whilst deaths fluctuate between 1 to 30 and 1 to 20. It ought to be observed, however, that in years of peace and of regular seasons the disproportion is by no means so great, although there is generally an excess of deaths over births. In 1831 the births were 4,725 or as 1 to 32, while the deaths were 5,100 or as 1 to 29½.

M. Tournon's second book is entirely devoted to Roman agriculture, of which he gives an ample and interesting description. The ground had been already trodden by M. Lullin de Chateauvieux in his "*Lettres écrites d'Italie en 1812 et 1813*;"* but our author enters into greater details, having had the advantage of a much longer residence and of the means of information afforded by his official situation. He confirms, however, M. Chateauvieux's views on the subject: "the four years I spent in perambulating the country in every direction have enabled me to confirm his judgment. The system of cultivation practised in the plains is necessarily dependent on two conditions, the nature of the soil itself, and the number and sanitary state of the cultivators." In the 1,400 square miles, of which the unhealthy plains consist, there is a permanent population of 15,000 persons only!

The following is the *cadastro* or survey of the different soils capable of production in the province of Rome, as taken by the able engineer Mammi, Marquis of Vacone.

Arable land, susceptible of producing corn . . .	242,000 rubbj†
Permanent pastures, meadows, hay fields . . .	162,000
Vineyards	14,600
Orchards and gardens	1,400
Forests, chestnut plantations, copses	170,000

590,000 rubbj

Of the 242,000 rubbj of arable land, 82,000 are in the healthy districts, and 160,000 in the lowlands. The latter are sown for crops every fourth or fifth year, except a few superior soils where the grain returns from 12 to 15, and which are laid alternately in crops and fallows. During the three or four years intervening, the ground is left to spontaneous vegetation, and after the au-

that in 1808 only 243 were admitted into the hospitals, and in 1818, 2,992. But the mistake originated in confounding the number of *fever patients* within the hospitals at the same time, with the total number admitted successively during the season. The former in common years fluctuates between 200 and 600; but rises at times to 1000, and even 2,000, whilst the total number of fever patients admitted even in the most favourable summer is seldom so low as 3000. This is another instance of the almost unavoidable inadvertencies of travel writers. About one fourth of the patients die in the hospitals, and another fourth become invalids for life.

* The Edinburgh Review, No. LV., March, 1817, noticed Chateauvieux's work at full length, and an English translation of it, by Dr. Rigby, appeared subsequently.

† A Roman rubbio is about four English acres.

tumnal rains it becomes covered with grass of the most luxuriant growth, which affords a rich pasture to the numerous herds of cattle that constitute the principal wealth of the country. In fact, corn crops are only considered as an accessory, and pasture is the main produce of the fields. There are about 100,000 head of cattle, 4,000 buffaloes, and 700,000 sheep grazing in these plains. M. Tournon gives a detailed calculation of the expenses and risks attending tillage and the rearing of crops, which serves to explain the preference given by the farmers to the *pastorizia* or grazing system, which, assisted as it is by the facility of migration of the cattle to the neighbouring mountains during the dry season, affords surer though lower profits, with hardly any trouble or risk. The farmers who rent these vast estates are called *mercanti di campagna*; they are farmers, merchants, and bankers at once; they live in large hotels at Rome, where they have their counting-houses, and employ numerous agents, clerks, messengers, &c. The smallest of these farms requires an advance of 50,000 francs, and the largest from five to six hundred thousand. The whole of the Roman lowlands from Bolsena to Terracina are in the hands of about 150 of these farmers, of whom one-third, and these the richest, reside at Rome.

We shall not follow M. Tournon in his animated description of the farm of Campomorto, the same that M. Chateaucieux visited in his travels. But the following brief statistics of that estate are worth inserting, as they differ materially from those given by the latter. It consists of 4,309 rubbj, 1000 of which is arable land, 1,100 permanent pasture or meadows, and 2,200 forest. The arable land is divided into four lots, which are subject each to a different rotation of crops and fallows, according to the respective nature of the soil. One wheat crop is succeeded by two or three years fallows; or the wheat crop is followed by oats and beans; or lastly, after the oats harvest in the second year, the ground is sown with Indian corn or beans, after which it is left fallow for one year, and then sown with wheat again. The wheat crop returns in general nine for one, the other grains and beans about fifteen. The cultivation of the farm requires 65 ploughs and 320 oxen, 250 bullocks are kept fattening for the market, besides about 800 cows and calves, and about 100 buffaloes. 100 horses are required for the cattle drivers and servants of the farm, who are always mounted, as well as for the carts, &c., and 250 mares and colts to keep up that number. 2000 sheep graze on the farm. The agents and servants permanently employed, either on the farm or at Rome, amount to 180. About 400 labourers are engaged from October to June, and about 800 in harvest time. The former are paid from one franc

and a half to two francs a day, the latter in general about two francs. They come chiefly from the mountains of Sabina and the Abruzzi. The rent paid to the Chapter of St. Peters, who are the proprietors, is 120,000 francs.* The whole produce of the farm is valued at 355,000 francs.

"But the expenses attending this immense establishment swallow up almost the whole of this sum, and the real profits of the farmer consist in his commercial and banking operations, which he is enabled to carry on with the produce of his farm. In observing attentively the machinery of this vast establishment, the order and regularity of movement of its different parts, I felt a sentiment of sincere esteem for the man who can direct and give life to the whole. Indeed a philosophical stranger cannot grudge himself a few days passed either at Campomorto or at Santa Maria di Galera or Castel di Guido, for he will have to add to his other Roman recollections that of the frank and open hospitality and of the instructive conversation of the wealthy and intelligent farmers, and the kindness and unaffected urbanity of such men as MM. Truzzi, Cleter, Giorgi, Valentini, Vanni, will afford him much useful information, and all the luxuries of social life in the midst of a desert."—pp. 325, 326.

The Pomptine marshes, which have been partly recovered from the water, belong to the Apostolic Chamber, but Pius VI. gave them in *enfiteusi*, or perpetual leases, to a few families, who do not pay altogether 100,000 francs rent for about 40,000 acres of land. The Duke Braschi, the banker Torlonia, the Duke Fiano, the Marquis Massimi, and the family of Rapini, the engineer who directed the works, are the principal lessees. Had the allotments been smaller, and on common lease terms, the ground would have been better cultivated, the works would have been kept in better preservation, and the government would have derived a much greater benefit. Of the 40,000 acres either totally or partially drained, 7000 are capable of tillage, and the rest is fit for rice, Indian corn, or meadows, besides copse and forest.

M. Tournon, in speaking of the physical state of the present population of the Roman province, distinguishes it into four races. The first, who inhabit the mounts Albani and the country of the Volscians, are tall, their limbs vigorous but flexible, their features regular, large dark eyes, and an expression somewhat haughty yet pleasing. 2d. The steep arid mountains of Alatri and Veroli are inhabited by a race not so tall as the former, with strong hardy limbs, features regular, but having a wild expression, which is increased by their eyebrows almost

* M. Chateaucieux's calculations are much lower; see Edinburgh Review, No. LV. We consider M. Tournon as the better authority of the two; in fact he gives a complete balance sheet, on the authority of MM. Truzzi, who rented the farm.

meeting together. M. Tournon sees in them the descendants of the fierce Hernici. 3d. The inhabitants of the Sabine mountains have a milder expression, and thick curly hair. Lastly, in the neighbourhood of Corneto and north of mount Cimino, a race, tall, elegantly-formed, of regular features, and a pleasing mild expression, reminds our author of the old Etrusci. This district produces the handsomest men in the whole province. The plains, as well as the city of Rome, exhibit no traces of a distinct population, but appear to be a mixture of all the races in Europe. Even among the Transteverini, fine men as they generally are, M. Tournon has sought in vain for marks of that ancient descent which has been attributed to them. At Rome the women have a much greater share of beauty than the men, but those of the poorer classes lose their attractions at a comparatively early age.

The following is extracted from the *Saggio di Statistica degli Stati Pontifici*, a recent work published in numbers by M. Gabriele Calindri.

“Population of the Papal States, the Legations included, 2,592,329.

“Classification of this population according to their civil state.

Single men, adults	239,177
Single women, ditto	234,145
Married of both sexes	913,586
Widowers	43,616
Widows	34,126
Male children	521,185
Female, ditto	553,012
Monks or regular clergy	10,598
Priests or secular, ditto	34,600
Nuns	8,284

Of the above 1,176,178 are landed proprietors, farmers, or labourers, with their families; 691,803 tradespeople or mechanics; 24,908 follow the liberal professions; 21,508 are soldiers or seamen; 53,432 belong to the clergy of both sexes; and 217,638 are infants.

The fourth book of M. Tournon's work treats of the Papal government, and of its judicial and financial administration, subjects curious in themselves, and generally but little known.

The Papal government is perhaps the most complicated in modern times. The Pope unites in his person three different offices; 1st, that of Supreme Pontiff, or Head of the Catholic Church and hierarchy; 2d, that of Bishop of Rome; 3d, that of temporal sovereign of the Roman or Papal States. Few writers have taken the trouble of distinguishing between these different attributes, and thus the machinery of the Papal govern-

ment has often been misunderstood. The Consistory, or council of the Cardinals, assists him both in his spiritual and temporal capacities, but the immediate administration of the one is confided to different persons from that of the other, although the agents of one power often come in contact with those of another, so that the line is somewhat difficult to trace.

The ministers of the Pontiff in his spiritual capacity are, 1st, the Cardinal Great Penitentiary, who decides on cases of conscience, with the assistance of several prelates; 2d, the Cardinal Sommista, who presides at the tribunal of the Apostolic Chancery, and whose business it is to give his opinion on matters of dogma or discipline, and to affix the seals to and expedite the bulls of the Pope; 3d, the Cardinal Pro-Datario, who, with a numerous department of subordinate officers, decides all affairs concerning livings and other temporalities of the clergy, also those concerning dispensations or licenses for marriages between relations, &c. This office has lost much of its importance, since the catholic states have suppressed or secularized most of the church temporalities. In former times the sums paid to the Datario by foreign countries for briefs, bulls, dispensations, licenses, &c. amounted to more than two millions of scudi per annum (nearly half a million sterling); 4th, the Cardinal Segretario de' Brevi has the charge of the correspondence of the Pope concerning ecclesiastical matters; he expedites the briefs *ad principes* to foreign sovereigns, &c.; 5th, lastly, the Pope's Auditor (*Uditor Santissimo*,) a prelate, who is the examiner, reviser, and reporter on all matters of importance which are laid before him; he examines the claims of the various candidates for bishoprics, and is the intimate adviser of the Pope, whose full confidence he is supposed to enjoy.

The authority of the Pope as Bishop of Rome is exercised by the Cardinal Vicar, who visits the churches, superintends the clergy, &c. of his diocese, and has his own tribunal and officers. There is also a congregation called *Della Visita Apostolica*, which administers legacies and trusts belonging to this jurisdiction.

Lastly, the power of the Pope as temporal sovereign of the Roman States, is that with which we are now more particularly concerned. The Papal monarchy is elective; the power of the sovereign is most unlimited, and resides entirely in his own person; for although he consults the cardinals, either in special congregation assembled, or, in cases of high importance, in consistory or general assembly, yet he is not bound by their opinion. The two principal ministers of the Pope as temporal sovereign, are the Cardinal Secretary of State, and the Cardinal Camerlengo. The former unites in his person the departments of foreign affairs and

of the home department; he is the prime minister and representative of his sovereign, both with foreign courts and towards his own subjects. He is appointed by the reigning sovereign, and leaves office when the latter dies. The Camerlengo is the finance minister, and is appointed for life. When a pope dies, the Camerlengo takes possession of the pontifical palace in the name of the Apostolic Chamber,* coins money in his own name, and is, in short, the acting sovereign until the cardinals are assembled in conclave. Afterwards the state is administered, till the election of a new pope, by three cardinals, who assume office by turns one day each! The Camerlengo presides at the court of the Apostolic Chamber, which constitutes a board of treasury. He has under him, more nominally, however, than really, the Treasurer-General, who is a prelate, and who has in fact the management of the budget, the administration of the state property and establishment. This office is generally filled by men of abilities. Cardinal Braschi, afterwards Pius VI., Cardinals Ruffo and Lante were treasurers before they received the cardinal's hat.

The Governor of Rome is also a prelate of the first rank, and, like the preceding, quits his office by being made a cardinal. He is under the authority of the secretary of state, but is vested with great discretionary powers concerning the police of the city and its district; he is summary judge of misdemeanors and offences not capital, and can condemn to imprisonment and hard labour. He goes out accompanied by a guard.

The Council, called *Sacra Consulta*, established by Sixtus V. is charged with the administrative power of the Roman States, Rome and its *comarca* or district excepted; it appoints the delegates and governors of towns, and corresponds with them. The armed force, the prisons, &c. are under its orders. It also superintends the health offices, and quarantine regulations. It is composed of cardinals and prelates, and presided by the secretary of state. The Roman states are divided into twelve delegations, namely, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Forlì, Pesaro and Urbino, Macerata, Fermo and Ascoli, Spoleto and Rieti, Ancona, Perugia, Viterbo and Civita Vecchia, Frosinone. Each delegation is subdivided into governments. The delegates must be prelates; if cardinals, they are styled Legates.

Dependent on the Apostolic Chamber are several departments administered by prelates and also by lay Roman noblemen, such as that of the *Ripe ed Acque*, which has the superintendence of

* The Apostolic Chamber, in its abstract or general sense, is a fictitious denomination implying the state or fisc. The tribunal, however, of the Apostolic Chamber, is a real active body, and is generally designated in writing by the initials A. C.

canals and aqueducts—that *delle Strade*, or streets and roads—that of archives and registry, of the mint, &c.

There is also another congregation called *del Buon Governo*, which is independent of ministers; it is presided by a Cardinal Prefect, and composed of cardinals and prelates; it superintends the communal administrations, watches the interests of the communes, and often takes their part against the pretensions of government—"a very remarkable institution," says Tournon, "under an absolute government."—vol. ii. p. 36. The secretary communicates directly with the Pope, and receives his orders from him. This leads our author to examine the structure of the *municipal or communal organization* of the Roman state, which ought to form a most important feature of every administration, but which is commonly lost sight of in the sweeping views of general politics. The towns and villages of the Roman States have each a municipal council composed of 48, 36, or 24 members, according to the size of the town, and of 18 in villages having less than one thousand inhabitants. The members are taken in equal proportions from the nobles or *notables*, and from the citizens and farmers. They are appointed for life, and the council fills up vacancies as they occur. The council discusses the wants and the means of the commune, and makes out the yearly budget, which is sent to the delegate of the province for approbation. The council then fixes the rates to be paid, superintends the expenditure, and audits the accounts. It appoints the servants of the commune, pays the local police, the schoolmaster, and the apothecary and surgeon, who receive a fixed remuneration, and are obliged to attend gratis all the poor inhabitants. The council makes out every year a triple list of candidates among residents, of which list the delegate of the province chooses a *Gonfaloniere* and six elders, who constitute the magistracy of the town or commune. The *Gonfaloniere* is under the authority of the governor of the province. The former baronial jurisdictions, privileges, and immunities have been abolished.

"This system of municipal administration," observes Tournon, "will surprise those who imagine that in the Papal States every thing is left to the will or caprice of the government. Abuses of power are common, no doubt, but the written law is more favourable to the liberties of the people than is commonly supposed."—vol. ii. p. 41.

And he observes elsewhere, that the authority of the municipal councils is more extensive in the Papal States than it is in France.

The judicial administration is very complicated and dilatory in its proceedings. The civil courts are, 1st. That of Monte Citorio, presided by an auditor of the apostolic chamber, and three judges who are prelates; it judges in the first instance all

suits in Rome, and those of the *comarca* or district, above 300 scudi. 2d. The court of the Capitol, composed of the auditor, the senator, and two judges, which takes cognizance of any suit between laymen of the city of Rome. 3d. The court of the Cardinal Vicar, which judges of matters in which ecclesiastics are concerned. The appeal in suits below the amount of 825 scudi, is from one to the other judge of the same court; and in case of discrepancy of judgments, they are laid before the auditor of the A. C. Above the sum of 825 scudis, the appeal is before the Rota, which is the high court for all the southern and eastern parts of the state. (For the northern provinces, or the four legations of Bologna, Forlì, Ferrara, and Ravenna, there is a court of appeal at Bologna, composed of six judges.) The Rota consists of twelve prelates, men of tried abilities, and the decisions of this court have generally been looked upon as marked with a character of wisdom and liberality rare among Italian courts of justice. After examining the documents and hearing the advocates of the parties, who plead separately before the judge, the court gives out a first decision, carefully explaining the grounds of the view it has taken of the case. This decision is printed and communicated to the parties. If the party to whom the decision is unfavourable make no opposition, the definitive sentence is then expedited. If opposition be made, the court examines the grounds on which that opposition is grounded. If it finds no cause to alter the first decision, sentence is passed; otherwise another decision is made out and printed, according to the new view the court has taken of the case. In this manner, however, decision will follow decision at times for years, before the passing of a definitive sentence.

"The Roman advocates, a considerable and distinguished body, are divided into two classes,—consistorial advocates, twelve in number, who alone plead before the pope and enjoy other privileges, and *avvocati rotali*, who plead before all the courts. At all times men of the highest merit have been found among them, and at the epoch of which I treat, the Roman bar was justly proud of the names of Bartolucci, Bontadossi, Angelotti, Lasagni, &c."—vol. ii. p. 89.

The *curiali* or *patrocinatori* answer to our solicitors and attorneys, and the *notari* are mere notaries entrusted with the preparation and care of documents and deeds.

The court of *Segnatura* is a sort of Court of Cassation, which decides on the competency of the other courts, and can annul their sentences for informality or other defects.

In the provinces, the delegates have no judicial authority in civil matters. Justice is administered in the first instance by the lieutenants or governors of the districts up to the amount of 300

scudi, and by a magistrate, called the Prætor, in every chief town of a province, in suits above that sum. The appeal from the prætor is before the lieutenants of the Apostolic Chamber for sums less than 825 scudi, and to the Rota above that sum.

The Courts of Commerce for mercantile affairs, which were introduced under the French occupation, have been maintained by an ordinance of Pius VII. in 1802.

The judges of all the courts are appointed by the sovereign. The qualifications for the office are, that he shall be above thirty years of age; that he shall have obtained the laurea; that he shall have practised at the bar for at least five years; and legitimacy of birth and a blameless character. Leone XII. p. 37-8. The chief emoluments of the judges consist of fees, of which there is a minute tariff in the above *Motoproprio*.

In criminal matters, every governor of a town or district decides without appeal on correctional matters and misdemeanors, and may inflict fines or imprisonment for one year. He also takes cognizance in the first instance of all other offences and crimes.

Every province or delegation has a criminal court, consisting of the delegate himself and four assessors, and which receives appeals from the sentences of governors, and can sentence to five years labour in the galleys.

At Rome, a congregation, composed of the governor of Rome with two assessors and six lieutenants, pronounces in capital cases.

The Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber decides on matters of correctional police for the city. The court of the Cardinal Vicar judges of cases in which ecclesiastics are concerned.

The Sacra Consulta is the high court of appeal, in criminal cases, from the different provincial courts of the southern and eastern states, and the Court of Appeal of Bologna from those of the Four Legations.

The proceedings of all these courts take place with closed doors; the prisoner is defended by the *avvocato dei poveri*, who is paid by the state, and who enjoys much consideration. This place is often filled by men of superior merit and liberal feelings. The accused may provide himself with another counsel, who can, however, only present written pleadings. The fiscal attorney is the public prosecutor. The Italian language is now exclusively used in all the courts. The system of secret trial in criminal cases is common to the whole of Italy, with the honourable exception of the kingdom of Naples.

Since the *Motoproprio* of Pius VII. in 1816, the sentences must be *motivate*, or the grounds on which they proceed clearly

stated ; and the judges are forbidden to pronounce any other sentence but that fixed by the law for each respective offence. Every species of torture, as well as the punishment of the *corda*,* have been perpetually abolished.

The governors have also the charge of the police, and they may arrest and detain any individual on suspicion, reporting, however, his case to the superior authorities. A corps of carabinieri, well disciplined and accoutred, has replaced at Rome the old *sbirri* or police guards, who were many of them men of indifferent character or reprieved criminals, without uniform or discipline.

"The prisons of Rome," says Tournon, "were in the last century better than those of most towns in Europe." The *Carceri Nuove* are airy, salubrious, and solidly built ; *San Michele* is a house of correction, chiefly for women and boys, who are there employed at work. Charitable societies, *confraternite*, supply the indigent prisoners with food and raiment, and are a sort of useful check on the avarice or tyranny of jailors. The prisons in the provincial towns were some of them wretched enough ; improvements were made in them during the French administration.

The two state prisons are the castle of St. Angelo and the fortress of Civita Castellana. There is a house of correction for priests, called the *Ergastolo*, at Corneto. Civita Vecchia and Porto d'Anzio are the two receptacles for galley slaves. In the former the old galleys were crazy hulks, in a state of filth and rottenness, but the prisoners have been since removed to the buildings on shore, where they are employed at hard labour during the day. They are ill-clothed and ill-fed. We have ourselves seen those at Porto d'Anzio, whose appearance was miserable. There is no distinction between the convicts, and little attention paid to their reformation. This, however, seems to be still the case in most countries of Europe ; a convict is forsaken and forgotten, as if he were dead and could be of no more use in this world, and as if he had no soul for the next.

Speaking of the Holy Office or Inquisition, a name justly dreaded from its fearful records, but which for a long time past was at Rome little more than a name, M. Tournon says :—

"When the French took possession of Rome they found the prison of the Inquisition nearly empty, (they had been so for many years before,) and nothing in the regulations or internal arrangements of the

* This was a high pole fixed in the pavement of the Corso and other streets, with a pulley and rope, to which the culprit was attached by his wrists, which were fastened behind ; he was then lifted up gradually to the summit of the pole, when all at once the rope being let go, the whole weight of the body fell on the arms, which were forced backwards, and the shoulders dislocated.

house showed that it had been recently the scene of any act of cruelty ; on the contrary, the comfortable size of the apartments intended for the prisoners, their airiness and cleanliness, bespoke the humanity of those who presided over the establishment. It may be asserted that the Holy Office at Rome is nothing more than an ecclesiastical tribunal to check any misconduct of the clergy themselves."—p. 48.

And we may add, that its principal occupation is, perhaps, that of examining new books, and putting those they do not approve of in the *Index*. When Pius VII. was restored to his dominions, one of his first acts was to stop the proceedings of a fanatical inquisitor at Ravenna, who had tried and sentenced to death a converted Jew, for relapsing to his former creed. The sentence was of course laid before the Pope. Pius sent immediately for all the papers, annulled the sentence, and soon after he formally abolished the punishment of death and all corporal punishments in matters of heresy. He also decreed, that in future no charge should be admitted by the Inquisition unless the accuser himself appeared, together with the accused.—*Vita di Pio VII.* p. 133.

In his remarks on the criminal laws, M. Tournon enters into some important details on the character and morals of the people of Rome. Murders and highway robberies have for a long time constituted a great proportion of the criminal calendar. A violent instinct of vengeance or jealousy, provoked by overbearing insult or oppression, is the cause of the first crime; this once perpetrated, the criminal flies for safety to the mountains and woods, and there, from necessity, his career as a *bandito** begins. It is said, and with some appearance of reason, that the deficiencies of the law in the Papal States have assisted in the growth of these crimes; but yet we find that the northern provinces are free from banditti, and that in the southern ones it is chiefly one district in the Campagna which seems to be the nursery of these outlaws. Cicero mentions, even in his time, that district as one of bad fame.† The Mounts Lepini, which border the Pomptine marshes, have been long famed for this disposition of the inhabitants, whilst the neighbouring valley of the Anio is peaceful and free from crime. M. Tournon ascribes the propensity of certain districts to deeds of blood, to the impression stamped among the people by the feuds in the middle ages, when the barons themselves trained their vassals to acts of brigandage, until they were repressed by the stern policy of Sixtus V. But the weakness of succeeding reigns could not extirpate the evil by the roots. The life of a *bandito* had lost all its terrors and shame;

* *Bandito*, outlawed, banished from society. The plural is *banditi*, with only one *t*.

† Pro Milone: *noctu invidioso et pleno latronum in loco occidisse*, speaking of Bovillæ at the foot of the Alban Mount. And again: *sustinuisse crimen, ipse ille latronum occultator et receptor locus*.

it was considered a glorious adventurous profession. The inhabitants of those secluded districts look upon a bandito in a different light from the people of the towns. The bandito is pitied and feared. His wife boasts with her gossips about her husband being in the mountains; the neighbours cultivate his fields gratis, that he may respect theirs; the village surgeon, the shopkeeper, are ready to assist and supply his wants; the shepherds are his messengers; society has not broken all ties with the criminal—he is looked upon as “an unfortunate man.” Even the government is ready to pardon him if he desist from his evil course, and to restore him to society, nay to employ him, to preserve the peace of the country. So strong is this feeling, that country girls are found to prefer sharing the fortunes of a bandito rather than become wives of a peaceful labourer. The bandito, on his side, strives to retain his influence by means of the terror he inspires. His revenge falls most fierce upon such of his fellow villagers as have either informed against, or denied him succour in his necessity. Even when not sanguinary towards travellers and other victims, he shows no mercy to the object of his revenge. He burns his cottage, cuts down his plantations, and if he lays hold of the unhappy wretch himself, he torments him to death. To those on the contrary who keep on good terms with him he is often generous. This is a sufficient explanation for the existence of banditti in one or two districts of the Campagna, without assuming that the people of modern Rome have a propensity for such a mode of life. The fact being, that the people of Rome and of the other towns have as great a detestation of banditti as those of London or Paris.

When the French took possession of Rome, in 1809, the number of banditti had increased fearfully, owing to the confusion that had so long reigned in the government of the country between two conflicting powers, the Papal and the French. The outlaws had assembled in the chain of the mounts Lepini, near the high road to Naples. The village of Giuliano, alone, reckoned twelve, some of them veterans of twenty and thirty years standing in the trade. Santo Stefano, Prossedi, Supino, Sommino,* all furnished their contingents. There were in all about one hundred known and declared outlaws.

The French, after promulgating their code, formed a gendarmerie, and set about hunting down the banditti in earnest. In a short time the greater part of them fell into the hands of justice and were executed, and the remainder concealed themselves in the remotest mountain fastnesses, where they kept quiet in hopes of being forgotten. But in 1811 the banditti reappeared once

* * This last village was at last razed to the ground by order of Cardinal Consalvi after the restoration, on account of its incorrigible character.

more, and in still greater force, being reckoned about 120, and spread terror even to the gates of Rome. This was owing to certain faults of the French administrators, as M. Tournon frankly acknowledges. Through a false idea of economy, or a love of total change, they had suddenly dismissed the whole body of *shirri*, or old police. Thus thrown upon the world, and unfit for any other pursuit, many of these men, out of despair, joined the bands in the mountains. Again, the odious conscription, though in its application to the Roman states much and wisely mitigated,* was a law so foreign to the habits of the people, accustomed for ages to peace, and appeared to them so unjust and oppressive, that many young men, unwilling to leave their country to go and meet their death under distant climates for interests foreign to them, ran away, and took shelter in the recesses of the mountains, where some of them joined the bands. The same thing happened in the Genoese territory; in Tuscany and Parma the Apennine chain became the asylum of refractory conscripts. The banditti, thus recruited, became a sort of guerilla; they endangered the communications of the French authorities; in 1813 they took prisoner the sub-prefect of Frosinone, and it was only by the display of all the force of the local government, consisting of some companies of gendarmes, and an auxiliary corps of chosen old *shirri*, whom it was at last thought expedient to re-engage, besides the assistance of the troops of the line, that security was in some manner restored to the country. At the close of the French dominion, in 1814, the banditti in the Campagna of Rome mustered still above fifty. So much for the total suppression of the banditti under the French rule, for which they have been so much lauded by credulous travellers.

But while political grievances prevented the extirpation of the banditti, the police of the towns underwent a thorough and salutary reformation under the French regime. Eight commissaries of police at Rome, with a small municipal guard, maintained the city in perfect safety. The lighting of the streets, a measure then introduced into most Italian cities, and since happily continued, contributed to the public security. We remember the time when the streets of Rome and Naples were either in complete darkness, or only partially illuminated till midnight by the lamps in the shops and coffee houses, and occasionally by a dim light burning before some image of the Madonna or Sant' Antonio. Yet even then it was only private revenge a man had to fear; few robberies in the streets or houses were heard of. The promptitude and the publicity of trials were two great ameliorations introduced by the French, which, we are sorry to say, have not been kept up

* Only 3000 men were raised in the department of Rome during four years for the French Army. Substitutes were, therefore, easily procured at a moderate price. *

at Rome since the restoration. When once the salutary certainty that punishment would unavoidably follow violence and crime was established in the minds of the people, a surprising change took place. It was as a burst of new light upon them which rectified the whole train of their ideas. "Often a sudden thought would come and restrain the uplifted hand ready to strike, and the man, as if at once restored to his sober senses, would exclaim: '*Ah! se non fosse la seduta!*' 'Ah! if it were not for the assizes!'"—ii. p. 102. The proceedings of the courts being public, a new scene was open to the people, who went to listen eagerly to the pleadings; they became persuaded that justice was administered impartially, and they applauded the full latitude allowed to the defence. The conviction that the rank and station of the offender made no difference in his favour, was another great moral lesson. The condemnation, among others, of a bill broker, for the murder of a servant, made a salutary and lasting impression. The influence of the parochial clergy and of the respectable part of the country population assisted the government in the work of reformation. The peasants and villagers, now sure of protection, understood that it was their interest to aid the magistrates and the police in arresting malefactors, a thing they would have spurned at before.

"By these means," M. Tournon concludes, "it was proved that the Roman people could be soon raised to a very high degree in the scale of morality, and rendered as humane, mild, and orderly as their neighbours of Tuscany. Indeed, there is nothing in the disposition of the modern Romans opposed to this assumption; on the contrary, they are full of intelligence, having a strong feeling of self-respect; and although prone to anger under provocation, they are in the common relations of life gentle, benevolent, and warm-hearted, and particularly expressive of their gratitude.* In the manifold relations I have had to entertain with all classes of the Roman people, in the assemblies for the drawing of the conscripts, so obnoxious to a country in which war and its stern duties have been strangers for ages past, in the midst of the popular festivals, in the markets and fairs, *no where have I seen traces of that turbulence and ferocity which travellers have been pleased to ascribe to the modern Romans.* I have found among the inhabitants of the most secluded districts of the Campagna a remarkable mildness of manners, not unmixed with a certain air of politeness;† often alone among them, or in the midst of the formidable Transteverini, my confidence in the good disposition of the people has never been for a moment betrayed, and my own experience, to which I may add that of every other Frenchman in an official capacity like myself, has given me a full conviction that it de-

* A complete refutation, and from excellent authority too, of the rash judgments of Mr. Galiffe and other tourists, who represent the people of Rome as "morose beings," and assert that "the poor will not even thank you for the alms you give them."

† We have two words, *urbanity* and *decorum*, which are of French origin, and still strongly characteristic of the manners of the modern Romans.

pends entirely upon the Government to make these people as orderly and peaceful as those of any country in Europe.”—p. 104.

Such is the Count de Tournon’s warm and touching testimony in favour of the poor vilified Romans, a testimony which our own acquaintance with them fully corroborates, and which, we think, coming from a man who was Prefect at Rome during four most critical years, and while his nation was peculiarly obnoxious to the lower classes, deserves more credit than the idle hearsays of an opposite kind of a whole score of the travellers of late years, of all countries.

M. Tournon gives a list of individuals tried before the two criminal courts of Rome and Perugia in the course of two years and a month, from August 1811 to September 1813. Of 2072 accused, about 1800 were found guilty, which on a population of 900,000 is 1 to 1000 yearly. In the department of Paris the proportion of accused to the population was in 1827 as 1 to 1500, and in 1828 as 1 to 1167. There is a great difference between this statement and Simond’s sweeping assertion of 10,000 persons being accused every year in the whole Roman states, out of a population of 2½ millions. And we ought to notice with M. Tournon, that many of the individuals brought before the Courts of Rome and Perugia in the period alluded to were charged with crimes of older date, having remained in prison until the French organized their judicial system. And again, “the distress of the times at the same epoch had increased the number of offences against property, so that if we take all these circumstances into consideration, we shall form a less unfavourable judgment of the moral state of the Roman population.”—vol. ii. p. 109.

The chapter on charitable and beneficent institutions affords one of the most favourable aspects of modern Rome. Benevolent institutions in that city date from the earliest ages of Christianity. M. Tournon passes in review the numerous hospitals, some of them truly magnificent, and the asylums for the indigent and the helpless of both sexes. At the time of the French occupation, the whole number of individuals sheltered in them was about 3500. Their income was as follows :

	Francs.
Rent of lands	331,399
Do. of houses	230,390
Mortgages, fees, &c.	169,989
Various receipts, donations, &c.	95,622
Produce of labour of the inmates	22,000
Credits on the state	332,000
Total	1,181,400

The last item, or dividends on government securities, however, owing to the distresses of the Papal treasury since 1796, were no longer paid, and the French administration at last *declared them extinct*, an act which M. Tournon justly calls "a double injustice, towards the charities as well as their numerous creditors."—p. 127. At the same time the value of houses fell more than one-half, the other sources of income were likewise affected, and taking into consideration the expenses of religious worship in all these houses, the salaries and pensions to their servants, the repairs of buildings, and the taxes, calculated at 100,000 francs, little more than 300,000 francs remained out of the whole sum which could be relied on. With this scanty residue it was impossible to provide for the 3500 inmates. A commission was formed, composed of Roman noblemen, who willingly undertook the laborious task, and by means of strict order and economy succeeded in fixing the expenditure at 800,000 francs, and the clear receipt at 400,000 francs. The surplus of the expenditure was defrayed by the municipal fund of the city.

We must say something of the Monte di Pietà, an institution once common to almost every Italian city. That of Rome was established in 1539. Its first object was to lend money upon pledges, charging a moderate interest for considerable sums, while the poor paid none: for this latter object it had been enriched by donations and legacies of charitable individuals. A bank was added to it, which received deposits of money on which it allowed a small interest, while it negotiated the capital and issued notes. But at the French invasion of 1798 the whole establishment fell. Already Pius VI., in order to pay the exorbitant exactions of the Directory in 1797, after exhausting every other resource, had taken the valuable pledges out of the Monte, giving the owners government securities, which soon after lost all value.* The whole of the credits of the establishment itself upon the government, after paying first 5 per cent. interest, were gradually reduced to 3 per cent., then to $1\frac{1}{2}$; at last the dividends ceased to be paid. The French administration of 1810, by fixing the interest of money advanced on all pledges at 8 per cent., by obliging the various municipal receivers to pay a security into the Monte, and

* Many families lost, in this manner, considerable sums in jewels, plate, &c., upon which the Monte had only advanced one-third of the value; the rest became a dead loss. The conditions of the peace of Tolentino, imposed by General Bonaparte, were, that the Pope should pay within two months thirty millions of French livres, partly in cash and *the remainder in diamonds*. The French knew well that the Papal treasury had not got such a sum in specie, and they agreed to receive diamonds; of course, from the Monte di Pietà. Was this robbing the Pope or the people? We knew one lady, who, being absent from Rome, lost jewels to the amount of twenty thousand scudi, about £4,000.

lastly, by liquidating the credits on the state in lands and other national property, prevented the total ruin of the institution, although its original object was thereby in a great measure departed from.

After recapitulating the whole of the benevolent institutions for the relief of the poor and the unfortunate which the city of Rome contained, M. Tournon says;—

“ We are struck at the sight of such prodigies of charity, and are led to imagine that they must have been effective in providing for all possible wants. But it is not the abundance so much as the judicious distribution of charities that is advantageous to mankind. Many of the above establishments had become almost ineffective through the neglect or cupidity of their administrators and agents, who often considered the property of the poor as their private patrimony, encouraged in this by the apathy of the government, which did not watch and punish this species of crime. Were men of character and independent fortune to preside over charitable institutions, as has been the case in some instances, the evil would soon be cured.”—pp. 135, 136.

Notwithstanding all these charities, a number of persons of both sexes and of the poorer class used to receive their daily food at the gates of convents, or beg in the streets, or at the entrance of the numerous churches.

“ The evil of mendicity appeared in all its horror in 1810, when the bankruptcy of many public charities, and the suppression of the monastic orders deprived thousands of their usual means of support; add to these the misery to which a number of small fundholders, dismissed servants of the state, pensioners, discharged attendants of cardinals, prelates, and of the Papal court, of workmen without employment, were reduced; a fearful mass of men, women, and children, many of them brought up in comparative affluence, found themselves at once literally without bread.” The French administration, startled at the enormity of the evil, applied, not to Paris, but to ‘ the charity of the natives.’ “ A committee, composed of Roman noblemen and clergymen, among whom were Princes Piombino, Chigi, and Spada, was appointed to examine the claims of the applicants. They were divided into two classes, beggars and *pauvres honteux*. For the relief of the latter the municipality gave a sum of 220,000 francs. At the same time, manufactures were established in various parts of Rome, in which from 1500 to 1800 artisans of both sexes found employment; the men being paid 1½ francs a day, and the women about half that sum. For the professional beggars and those who could not get work, two poor-houses were opened, one in the unoccupied Lateran palace for the men, the other in the fine convent of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme for the women. All those who applied were admitted, fed, and clothed, and made to work if able. Severe orders were given to arrest and bring in all beggars found in the streets. The women were employed in spinning and weaving, and at the end of one year forty looms were in activity. The men were employed at various trades, or hired to farmers in the vicinity. These two houses had, at the be-

ginning of 1814, about 700 inmates, the expense of whose maintenance was 95,000. francs. The first outfit of the two houses cost 100,000 francs.

We have already stated that the *reduced* list of persons receiving assistance, either at home or in the public establishments, under the French administration, was 13,000, about an eighth part of the population. But those were extraordinary times, times of sudden sweeping changes. M. Tournon observes, that "in many cities which have a reputation for activity and industry the proportion of destitute was greater than at Rome," and he instances Lille, which, out of a population of 70,000 has 30,000 names on the lists for charitable assistance. "In the cities of Belgium and of Holland the proportion is from one-third to one-fourth."

Our author introduces the subject of the finances of the Papal states by the following remarkable observation:—

"On examining the Papal finances, we were struck by the fact of the equal distribution of the public taxation, of which the clergy and the nobility have always borne their share in proportion to their properties, like the commonest villager: exemptions and privileges, which in other countries have engendered so much hostility against those classes, have been for ages unknown to Papal Rome."—vol. ii. p. 61.

The revenue of the states south of the Apennines, to which the Papal government was reduced in 1808, before its overthrow, having a population of 900,000 inhabitants, was as follows:—

	Scudi, at 4s. 3½d. sterl.
<i>Dativa reale</i> , or land tax	774,000
Extraordinary ditto, to pay the French army of occupation	774,000
House tax, at 3 per cent. on the rent in Rome	32,000
<i>Macinato</i> , or tax on the wheat when ground into flour	300,000
Extraordinary ditto, to defray the French troops	300,000
Ditto on Indian corn	107,000
Ditto on the wheat consumed in the city of Rome	190,000
Duty on salt	107,000
Ditto on wine	107,000
Ditto on tobacco	43,000
Customs	318,000
Fees on legacies and inheritances	12,500
Post office	17,000
Lottery	266,000
Tax on horses	12,800
Ditto on the transit of cattle	13,700
Stamps	4,500
Duties on wood, charcoal, hay, straw, brandy, fish and snow	60,500
Revenue of the domains of the Apostolic Chamber, or State	123,000
Total	3,576,000

The following was the expenditure at the same period:—

	Scudi, at 4s. 3½d. sterl.
Dividends on the debts	774,000
Pope's household and privy purse *	127,000
Apostolic Chamber	19,000
Other congregations, or boards of government	19,000
Ministers abroad	12,000
Courts of justice	107,000
Judicial expenses	77,000
Shirri, or policemen	42,000
Galleys and houses of correction	61,000
Pensions	52,000
Chancery	2,000
Governors of provinces	60,000
Military	36,000
Public works	72,000
Pomptine marshes	22,000
Museum and fine arts	74,000
Miscellaneous	36,000
Total	1,592,000

The surplus of the income over the expenditure went to pay the French troops, for which purpose, as has been seen, more than one million extra taxes were imposed, and also to defray municipal expenses of the city of Rome, and to support institutions, charities, &c. The above budget, it must not be forgotten, is not that of the whole Papal states, as they are now, or as they were before the first French invasion, but merely of one-third of their extent.

The French government retained the principal heads of taxation, such as the land and house taxes, and those on the *macinato*, salt and tobacco, and the lottery; the petty taxes on wines, fuel, fish, &c., were transferred, under the name of *octroi*, to the city of Rome, and replaced by a registry and stamp duty; and they carried that system of regularity into the *bureaucratie*, for which they are so famed. But the amount of taxation remained as great as under the necessities of the latter years of the Papal administration. The department of Rome, constituting three-fifths of the late Papal states, was taxed 10,356,481 francs, or about 2,070,000 scudi. The expenditure, however, was absorbed by the salaries of the numerous *employés* of the French system, by repairs of roads, canals, monuments, &c., and by pensions, so that the whole amount raised was spent and circulated on the spot,

* "A very modest sum for keeping the Papal court," observes Tournon, "which is less than that enjoyed by many private individuals in several countries of Europe. And out of this sum Pius VII. found means every month to relieve many cases of distress."

and it was even found necessary sometimes to draw upon the revenues of the neighbouring departments—a circumstance which contributed considerably to the relief of the city of Rome. Pius VII. on his restoration adopted most of the French financial regulations, the system of collection, and the responsibility under security of the collectors; and a regular budget has been ever since made out by the treasurer-general. He also maintained the useful registry of mortgages.

The interest of the public debt of the whole Papal states, before the calamities of 1796, amounted to no less than 2,634,085 scudi. Pius VI., in consequence, first of his own prodigal expenditure, and then of the exactions of the French, reduced it to three-eighths; and he also, by a brief of September, 1797, assigned one-fifth of the church property for the liquidation of the debt. This last measure was only effected, however, during the last French occupation, when the debt was paid off by a sale of church domains to the amount of 100 millions of francs, which was afterwards sanctioned at the restoration by Pius VII. in his *Motoproprio* of July 6, 1816. M. Tournon observes, however, without any further explanation, that this great measure of liquidation “was effected in a harsh overbearing manner, different from the equitable system pursued in Tuscany, to the dissatisfaction of the Roman creditors.”* The kingdom of Italy in the same manner liquidated its share of the debt for the northern portions of the Roman states, the Legations and the Marches, which had been annexed to it.

The revenues of the municipality of Rome consist in rent of public buildings and duties on consumption of certain articles, such as corn, cattle, wine, &c. They amount to about two millions and a half of francs. The communes in the provinces have also each their revenues from similar sources: they were possessed until lately of lands, which, however, owing to the necessities of the times, were seized by the late popes and sold.

In 1809 the number and revenues of the clergy of the province, afterwards department, of Rome, were as follows:—

		Total Income, Francs.
Bishops	20	\$99,900†
Abbots of Subiaco and S. Salvatore maggiore, with } jurisdictions independent of Bishops	2	40,000

* Pius VII. on his accession, after the calamities of the first French invasion, paid the stockholders two-fifths of the interest at 3 per cent. The French, on their second occupation under the empire, recognized as capital the two-fifths only on which interest was paid. Then came a decree of Napoleon, which reduced these two-fifths to one, bearing, however, an interest of 6 per cent., like the other stock of the French empire. See *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXII. “Life of Pius VI.”

† Two only of the sees are above 30,000 francs, four between 20 and 30,000, six

	Total Income.
	Francs.
Canons & beneficiati or Stipendiaries of Cathedrals at Rome 407.....	525,000
Ditto in the province1,400.....	1,575,000
Parrochi or Rectors 665.....	290,000 *
Curates and other auxiliary Priests1,575.....	{ no regular provision.
Boarders in 23 seminaries intended for the Church..... 627.....	
Monks and Friars at Rome1,463.....	930,000 †
Ditto in the Province1,733.....	550,000 ‡
Nuns in 26 Monasteries at Rome.....1,131.....	350,000
Ditto in 73 Houses in the Province1,526.....	300,000

In all, 10,241, or about 2 to 100 of the whole population of the Province.

It must be observed, however, that many, especially of the regular clergy, were not natives of the country. Before the first French invasion, the clergy in the province of Rome were possessed of lands and houses valued at seventy-eight millions of francs, and in the whole Papal State at two hundred and fourteen millions, besides government securities, bearing an annual interest of eight hundred thousand francs.

Last year, 1831, the clergy in the city of Rome consisted of the following number :

Secular Priests, including Rectors, Curates, Canons, &c.	1432
Monks and Friars	1904
Nuns	1375

When most of the convents at Rome were suppressed by the French in 1810, both monks and nuns, the latter (says M. Tournon) without an exception, expressed a lively regret at being forced to abandon the houses in which they had made up their minds to pass the remainder of their lives. We have ourselves heard from eye-witnesses that their removal was attended, in some cases, with circumstances which rendered the scene truly pitiful. Old and infirm sisters, who were hardly able to walk, young ones who shrunk from the public gaze, unaccustomed to walk out in the streets, were thrown back with a trifling pension upon the humanity of their remaining relatives or friends. M. Tournon says, that—

“ he did not hear from any of them a single complaint against their abbesses or superiors. Four large monasteries that were kept up at Rome were immediately and voluntarily filled by ladies from the sup-

between 10 and 20,000, and three are under 3,000; but then many of them are a sort of sinecure. The number of dioceses is out of all proportion to the extent and population of the province.

* Nearly one-half belonged to religious orders or chapters, and were defrayed by their respective communities.

† More than one-third of the monks were of the mendicant orders, and had no income.

‡ Most of the provincial monasteries were very poor, hardly able to afford sustenance to their inmates.

pressed ones. A great number of monks begged with equal eagerness to be allowed to live together in some of the convents which were excepted, *pro tempore*, from the general suppression."—vol. ii. pp. 58—60.

On the subject of education, our author observes, that—

"elementary instruction is afforded to the people of the Roman States with a liberality such as few countries can boast of; in the city of Rome alone eight schools, kept by the religious congregations *Scholarum Piarum* and *Somaschi*, fifty-two schools, called *regionarie* or district, for boys, and an equal number for girls, are opened to the poor, some gratis, and the rest for a fee of about two francs per month. In the country towns and villages there are masters paid by the municipal fund, who teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, so that not a single child need remain deprived of the first elements of education. But here, as elsewhere, either poor parents neglect to send their children to school, or the latter being destitute of the means and leisure, soon forget the little they had learnt."—p. 81.

The rectors and curates, however, generally enforce the attendance of children to the explanation of the catechism at the parish church on Sunday afternoons. There are two great establishments at Rome for the higher departments of education, namely, the university called *La Sapienza*, with about thirty professors, and the Gregorian, or Roman, College, with about twenty, where students attend the lectures gratis, or at least upon payment of a trifling annual fee. These institutions have revenues, and are also partly supported by the government. Young men from the provinces generally repair to Rome for their studies. There are many colleges for boarders, besides seminaries for those who are intended for the church. The instruction given at Rome is chiefly classical; the study of Latin, the humanities, rhetoric, and logic, constitute the courses generally followed by those who are not intended for the church, the bar, or the medical profession. The mathematical, physical, and natural sciences are rather neglected. In the learned professions, however, many distinguished men are to be found, of whom M. Tournon makes honourable mention, such as the astronomers Calandrelli, Conti, and Gigli, the mathematicians Pessuti, Monsignor Nicolai and Marini, the civilian Bartolucci, the physicians Bomba, Giovannella and Egidj, and others, some of whom are lately dead.

M. Tournon's fifth and last book is devoted to an account of works of public utility, roads, aqueducts, bridges, canals, the Pomptine marshes, of which he gives a detailed account, and lastly, the repairs and restorations of ancient monuments undertaken by the French administration in his time.

In the analysis we have given of this excellent and impartial work we have purposely abstained from entering into disquisitions on Roman politics, and we have left ourselves but little

room for the consideration of that subject. The facts we have stated will enable the reader to form an opinion on the people and their government. We must briefly allude, however, to the present question about the Legations. We wish we had some more authentic documents to guide us than the random effusions we have read here and there, with much declamation and few facts. Even M. Sismondi's pamphlet* is extremely vague in its reasoning. He says that the people of Bologna and the Romagna "demand only to maintain, under the sovereignty of the pope, the rights, the liberties, and privileges which they were possessed of when they formed part of the kingdom of Italy." We will not cavil here on the words *liberties* and *representative constitution*, which M. Sismondi employs when speaking of Napoleon's reign, but we will at once admit that the subjects of the kingdom of Italy were possessed of a regular and intelligible code; that the courts of justice and their proceedings were open to the public; that the people were equal before the law, bore an equal share of taxation, and were all admissible to the honours and emoluments of the state; that they elected their municipal magistrates, and were allowed freedom of opinion *on all but political matters*. These were undoubtedly great benefits, although purchased at the price of the conscription, of an inquisitorial system of police, and of occasionally arbitrary decrees from St. Cloud, duly registered and enforced by the authorities at Milan. These benefits the people of the Legations have lost since their restoration to the pontifical power, while the weight of taxation has remained nearly the same. To Napoleon's political inquisition has succeeded that of the priests, both on political and religious matters. The interference of the vicarial courts and of the parochial clergy in domestic concerns, in questions between husband and wife, father and children, is felt as peculiarly obnoxious. But the administration of justice, its dilatoriness, the indistinctness of the powers of the various courts, the multiplicity of appeals, and especially that to the pope himself, or rather his auditor, who can, by a *rescritto*, annul all the decisions that have been given, and send the affair in question again before new judges, these form the great, the really substantial, complaints against that government. Again, the higher situations and offices of the state are filled exclusively by ecclesiastics. Not being given to exaggeration, we shall not venture to assert that positive abuses of power and acts of flagrant oppression are very common, (we rather think they are not, especially at Rome,) but the power is known to exist, and this is enough to frustrate the purposes of the

* Des Esperances et des Besoins de l'Italie, No. VI. on our list.
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laws. It is a system of perpetual tutelage, in which the laymen are kept as minors by their clerical guardians and governors.

The inhabitants of the southern provinces are by long custom reconciled to this system; their habits and ideas have, through many generations, shaped themselves to it; they look, generally speaking, upon the authority of the Pope and his delegates, even in temporal matters, as having been transmitted from a higher power; and those who entertain doubts on the subject are content to live as their fathers did, in a country where the population is not crowded, towns few and small, provisions cheap, and where the climate naturally disposes people to listlessness and repose. Rome is comparatively prosperous in times of peace, when the Papal court resides there, and the neighbouring provinces partake of the benefit, and follow the lead of the metropolis. The government, finding no opposition, holds the reins slack, and society contrives to go on in tolerably good humour. There is, in short, some sympathy existing there between the governors and the governed. Twice in 1831 the people of Rieti repulsed the Bologna insurgents, and prevented their advance upon Rome. But the case is totally altered, when we pass into the northern provinces. After crossing the Apennines, we may find in the fine province of the Marches some remaining attachment and subservency to Rome, especially among the rural population; but when, proceeding along the Adriatic coast to Rimini, we enter the Romagna by a narrow neck of land between the Apennines and the sea, with the mountain of San Marino standing in the gap, we meet with a new country, new climate, new people, new dialects and new habits. It was the country of the Cispadane Gauls, separated even of old from Italy Proper by the Rubicon. The inhabitants of the Legations have greater affinity with their Lombard neighbours than with the Romans. Their country merges into the vast plain of the Po; its waters run into that common estuary. Bologna, a large and wealthy city, proud of its learning, has been often at variance with the Popes, who, till the time of the French revolutionary invasion, allowed it some remains of municipal independence. It was the first to proclaim the republic in 1796, and after that epoch the Legations followed the fortunes of North Italy till 1814, when they were militarily occupied by the Austrian armies, and afterwards, and not very readily,* given to the Pope, more than a year after he had been restored to the possession of his other states. A whole generation had grown up who had no recollection of the Papal government, and yet that government silently abrogated the former municipal rights of

* See Giordani's curious Letter to the delegate Giustiniani on the occasion, in the twelfth volume of his *Opere*, published in 1821, about the words *given* and *restored*.

the Bolognese, and placed them on the same footing with the rest of its subjects. We believe this system will be found impracticable. The four Legations, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna and Forlì, contain nearly one million of inhabitants; while the Marches and the Southern Provinces number about one million and a half.

From the Papal government, however, unless absolutely coerced, we expect but little flexibility in adapting itself to the changes of the times. Had we thought otherwise, the work second on our list would have convinced us of our mistake. After perusing "the Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca's Ministry, and his Deportation and Imprisonment at Fenestrelle," we have risen with feelings of uncommon depression. We respect a sincerely conscientious man, whatever be his creed; and we abominate the petty tyranny which Napoleon displayed towards the aged and virtuous pontiff, Pius VII. But as long as the court of Rome maintains its tenacity to what it considers its super-human rights, it will remain exposed, itself and the country it rules, to a return of similar calamities. In reading Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs nothing has struck us more forcibly than the feature of perfect unchangeableness of mind and ideas among the Roman hierarchy. *Semper eadem*. Every thing alters around, in the social as well as the political world: old empires are shaken to their foundations, all traces of the past are swept away; principles and theories unheard of a century ago become paramount; and still, the Court and Clergy of Rome remain the same. Buried in the atmosphere in which they have been bred, the Roman prelates and princes of the church, when looking out from the windows of their Consistory Hall on the Quirinal, see nothing but a submissive believing world at their feet; they still consider Rome as *Caput Mundi*; the Papal benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's is given *Urbi et Orbi*; and if in the midst of all this, couriers should arrive, bearing strangely worded despatches, importing not only alarming secessions from the spiritual authority of the Pope, but even more urgent news of rebellion and foreign aggression, these are considered as passing storms, which the bark of St. Peter will weather, as it has already weathered others still more terrific. Such is the constant reply, and those who sincerely believe in the doctrine are certainly among the happiest in their minds. Of the external world they are childishly ignorant. Wrapped up in the study of the canon law, the decretals, the bulls, briefs and motu-proprios, they see no sound reason why people should dissent now from these emanations of an authority above that of all sovereigns and assemblies. Hence their surprise when violently removed from their own sphere, as in 1798 and 1809, at finding themselves roughly used by unbelievers, of the extent of whose

unbelief they had no previous idea. Yet even then, while shut up in a coach under an escort, and with a mustachioed *gend'arme* for a companion, they still think themselves objects of veneration to the world. They see women and children kneeling before them as they pass, and they believe that all France is still Catholic to the core. In reading Pacca's Memoirs we might almost fancy ourselves carried back to the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, at the time of the quarrels between the Popes and the German Emperors. But, alas for Rome! how different the spirit in the two epochs!

Apart from the tone of the work, there is considerable information to be derived from Pacca's book about the events of the period it refers to. We learn several particular deeds of the French at Rome which did not come within M. de Tournon's jurisdiction, but proceeded from orders direct from Paris, such as the imprisonment of Colonel Bracci, because he refused to incorporate his troops with those of the French, against the positive orders of his sovereign, who was still residing in his capital, nominally at the head of the government, (vol. ii. p. 209;) the arrest of the Marquis Patrizi, who was confined first at Civita Vecchia, then at Fenestrelle, where Pacca met him, and lastly at Chateau d'If, because he refused to deliver up his two sons to be educated in France, agreeably to an order from Napoleon, which was enforced on several of the most distinguished families of Rome, (vol. i. p. 202); the imprisonment and subsequent death, in the Castle of Fenestrelle, of Count Cassini, a Piedmontese officer in the Russian service, who was arrested while travelling in Italy, in time of peace between Russia and France; and other similar anecdotes of Napoleon's *liberal* and *constitutional* government. We have a full account of the state prisons and the treatment of their inmates, with the names of those who were confined for years at Fenestrelle with Pacca, bishops, curates and laymen, Italians, Frenchmen and Spaniards, for having spoken or written letters reflecting on the emperor's conduct, (vol. i. pp. 188—197.) There are also many particulars about Pius VII. and Napoleon at Fontainebleau: we are glad to find that the story of the latter having struck the aged Pope is positively contradicted by Pacca. There is an honest minuteness in the Cardinal's statement which, independent of his character, vouches for the correctness of his facts.

We had written thus far when the publication in the newspapers of a diplomatic correspondence between the English and Austrian Ministers at Rome, dated last September, and of a note

from Prince Metternich to the English Ambassador at Vienna, dated July, both on the subject of the Legations, has induced us to resume the pen. The Papal Government, it appears from these documents, has refused from the beginning two points among the concessions suggested to it in favour of its subjects :—

1st. The admission of the principle of popular election as a basis of the communal and provisional councils.

2d. The formation of a Council of State, composed of lay persons, besides the Sacred College, or, according to Prince Metternich's commentary, *in opposition* to the latter.

As to the first point, we have already seen that communal and provisional councils exist, and have always existed, in the Roman States. By the *motoproprio* of Leo XII. sect. 159, the members of the said councils were, in the first place, named by the Pope, and their office declared hereditary, the vacancies that might occur afterwards by the extinction of families to be filled by the councils themselves. The question raised since concerning their election and removal appears to us to resemble, in principle at least, that between the open and close vestries in England, and when we observe how long the latter has been agitated, and the select vestries have been defended in an old constitutional country, we cannot wonder at the innovation being opposed by an absolute and ecclesiastical government such as the Pope's. It were difficult to deny that the principle of popular election is in direct contradiction with the spirit, and must, if admitted, necessarily clash with the power, of the Papal theocracy. The question is, whether an essential part of the system can be altered without changing the whole. Moreover, Prince Metternich observes, that "all the other Italian Governments protested against the admission of the principle of popular election, which is altogether alien to their institutions;" and their protests, backed by Austria, as Sovereign of Lombardy, form of themselves a formidable obstacle.

With regard to the second point, namely, the formation of a Council of State, or central board, composed of laymen, for the purpose of revising all the branches of the administration, such a council must evidently do away with many of the attributes of the various congregations, or boards of Cardinals or prelates, if not with the congregations themselves. In fact, *if meant to be permanent*, it would secularize the Papal Government, and abolish the theocratical superiority which the College of Cardinals claim as their exclusive right. Were a Pope to show himself inclined to consent to this, he would be told by his electors, the Cardinals, that he cannot dispose of the patrimony of the church; that he cannot part with any attribute of a power, in which, as an elective functionary, he has only a life interest. It is not an easy thing

for a foreigner, and a Protestant, to argue with the Papal advocates on such questions, as the latter start from principles which the former does not admit. The Papal Government is, in principle, even more than in practice, unlike any other government in Europe. But whatever may be thought of these refused innovations, "which," Prince Metternich says, "being out of the sphere of administrative ameliorations, related essentially to the form of the Papal Government, and tended to create a new power in the State," there remains another and a most serious charge against the Papal Government, namely, that of having, after repeated promises, disappointed its subjects, even in those *administrative ameliorations*; on which Prince Metternich himself says, "it was allowable, on the part of the allies, to give advice to his Holiness." Mr. Seymour positively states that, after a lapse of above fourteen months since the memorandum of 21st May, 1831, was transmitted to Cardinal Bernetti, with the joint consent of the Ministers of the five powers, "not one of the recommendations which it contains has been fully adopted and carried into execution by the Papal Government; for even the edicts which have been either prepared or published, and which profess to carry some of these recommendations into effect, differ essentially from the measures recommended in the memorandum." And Prince Metternich, in his note of last July, while assuming the defence of the Pontifical Government, and saying, that "*most of the objects* recommended in the memorandum were accomplished on its part," ends by repeated and earnest declarations, that the Austrian Government "has not ceased to urge in the most pressing manner the Sovereign Pontiff not only to maintain in complete execution the legislative dispositions already published, but also to give to those dispositions a character of stability beyond the risk of future changes, without preventing useful improvements. And the interest which Austria feels in wishing *all just subjects of discontent* in the Pontifical States to be put an end to, has not stopped here. The most earnest recommendations for the establishment of the best possible order in the different branches of the administration *have not been spared* to the Roman Government, and experienced Austrian functionaries, well acquainted with Italy, were placed at its disposal, in order to aid in introducing all practicable ameliorations, &c." No other evidence than this is required to convince us that the Papal Government had not shown, at the date of this note, any great eagerness to fulfil its task. The tone and texture of the above passage seem to express that the patience of the Austrian Cabinet has been severely tried by the shuffling equivocations, the unconquerable dilatoriness, the incapacity, or the provoking obstinacy of its Roman *protégés*.

In fact, what ameliorations have been effected? Not to mention the urgent, yet unaccomplished reform of the whole financial system, which is in a state of most serious embarrassment, the principal outcry in the Papal States is about the judicial courts: *justice, equal, prompt, and cheap justice*, is the great want of the people: an intelligible and permanent code of laws, such, at least, as Tuscany, Naples, and Lombardy possess. But the patch-work reforms promulgated at Rome last year have not effected this. They seem only to have added to the confusion that already existed in the Roman judicature. The multiplicity of appeals, the interference of the ecclesiastical courts and mixed jurisdictions, the censorial power of the Cardinal Vicar, and his court and agents on domestic matters,—these have been retained. Another essential grievance is the disqualification of lay persons for the higher offices of state. The Papal Government might surely open the door to office and emolument for its lay subjects, together at least with its clerical ones, without endangering its own supremacy.

The plea which is urged by the Pontifical Government, and echoed in its behalf by the Austrian Minister for refusing the two constitutional points, namely, that “concessions of that nature were, even in the eyes of the malcontents, but arms wherewith to attack on the first opportunity the Papal Government, whose very existence they wished to destroy,” cannot hold good with regard to the administrative, judicial, and financial ameliorations, which would, on the contrary, remove the tangible grounds of discontent, which alone render the faction alluded to formidable. That there is in the Romagna, as well as in other Italian States, and indeed in most countries of Europe, a set of men* whom no concession can ever satisfy, no experience reclaim,—men who spurn alike the dictates of prudence and justice, who defile the fair name of liberty by using it as a watchword for the foulest passions, who aim at the destruction, not only of all monarchies, but of society itself as at present constituted over Europe, it would be affectation or extreme simplicity to deny; the parties themselves no longer covet mystery; they have for the last two years proclaimed their sentiments to the world wherever the press has been open to them. We readily subscribe to Count Lutzow’s proposition, if confined to this class, that they have not effected any thing hitherto for “the happiness of the people:” a phrase which is often on their lips: we are convinced they never will; and, moreover, we believe that, except a few hallucinated enthusiasts

* The minutes of the trial of the conspirators of Macerata in 1817-8, which were published at Rome at the time, disclose circumstances of the greatest atrocity. The conspiracy extended even then over Bologna, Romagna, and the Marches. The secret societies in Apulia about the same epoch furnish also features equally revolting.

among them, they care as little about the happiness of the people as the Janizaries did when they revolted against the Sultan, or the prætorian bands, when they slew the Cæsars. But the very knowledge of the existence of such men ought to be an additional motive to the Papal Government for effecting, by timely reforms, a separation between this "dangerous faction and a much larger and more reasonable portion of the Roman population, who would thus become bound by fresh ties to their sovereign, while the other would be rendered powerless by the extravagance of its demands." We here agree with Mr. Seymour, whose words we have borrowed. Whatever influence the revolutionary propagandists may at times seem to possess in some countries of Europe, depends mainly on the more judicious and better thinking part of the community being thrown by real grievances on the same side with them. Grant these satisfaction, and they will spurn the absurd cry of republicanism. A republic in the Romagna in our days!* The scenes of 1797-8, over again, and no Bonaparte at hand to remedy, by the ascendancy of his stern will, the blunders of the would-be republicans! No:—the Italians, those at least whose opinion is worth any thing, are too shrewd, have had too much experience, to lend themselves again to the delusion. The humbler classes, the rural population especially—and Italy is an agricultural country—are neither infidels nor jacobins. It is because we know this,—because we are convinced that the Papal Government could not be overthrown without lighting a blaze all over Italy, which would spread to other countries,—because we reflect that thousands and tens of thousands of families yet live peaceably under the Papal sway, whose happiness would be endangered by a violent convulsion,—because we feel for the safety of that noble city, whose name is to us all as one of common kindred,—because, as has been shown in the above pages, "all is not barren" there, even in the present condition of the country,—because the Papal hierarchy, with all its faults, has acquired at various periods of history claims on the gratitude of Italy and of Europe, and has produced down to the present times, many excellent and distinguished individuals,—it is for all these reasons that we express our humble but anxious wishes that the Court of Rome may yet, while it is time, remove, by a resolute and ample course of improvement, all just subjects of complaint on the part of its subjects of the Legations, and with them the dangers that threaten again the whole of that fine division of Italy over which it rules.

* We have seen an *Autologia Republicanæ*, published at Bologna last year, consisting chiefly of reprints of poems, written by Gianni, Ceroni, Scevola, Monti, 35 years since, in the heyday of republicanism, in praise of liberty and Bonaparte! Monti's imprecatory sonnet against England is among the number.

ART. III.—*Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer, seinen Verehrern geweiht. Taschenbuch für Deutschland's Kunstfreunde, zu Albrecht Dürer's dritter Secular-feier.* (Relics of Albert Durer, dedicated to his Admirers. A Pocket-book for the lovers of German Art, on occasion of his third Centenary Celebration.) Nürnberg, 1828. 18mo.

WE have repeatedly had occasion to allude to the spirit of nationality that, almost within our memory, has sprung up in various parts of Europe, displaying itself in the search after, and veneration of, those national antiquities which the affected classicism and refinement of the eighteenth century abhorred as barbarous and gothic:—two words, by the way, then used as synonymous. We have upon those occasions discussed some of the various lines in which this spirit of nationality, according to the various inclinations of the individuals it influences, exerts itself, especially those of history, legal institutions, customs and usages, and literature; but the subject is far from exhausted, and we now wish to invite attention to one of those lines yet untouched by us, namely, the Fine Arts.

The reasonableness or unreasonableness of the well nigh exclusive enthusiasm of Dr. Waagen, Johanna Schopenhauer, &c. &c. &c. for the Old German and Low-Country Masters, is a question that we do not intend to moot. We have no mind to expose ourselves either to the *stiletto* of Italy, or to the transcendental disdain of Germany; no, nor even to the ineffable contempt of English *cognoscenti*, by involving ourselves in the controversy, let alone emitting an opinion, upon the relative merits of the Italian and German Schools; which, moreover, being altogether a matter of taste, we are at full liberty to leave undecided and unargued, according to the old *non-disputandum* adage. But we should not hold the duties we have undertaken to be duly discharged, did we not afford our readers the means of estimating the impassioned admiration, the reverential love now felt in Germany for what is deemed the especial German School, and for the Old German and Netherland Painters. We therefore gladly embrace the opportunity of so doing, offered by the little volume now before us, which, though it bears the date of 1828, has but lately fallen in our way.

These “Relics of Albert Durer” are published in the form of an Annual; and as such it might have escaped our notice, or seemed only fit to be thrown in with a whole batch of its fellows. But this Nuremberg *Taschenbuch* is entitled to a different degree of respect, both from the high interest every where attached to the name of Albert Durer, and from its appearing almost in the

light of a monument raised to his honour, by the venerable and, to our fancy, beautiful old city, which still glories in her artist's fame, and sedulously preserves every memorial of his former presence, every indication of his being her own. But ere we proceed to examine the Relics themselves, we must say a few words touching both the early cultivation and condition of the arts amongst our Teutonic kindred, and the rise of the existing passion for the Old German school of painting: two matters so blended together that they must perforce be treated conjointly.

The taste for the old masters seems to have originally manifested itself under the collecting form, and we believe the best gallery of their works extant is that which was the first begun, collected by two gentlemen of the name of Boisserée, and which long remained the property of them and their friend M. Bertram. The brothers Boisserée were merchants, who did not suffer their pursuit of wealth to induce neglect of mental culture. During the dispersion, consequent upon the French conquests, of all such church and convent works of art as were not seized for the Louvre Gallery, the Boisserées, in the way of business, picked up cheap some old German and Flemish paintings. Their taste and fancy were touched by their acquisition. The cleaning and reparations requisite for a profitable re-sale, heightened their sense of the merit of their purchases; and they gradually conceived so ardent a passion for the long-neglected early Flemish and German artists, that from a casual picture-dealing transaction, they became the most enlightened and the most indefatigably zealous collectors. Their labours and exertions have been crowned with success, and their gallery, now, we believe, after a first transference from Heidelberg to Stuttgard, purchased by the King of Bavaria, and permanently fixed at Schleissheim, is said to be unrivalled. It is entirely composed of the works of the Old German and Low Country artists, and if it does not contain all their masterpieces, possesses specimens of all their excellencies, and by its judicious selection and arrangement is calculated to delight those *amateurs* who sympathize with its collectors, to gratify those who "for several virtues" "love several" schools and several artists, and to afford the student of the history or the science of painting the happiest possible field for prosecuting his inquiries. Messrs. Boisserée have rendered a farther service to the arts by the publication of a series of admirably executed lithograph copies, finely coloured,* of the originals of which this Gallery is composed,

* The title of this splendid work is *Die Sammlung Alt Nieder und Ober-Deutscher Gemälde, der Brüder Boisserée und Bertram*, lithographirt von T. N. Strizner. (The Collection of Old Low and High German Pictures, of the Brothers Boisserée and Bertram, lithographed by T. N. Strizner.)

thereby enabling foreign amateurs, and their own countrymen, to form a correct notion of its merit and value. Although they, perhaps, hardly do justice to John van Eyck, since they cannot display the brilliancy and clearness of colouring which constitute one, if not the chief, of the excellences of that master, they form a most instructive exhibition of the varieties and progress of the Flemish and German schools, in drawing, composition, and expression. In all these points they establish, as fully as we could desire, the immense superiority of Albert Durer over his German predecessors and contemporaries, showing him amply endowed with the art of telling his story, and, we will venture to say, with the soul and the inspiration of a painter.

This gallery, always most liberally shown, drew, perhaps even in its incipient state, the attention of patriotic lovers of the arts, and German authors began to write of German artists. The first who, to the best of our knowledge, zealously took up the subject, was that mighty veteran of literature, who for more than half a century exercised an influence, we believe unexampled, over the tastes and opinions of his countrymen, and indeed of a large portion of Europe,—we mean Goethe. From the first number of that great author's later periodical, entitled *Hefte über Kunst und Alterthum*, (Papers upon Art and Antiquity,) we shall take the liberty of borrowing much of what we have to say upon the subject.

When the Fine Arts, banished by political convulsions and the devastations of war from Italy, took refuge at Constantinople, in a Greece far unlike the Hellas that had given them birth, they assumed a peculiar character, which Goethe terms "the gloomy oriental aridity," and describes as chiefly marked in painting by stiff symmetrical composition, a gilded background, and a Moorish or Ethiopian complexion, distinctively and habitually given to the representations of our Saviour and the Virgin;—whence this last strange peculiarity was derived he professes himself unable to explain. He conceives this Byzantine school of painting to have prevailed in all those parts of Germany which were sufficiently polished to value the Fine Arts, and especially on the wealthy and populous banks of the Rhine, having been there introduced either by pictures brought from Constantinople, or by painters educated in that metropolis, then boasting itself the only Christian seat of luxury, refinement, learning, and cultivation. This lasted until the thirteenth century, of which era Goethe says:

"But now a gladsome feeling of nature breaks suddenly through, and that not as a mere imitation of individual reality; it is a genial revelling of the eye-sight, as though then first opening upon the sensible world. Apple-

cheeked boys and girls, egg-shaped faces of men and women, comfortable-looking old men with flowing or curly beards, the whole race good, pious, and cheerful, and although sufficiently individualized, collectively embodied by a delicate and tender pencil. So with respect to the colours. These are cheerful, clear, aye and powerful too, without especial harmony, but likewise without gaudiness, and always agreeable and pleasing to the eye."

The painters on whom Goethe bestows these praises, he nevertheless considers as mere improvers upon the Byzantine school, to which they still indubitably belonged—we are not even sure whether they had discarded the unaccountable negro complexion—and John van Eyck was the first who fully emancipated himself from its trammels. Him he calls a pre-eminent man, and says further :

"We do not for an instant hesitate to place our Eyck in the first class of those whom nature has endowed with pictorial faculties. * * * His compositions possess great truth and loveliness. * * * He was a right-thinking and right-feeling artist."

Upon an artist thus eulogized by Goethe—to say nothing of the herd of minor and more extravagant encomiasts—an artist who was the real founder of the Flemish school of painting, and is believed to have materially influenced the art even in Italy, we must dwell for a few minutes, notwithstanding he be not our immediate subject.

John van Eyck was a native of the Netherlands, and although considerable discrepancy of opinion exists as to the precise dates of his birth and death, it is certain that he was alive, and at the height of his celebrity, about the middle of the fourteenth century. He had then discarded the gilt back-ground, substituting landscape, buildings, or whatever best suited his subject; had rejected the established formal symmetry of composition, and, whether his predecessors had or had not ventured on such an innovation, he was in the habit of giving every beauty of colour as well as of feature to the divine persons he depicted. His chief merits were fidelity to truth and nature, just expression, correct drawing of his heads, careful and high finishing, great beauty, brightness, and clearness of colouring, and especially a skill in composition, then and there at least previously unknown, by which he not only told the story he meant to represent, but, introducing into his landscape-background some totally unconnected incident of ordinary life, gave a singular air of reality to the whole. His faults were an ignorance of anatomy, that made his drawing of body and limbs as defective as that of his heads was good, great stiffness of attitude and drapery, a want of blending in his colours, and a total absence of

all aspiration after ideal beauty or sublimity. The very qualities by the way, good and bad, that might have been expected in the founder of the Flemish school.

These faults are admitted by the warmest of van Eyck's modern admirers, and Dr. Waagen, in his publication *Ueber Hubert und Johann van Eyck*, expresses his surprise at the unqualified assertion of the painter's contemporary, the Genoese, Facius, who, in his work *De Viris illustribus*, says that John van Eyck was esteemed the first painter of his day. This superlative praise from an Italian appears, however, less extraordinary when we recollect that the dark and hard school of Cimabue, then prevailing in Italy, must have given peculiar effect to the brilliancy and clearness of the Netherlander's colouring. But there is another circumstance, extraneous to his skill as an artist, that might very materially influence the judgment of his contemporaries, and of which we must briefly speak ere we dismiss this really talented man.

It was long generally believed that John van Eyck was the first discoverer and inventor of the art of oil-painting, all his predecessors having mixed their colours with water, and secured their preservation by different varnishes dried upon the pictures in the sun. This opinion originated, we believe, with Vasari, who, in his *Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori, Scultori, ed Architetti*, relates a long story concerning the rise of the invention, from the disaster that befel a picture carefully finished by van Eyck, which split with the sun's heat whilst the varnish was drying. Vasari goes on to state, that the mortified painter, who was skilled in chemistry, such as the science then was, forthwith applied himself to seek some mode of mixing his colours that should supersede the use of sun-dried varnish, and found linseed oil, duly prepared, to answer his purpose. Vasari further names the two favourite scholars of the discoverer, viz. Roger of Bruges, and Antonello da Messina, an Italian attracted to the Low Countries by the fame of van Eyck, to whom he at length imparted his secret, and through whom, after years of concealment and some death-bed revelations, it was finally made public.

In later and more critical times the truth of this whole story has been questioned. Authors of all countries have attacked Vasari; a treatise upon oil painting, written in the tenth or eleventh century, by a monk named either Rogerus, or Theophilus, or Tutilo, has been discovered; and Bernardo di Domenici, in his *Lives of Neapolitan Painters and Architects*, published in 1744, speaks of an oil painting bearing the date of 1309, a period when John van Eyck was certainly unborn. We have hinted that we love not controversy, and the investigation of this matter

would require us to wade through piles of dull volumes, probably leaving us at the end of our labours little more enlightened upon the subject than we are now; when we incline to think with Dr. Waagen that oil colours had been used by early painters, but in an imperfect manner, perhaps equally with the varnishes used for water colours, requiring to be dried in great heat, and that van Eyck's discovery was a mode of preparing the oil that enabled it to dry without heat. We moreover conceive with Goethe, that he devised a mode of using oil, which gave his colours the clearness so much admired in his pictures.

John van Eyck was followed by a constant succession of painters formed in his school, whom we may pass unnoticed, our object being merely to show the state of the arts north of the Alps prior to Albert Durer. In order to do which completely, we must now turn to another part of the subject, and mention a curious, and, we believe, exclusively German regulation, touching the social condition of the votaries both of the arts and of the muses, which could not but powerfully act upon their genius, taste and feelings; and which, *a priori*, might well have induced the conclusion, that never by any, the remotest possibility, could Germany produce poet, painter, or sculptor.

These creative spirits "of imagination all compact," poets, painters, and sculptors, were constituted into regular guilds, or incorporated companies, as carpenters, blacksmiths, haberdashers, and other trades. The youthful aspirant, deemed by his parents or himself a genius, was formally bound to a master of his craft, and subjected to all the bye-laws, in Germany many and whimsical, applicable to common apprentices and journeymen, ere he could be admitted a master, and set up in trade on his own account. Freedom or mastership was earned by a specimen of the candidate's skill in his business. In poetry this skill was, we know, appreciated more by the observance of arbitrary rules and the management of mechanical difficulties, than by the imagination or passion displayed, and the same spirit would probably prevail in the painters' company.

Turn we now to Albert Durer, whom Germany still esteems one of the brightest jewels in her crown of fame, and who in all other countries, if not regarded with such passionate enthusiasm, is admired as an extraordinary man. As a painter, he is universally allowed to have excelled in conception, in composition, in fertility of invention, (these Vasari says were a mine of wealth, whence subsequent painters, even Italians, borrowed,) in brilliancy of colouring, and in high finish; to have drawn correctly, if somewhat stiffly; and to have reformed, if he did not found the German school of painting. It must be recollected that in

the 15th century facility of intercourse and consequent diffusion of knowledge were not quite what they are in the 19th; and the German school had not yet adopted the improvements of the Flemish. Durer's pictures, for the most part crowded with figures, are still preserved in great numbers in public and private galleries, and that even in Italy. What remain to us form, however, in all likelihood, a very small part of what he produced, the works of the older masters having in Germany suffered cruelly from the insane iconoclastic zeal of some of the fanatical sects which there swarmed at the era of the reformation. As an engraver, Albert Durer raised the art from infancy to a degree of perfection that has only in late years been surpassed. Vasari pronounces some of his woodcuts so good, that in many respects it would be impossible to do better. And a recent English author* says, "It would perhaps be difficult to select a more perfect specimen of executive excellence than his print of St. Jerome, dated 1514." Albert Durer, moreover, carved in wood and in ivory; studied and understood the arts in all branches immediately or remotely influencing his own; and wrote treatises, translated into Latin, French, and Italian, upon Perspective, Anatomy, Geometry, Architecture, and the science of Fortification, as well as upon Painting and Sculpture. And all this was accomplished in a life considerably shorter than that usually allotted to man, inasmuch as he who achieved the whole died at the age of 57, of a disease, however irksome, seldom fatal, *i. e.* a penurious and termagant wife.

We will now open the little volume, to which all we have hitherto said has been but an introduction. It is illustrated with four engravings, namely, of Albert Durer's portrait from his own pencil, of his house, most religiously preserved by the Nurembergers as he inhabited it, of his tomb, and of that of his friend, Wilibald Pirckheimer, a man of considerable consequence in his day, whose wealth, high character and literary connexions, afforded the humbler artist his best means of cultivation. The portrait offers as happy an exemplification of the painter's merits and defects as could well be hoped. Even in the print, we perceive the beautifully high finish of the painting; the resemblance is manifestly of the kind called a speaking likeness; the features, the flesh, the mild and tranquil intellectual expression, are perfect; the hair is incomparable; and yet the effect of the whole is rather unpleasing, from its inconceivable stiffness and formality. It looks as though the original were spell-bound in

* Bryan's Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, &c. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1816.

immobility, and we almost wonder how he lifted his hand and turned his eyes to paint it.

The literary contents of the volume are papers written by, or relative to, the artist. These are a short account of the Durer family and of Albert's own early youth,—a few letters,—some slight attempts at poetry,—a diary of his journey to, and in, the Netherlands—two dedications of his printed works—and an account of, and elegy upon, his death, by Pirkheimer. The volume is edited by Dr. Friedrich Campe, a Nuremberg gentleman, bearing more literary and municipal designations and dignities than we have patience to transcribe or even to read; and who thus announces the Relics of Albert Durer, in a something, which we know not whether to call a preface, an advertisement, or a dedication to the public:

“I hope to offer to the admirers of our Albert Durer no unwelcome gift in this little book, through which they will learn to know Durer, painted by himself, better than through the Fancy-pictures (*Phantasie-gemälde*) of modern times.”

The first relic, entitled *Eigene Familie-Nachrichten von Albrecht Dürer*, or Private Family Notices, begins in the following quaint and pious style:—

“I, Albert Durer the younger, have put together out of my father's papers whence he was, how he came hither, and remained here, and ended blessedly. God be gracious to him and us! Amen.”

The Durer family was, it seems, Hungarian, and their original seat a village named Eytas, near the little town of Jula, and some few more miles from Wardein—(we are not quite sure whether this means Great Wardein or Peterwardein), where, for generations, they followed the occupation of graziers. But the painter's grandfather, Antony Durer, sickening, in boyhood, of this rural pursuit, betook himself to Jula, and was apprenticed to a goldsmith. At Jula he married, settled, and bred up his eldest son Albert (Albert Durer the elder) to his own business, whilst a younger son became a priest at Wardein. Albert travelled through Germany and the Low Countries, improved himself in his art under “the great artists,” as our Albert terms the skilful Netherland goldsmiths, and finally reached Nuremberg in 1455. There he entered the service of old Jeronymus Haller, an eminent goldsmith, and, at the end of twelve years, his skill, honesty and industry were rewarded with the hand of his master's daughter, Barbara. By her he was the father of eleven sons and seven daughters; our Albert, born in the year 1471, being the second son and third child. The paper thus proceeds:—

“This Albert Durer the elder spent his life in great difficulties, and in hard and heavy work, and had nothing to live upon but what he

earned with his own hand for himself, his wife and children, and therefore had he very little. He experienced manifold crosses, troubles and afflictions. He has also had good praise from all people who knew him; for he led an honest, Christian life, was a patient and soft-tempered man, peaceable towards every one; and he was very thankful to God. Moreover he wanted not much worldly pleasure, he was of few words, kept little company, and was a God-fearing man."

The worthy goldsmith of course brought up his children carefully; and his son thus goes on:—

"He had especial pleasure in me, as he saw that I was diligent in learning: therefore my father let me go to school, and when I had learned reading and writing, he took me out of the school, and taught me goldsmith's craft. But now, when I could work neatly, my inclination led me more to painting than to goldsmith's craft, and that I set forth to my father; but he was not well content, for it repented him of the lost time that I had spent in learning to be a goldsmith; yet he gave way, and on St. Andrew's day, when 1486 years were reckoned from the birth of Christ, my father bound me to Michael Wohlgemuth for my apprenticeship, to serve him for three years. In that time God gave me industry, so that I learned well, but had much to suffer from his men; and when my servitude was ended, my father sent me out, and I remained abroad four years, till my father called me back; and as in the year 1490 I had gone eastwards away, so now, when 1494 were reckoned, I came back after Whitsuntide; and when I was come home, Hans Frey dealt with my father, and gave me to wife his daughter, by name maid Agnes, and gave me with her 200 *gulden*."

Our monetary science is unequal to turning the lady's dower into pounds, shillings and pence; and with the announcement of his marriage we shall close this simple picture of the training of the greatest painter of his country. The first paper contains little more, except the religious death of his father, his filial care of, and reverence for, his widowed mother, and her death. We proceed therefore to supply, as far as other sources enable us so to do, the particulars of which the artist's own modest record leaves us ignorant.

The skill in goldsmith's work that Albert had acquired prior to his quitting the business, was considerable, and he had produced a representation of *The Passion*, in enchased silver, which delighted his father, and astonished all masters and judges of the craft in Nuremberg. During the four years of his *wanderschaft* (this term, which may be Englished his travels or travelship, is the technical designation for a period of wandering exercise of his trade required from every journeyman, and ordained in early times, probably, with a view to the acquisition of the improvements devised in various places,) during this *wanderschaft*, we say, Albert visited the best living painters of Germany and the

Netherlands, and studied the works of their deceased predecessors. Upon his return to Nuremberg, he executed the test-specimen of his abilities, which was to procure for him the freedom of his Company and the rank of a Master-painter. This was a pen and ink drawing (a style in which he always excelled) of Orpheus under the hands of the enraged *Bacchante*. It excited universal admiration, especially for the management of the landscape-background; and is said to have been a main cause of Hans Frey's wish to bestow his daughter upon an artist so promising that he could hardly fail to prove a good match.

A marriage, concluded in the business-like way already described, offered little prospect of turning out happily; nor do we find our expectations deceived. The most un-lamblike Agnes, inflicted, rather than bestowed, on the much-enduring Durer, was, as has been insinuated, an avaricious shrew. Other painters, other geniuses, as well as philosophers, have suffered under this sorest of common-place evils; and different men have adopted different ways of remedying or bearing the calamity. Socrates, by mere dint of philosophical equanimity, seems to have regarded Xantippe's modes of annoyance much like those of a fly, or at worst, of a gnat. The jovial Hans Holbein quietly transferred himself to England, and, with the exception of some few visits, requisite to preserve his rights as a citizen-master-painter of Basle, spent the last eighteen years of his life as a bachelor, or a widower bewitched, at the court of our Henry VIII., leaving his Xantippe to herself, and his luckless brats to stand the brunt of household tempest as they might. Albert Durer, soft-tempered and God-fearing like his father, had perhaps too tender a conscience thus, like Holbein, to shake off the bonds of a solemn engagement upon their becoming burthensome, and too much of the keen susceptibility of genius to acquire any portion of Socratic impassibility. He submitted to his fate, and in the end sank under it.

But if Albert Durer denied himself irregular modes of emancipation from fireside annoyance, it was not for want of knowing and appreciating the felicity that such relief, when fairly attainable, was calculated to afford. In the year 1506 he was called to Venice by an affair which shows how high his reputation then stood in Italy. Marc Antonio, a Bolognese engraver, resident at Venice, had copied some woodcuts of Albert Durer, and in order to pass them off as originals, had likewise copied the German artist's *monogram*, as an artificial combination of initials, by way of signature, was termed. Durer hastened to Venice, to seek redress from the Venetian government; and so far he obtained it, that Marc Antonio was prohibited from forging his *monogram*.

Upon occasion of this short excursion, his wife was left at home; and the letters he addressed to his friend Pirkheimer from Venice, published in our *Taschenbuch*, show the zest with which he enjoyed his liberty; the joviality of his tone frequently indeed according but ill with the refinement of modern times. Part of the most decorous of these missives we shall, however, translate as nearly as we can render the quaint and often obsolete language.

"First of all my willing service, dear sir; and if it go well with you, I am as heartily glad thereof as though the case were mine own."—(Some excuses for not writing sooner, which we omit, conclude thus:) "Therefore I humbly pray you to forgive me, for I have no friend on earth but you. Also I give it no belief that you are angry with me, since I hold you no otherwise than a father. I wish you were here at Venice; there are so many pleasant companions amongst the Italians, who, the longer the more, consort with me, so that it touches one's heart; for reasonable, learned, good lute players, fifiers, good judges of painting, and noble-minded right virtuous persons, do me great honour and friendship. On the other hand, there are also here the falsest, most lying, thievish knaves, as I believe none such exist on the face of the earth; and he who should not know it, would think them the pleasantest people in the world. I myself cannot choose but laugh at them when they talk with me; they know that one knows such wickedness of them, but they care nothing about the matter. I have many good friends amongst the Italians, who warn me not to eat and drink with their painters; and indeed many of these are my enemies, and copy my things in the churches and wherever they can get at them, and then revile them, and say they are not after the antique fashion, and therefore not good; but Sambelliny" (Giovanni Bellini, Titian's master, called Zan Belin in the Venetian dialect), "he has praised me very highly before many gentlemen; he would fain have something of mine, and came to me himself, and prayed me to do him something, and he would pay me well for it: and all people tell me he is so worthy a man that I equally value him. He is very old, and is still the best at painting. * * * Given at Venice, at nine o'clock at night, on the Saturday after Candlemas, in the year 1506."

The reader will recollect that the year then began at Lady day.

In another letter the announcement of his approaching return home is followed by these exclamations. "Oh how I shall shiver for the sun! Here, I am a Lord; at home, a mere Nobody!" We have no room for more specimens of our painter's naïf epistolary style; and must pass over various letters to Pirkheimer or other correspondents, whether of friendship or of business, even though much in the latter move our inward man; e. g. the writer's earnest argument against the low prices offered him for his pictures, founded upon his large expenditure of money in the purchase of ultramarine, and of time in minutely and highly finishing them, and the petitions, extorted doubtless

by his wife, for something extra, in the nature of something to drink, as a compliment to that insatiate and arbitrary dame.

After the settlement of his Venetian affairs, Albert Durer paid a short visit to Bologna to study perspective, and then returned to Nuremberg. Thence he despatched a letter and a portrait of himself to Raphael, who appears to have received both as marks of esteem from one whom he himself esteemed, and repaid them in kind, by a letter and some drawings. The German artist was now in truth at the summit of his fame. His native city gloried in his reputation, and testified her respect by electing him a member of her great municipal council;—a dignity not to be confounded with the civic honours of a London alderman, for he it remembered that every Free Imperial City, (and such was Nuremberg,) though a member of the federal German empire, constituted a self-governed republic; the councils of those cities being their legislative, and the *bürgermeister*, or mayor, their executive authority.—The most distinguished *literati* throughout Europe sought Durer's acquaintance; Kings and Princes sat to, and honoured him, and the Emperor Maximilian named him his Court Painter, with a yearly salary of one hundred *gulden*,* besides paying separately for every picture he should bespeak or purchase. An anecdote is related, illustrative of Maximilian's value for the favourite artist, closely resembling, in kind at least, one preserved of Henry VIII. and Holbein.

As Albert Durer was sketching upon a wall in presence of the Emperor and his court, the ladder upon which he stood slipped, and the monarch bade the nobleman who was nearest the painter hold it. The nobleman, drawing back, beckoned a servant to perform in his stead an office which he judged derogatory to his rank. Maximilian rebuked him; and when the courtier urged in his justification the necessity of maintaining his dignity, indignantly rejoined, "Albert's excellence in his art raises him far above a nobleman; for I can transform a peasant into a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, but not a nobleman into an artist."

To return to the *Taschenbuch*. The letters are followed by the painter's poetical attempts, as they are properly designated. The sister arts, we believe, like mere mortal sisters, chuse severally to engross the affections of their respective votaries, thinking it foul scorn to accept a divided allegiance. At least, if examples there be of individuals acquiring supreme excellence in two unconnected arts, assuredly Albert Durer was not one of these

* If we cannot quite tell how much this came to in sterling money, we know that it was half of the sum total of his wife's marriage portion; a sufficient measure of relative value.

phœnixes, to speak in the plural of that which is essentially singular, and we hold it best to pass over his verses.

We now come to the most curious, and in many respects the most interesting of the relics here preserved, *i. e.* the Diary of Albert Durer's Netherland journey in the years 1520-1521. This private record of his thoughts and actions deliciously reveals the simplicity, goodness and piety of the writer's character, together with his modest vanity, if we may thus modify a quality by its opposite, and his cordial delight in all that was great, extraordinary, or beautiful: it moreover affords us a glimpse of the state of opinion and of social intercourse in those days; but the minuteness of detail, especially with respect to the journalist's expenses, renders it occasionally tedious. We shall endeavour to exhibit it under every point of view, in the extracts we are about to make, after we have rectified a mistake of Strutt, in his Biographical Dictionary of Engravers. * It is there said that Albert Durer's main object in the journey was to escape for a while from his intolerable wife. Had it been so, harsh were the moralist who would have severely blamed him; but this was not the case. His objects were to study more closely the masterpieces of a school more akin to his own than the Italian, when he himself was fitter to appreciate and profit by them than during the *wanderschaft* of his novice years, and also to make money both as a painter and an engraver. The duration of a journey undertaken for such purposes could not well be calculated, and as Albert Durer seems to have thought that he had taken a wife "for better for worse," he probably did not hold himself free to leave her behind when his absence might be of long continuance. She and a maid servant, therefore, accompanied him.

The journal thus begins; we must premise that we shall abridge and omit at our own discretion:

"On Thursday after St. Kilian's day, I, Albert Durer, at my own cost and charges, set out with my wife from Nuremberg for the Netherlands, and the same day we passed Erlang, and lay that night at Baiersdorf, and there we spent three *batzen*,* less six *pfennige*. * * * Thence I drove to Bamberg, and gave the bishop a painted *Marienbild* (or image of the Virgin)†, and copperplates to the value of a *gulden*, he invited me as his guest, and gave me a *zoll-brief*, and three *fürder-briefe*."

Of the four *Briefe*, or letters with which the prelate repaid the artist's present, the *zoll-brief*, or toll-letter, seems to have been

* We believe the *batz* or *batzen* was worth about three halfpence, and the *pfennig* half a farthing; but we have already confessed our monetary ignorance, and hope a general knowledge that these were among the smallest coins current, may satisfy the reader as it does ourselves.

† We hope this was a picture of the Virgin, but sadly fear it was a painted wooden image. It is a present more than once mentioned.

an exemption from tolls and customs, extending even beyond the jurisdiction of the reverend giver; for at almost every town they pass, Albert Durer says, "Then I showed my toll-letter, then they let me go:" and even when it does not so promptly answer the desired purpose, he usually escapes with signing a declaration either that he has no merchandize with him, or that he will bring none back. The *fürder-briefe*, a sort of letter we never before met with, appear to have been some kind of letters of general recommendation; the only use we observe to be made of them, is that they are shown to Margrave Hans, at Brussels.

"Thence we drove to Antwerp; there I came to the inn of Jobst Planckfeldt, and that same evening the Fuggers' factor, by name Bernard Stecher, invited me, and gave us a costly meal. But my wife eat at the inn, and I gave the driver, for bringing us, three persons, three florins in gold. Item, on Saturday, my host took me to the *bürgermeister* of Antwerp's house, beyond measure large, and very well ordered, and with wonderfully beautiful large rooms, and many of them, a costly ornamented tower, an excessively large garden, in short, so magnificent a house, that in all the states of Germany I never saw the like. * * * Item, I gave the messenger three stivers, two pf. for bread, and two for ink.

"Sunday was St. Oswald's day; then did the painters invite me to their rooms* with my wife and maid, and had every thing of silver, and other costly ornaments, and over costly victuals. And their wives were all there. And when I was led to table, then did the people all stand up on both sides, as though a great lord were a-leading. There were also among them very excellent persons of men, who all with deep bows demeaned themselves most reverently towards me, and they said that they would do every thing, as far as might be possible, that they should know would be agreeable to me. And as I sat so, there came the council-messenger of my lords of Antwerp, with two attendants, and bestowed on me, from my lords of Antwerp, four cans of wine; and they sent me word that I should receive it as a present from them, and accept their good will. For this I returned my humble thanks, and offered my humble service. After that came master Peter, the city carpenter,† and bestowed on me two cans of wine, with the offer of his willing service. So, when we had sat long merrily together, and late into the night, then did they attend us home with torches, very honourably, and prayed me to accept their good will, and that I should do whatever I pleased, and they would be helpful to me. So I thanked them, and laid me down to sleep.

* * * *

"In Brussels, in the golden chamber of the council-house, I have seen the four painted matters, done by the great master Rudiger (Roger van der Weyde.) * * * Also I have seen the things brought to the king from the new gold country (Mexico), a sun, all gold, a whole fathom broad. Also a moon, all silver, equally large; also two roomsfull of the

* The guildhall of the painters' company.

† A title of municipal dignity, we presume.

like, weapons, armour, artillery,* very strange clothing, bedding, and all sorts of wonderful things for men's use, that are beautiful to look upon. These things are so costly that they are valued at 100,000 *gulden*. And in all the days of my life I have seen nothing that has rejoiced my heart like these things; for therein have I beheld marvellous works of art, and wondered at the subtle ingenuity of the people in the strange country, and I do not know to speak what I felt.

"Item, Lady Margaret (governess of the Netherlands), she sent for me in Brussels, and promised that she would be my protectress with King Charles, and showed herself especially virtuously towards me. I gave her my engravings of the Passion, also one to her treasurer, by name Jan Marini, and drew him in charcoal. Item, I was in the house of him of Nassau, and saw in the chapel the good picture made by master Hugo (van der Goes.) * * * Item, drew Master Bernhardt (von Oelay), the lady Margaret's painter, in charcoal. I have again drawn Erasmus of Rotterdam. I have given to Lorenz Stäcker a St. Jerome sitting, and the Melancholy, and I have drawn my landlady's gossip. Item, six persons whom I have drawn at Brussels have given me nothing. I have paid three stivers for two buffalo horns, and one stiver for two *Eulenspiegels*." [This may either refer to a rare print by Lucas of Leyden, now scarcely to be had for money, or to the book so called; Dr. Campe believes Durer's purchase to have been the latter.†] * * * "I presented lady Margaret, the emperor's sister,‡ with a set of my things, and sketched her two matters on parchment, with all care and great pains, that I value at thirty fl.

* * * *

"Item, on Friday before Whitsuntide, in the year 1521, came the story to Antwerp how Martin Luther had been so treacherously taken prisoner;§ for whereas the Emperor Charles's herald, with an imperial safe-conduct, had been given him, with him he was in trust; but so soon as the herald had brought him to an unfriendly spot near Eisenach, he said he durst stay with him no longer, and rode away. Straight were ten horse there, who treacherously led away the saint, the man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, him who was a follower of the true Christian doctrine. And whether he yet live, or they have murdered him, which I know not, this has he suffered for the sake of Christian truth, and because he chastised the unchristian papacy. * * * * And this is especially the heaviest to me, that God will perhaps leave us under their false, blind doctrines, which were invented and set up by men whom they call the Fathers. * * * Oh Lord Jesus Xpe, pray for thy people, preserve in us the true Christian faith, call together the

* It is to be remembered, that in the sixteenth century artillery was not confined to cannon, but seems to have included all missile weapons.

† See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. viii. p. 370, et seq.

‡ Margaret was sister to no emperor. She was daughter to Maximilian, and aunt to his successor, Charles V., then emperor.

§ The occasion of this alarm was the concerted seizure of Luther by his constant protector, the Elector of Saxony, in order to conceal him from persecution. Its success depended upon deceiving friends and foes alike; and this passage has historical interest as exhibiting the effect produced by the measure.

widely scattered sheep of thy pasture, of whom a part are still to be found in the Roman church, with the Indians, Moscovites, Russians, Greeks, who, through the false conjurations and avarice of the Popes, through false shows of holiness, have been severed! * * * Oh God! if Luther be dead, who shall henceforward so clearly expound the Holy Scriptures to us? Oh God, what might he not have written for us in another ten or twenty years! Oh, all you pious Christians, help me diligently to bewail this God-inspired mortal, and to pray Him that He would send us another enlightened man! Oh, Erasme Roterodame, where wilt thou abide?

* * * *

"I have reckoned with Jobst, and I owe him 31 florins, and I have paid him, taking into account and deducting two portraits painted in oil colours, for which he gave me out 5 pfd. (pounds, probably, of something, but of what we know not). In all my painting, boarding, selling and other dealings, I have had disadvantage in the Netherlands, in all my concerns with high and low; and especially has the Lady Margaret, for all that I have presented her and done for her, given me nothing. And this settling with Jobst was on St. Peter and St. Paul's day. I gave the Rudiger servant 7 stivers to drink.

* * * *

"Item, on the Sunday before St. Margaret's day, the king of Denmark gave a grand banquet to the Emperor, the Lady Margaret and the Queen of Spain,* and invited me, and I too ate there. I gave 12 stivers for the king's *Futteral*,† and I painted the king in oil colours, and he gave me 30 florins."

We would willingly extract more of this journal, but what we have given, as much as we can afford space for, will convey a tolerable idea of its character, and peculiar sort of interest.

Seven years after his return from this, in a pecuniary sense, altogether unsuccessful expedition, on the 6th of April, 1528, Albert Durer, worn out with incessant labour, and the discomforts of his home, died of a decline. Of his character as a man and an artist, we need add nothing to what has been already said, and shall conclude with an extract from a letter upon his death, written by his ever kind friend Pirkheimer to Johann Tscherte of Vienna, imperial architect; which we give for the sake of the picture it presents to us of the artist's domestic persecution, not certainly as a specimen of composition. He says:

"In Albert I have truly lost one of the best friends I had in the whole world, and nothing grieves me deeper than that he should have

* We know not whom our good Nuremberger means by the Queen of Spain. Charles's wife was of course Empress, and the only true Queen of Spain was his mother the insane Joanna, who lived in a kind of confinement in Castile.

† We leave this word untranslated, conceiving it to be an old technical term for the equally technical, and now we believe, obsolete, *vails*, at a royal table. Literally, it means case, or sheath; and may have been a case containing the spoon, knife and fork, if such luxuries as forks were then in use, for each guest.

died so painful a death, which, under God's providence, I can ascribe to nobody but his huswife, who gnawed into his very heart, and so tormented him, that he departed hence the sooner; for he was dried up to a faggot, and might nowhere seek him a jovial humour, or go to his friends. * * * Besides she so urged him day and night, and so hardly drove him to work, only that he might earn money and leave it to her when he should die; for she would always, as she does still, squander money privately; and Albert must have left her to the value of 6000 *gulden*. But nothing could satisfy her, and in brief, she alone is the cause of his death. I myself have often remonstrated with her, and warned her as to her mistrustful and culpable ways, and foretold her how it would end; but I thereby gained only ill will. (The German word *undank*, has a peculiar signification, which neither ill will nor ingratitude express; it is literally the contrary of thanks.) For whoever loved that man, and was much with him, to him she became an enemy, which in truth grieved Albert most highly, and brought him underground. I have not seen her since his death, or let her come near me, though I have been helpful to her in many things, but *there* there is no confidence. Whoever opposes her, and does not always allow her to be in the right, him she mistrusts, and forthwith becomes his enemy; therefore I like her better at a distance than about me. She and her sister are not queans; they are, I doubt not, in the number of honest, devout, and altogether God-fearing women; but a man might better have a quean, who was otherwise kindly, than such a gnawing, suspicious, quarrelsome, good woman, with whom he can have no peace or quiet, neither by day nor by night. But however that be, we must commend the thing to God, who will be gracious and merciful to the pious Albert, for as he lived like a pious honest man, so he died a Christian, and most blessed death, therefore there is nothing to fear for his salvation."

ART. IV.—1. *Histoire de France depuis la Restauration*. Par Charles Lacretelle, &c. &c. Paris: Tomes I. & II., 1829. Tome III., 1830. 8vo.

2. *Histoire de la Restauration, et des Causes qui ont amené la chute de la branche aînée des Bourbons*. Par un Homme d'Etat. Paris: Tomes I. & II., 1831. Tomes III. & IV., 1832. 8vo.

THE two works which we have placed at the head of this article contain portions of the history of France during the period included between the first restoration and the final expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons. It is a period peculiarly interesting and instructive: and it is of great moment that the nature of that government which was overthrown by the Revolution of 1830 should be well understood in this country. It is perhaps somewhat difficult to arrive at this knowledge, in consequence of the erroneous notions which have been spread by the

contending parties in France, and eagerly circulated by those which fought under somewhat similar designations in this country. Great pains have been taken by our conservative party to trace the calamity of the late revolution to the establishment of representative government in France; and to show the incompatibility of freedom there, as elsewhere, with quiet submission to laws. They palliate the Ordinances of Charles X. as an imprudence into which the Court was driven by the continued aggressions of conspiring Liberals, or defend them as a paternal exertion of legitimate and well-intentioned despotism, frustrated unhappily by an absence of proper precaution on the part of the ministers, and by the outrageous turbulence of a capricious populace, incapable of appreciating the beneficence which lurked beneath the assumption of arbitrary power. The fanatical friends of Liberty have equally distorted the matter by their exaggerations. They represent the government of the Bourbons as from the very first unpopular, on account of the hereditary hatred borne by the people to the family of their ancient rulers, as established by the bayonets of the Allies, despite the longings of the nation for the popular sway of their chosen Napoleon, or the imagined blessings of a Republic, and as imposing a yoke of the most grinding tyranny on its conquered subjects. Far different views of the real situation of the French nation under the late dynasty, and of the causes of the revolution which overturned its dominion, will result from a careful investigation of events. Happily the publicity of representative government has prevented facts from being entirely obscured by the cotemporary frauds and passions which pervert the judgments of the careless: and it is quite in the power of any honest inquirer to obtain for himself by a little pains a simple and satisfactory explanation of events which are apt at first to appear obscure or anomalous. The restoration of the Bourbons, though not brought about by any unanimous expression of national desire, was accepted with very general satisfaction, and enjoyed a great popularity: their government secured a degree of tranquillity and practical freedom which the French had never before enjoyed; and it promoted, or, what is the same thing, allowed, an unparalleled improvement in the moral and material condition of the country. Its fall, nevertheless, is not to be attributed to unjustifiable popular caprice. The discontent against the Bourbons was just and general: it is to be attributed solely to the folly and oppression of their misrule, and the practical misery which it inflicted on the people at large.

It is easy to reconcile the merits of the fallen dynasty with the faults which occasioned its overthrow, to show that it was the best government which France ever had, and at the same time that its

further existence was incompatible with the welfare of the people. The Bourbon family reascended the throne of France with two conditions of peculiar fitness—its legitimacy, and its compatibility with constitutional government. Its descent from the ancient line of kings gave it an apparent title to royalty, which, weak as it was, was the only one that could be set against that of the deposed Emperor: and it conciliated the confidence of the European monarchs, in whose hands the fate of France was in some measure placed. The people were relieved from the pressure of foreign wars, and the conflict of the partisans of various forms of internal government. The Charter at the same time guaranteed to the people a certain share in the government, and the maintenance of the institutions which owed their origin to the Revolution. As long, and in as much as the Bourbons respected the Charter and the Revolution, their government was good and popular, and secured to the people the blessings of peace, tranquillity, and freedom. By their misconduct they marred both the happiness of their subjects and the advantages of their own position. They excited national discontent by their hostility to the constitutional restrictions on their authority, and their attempts to restore the institutions and manners which the Revolution had effaced, and the people hated; and this discontent dated from the very period of their restoration, because their misrule was simultaneous with their possession of power. The constitution was not sufficient to protect the people from various kinds of misgovernment, which inflicted excessive and general vexation: and to that extent the government of the Bourbons was oppressive and justly odious. To many of the designs of the Court the Charter enabled the people to oppose a successful legal resistance, and the government in consequence turned its hostility against the Constitution, and sought by various devices to narrow the protection which it afforded against encroachments. The last act of Charles X. was calculated to deprive the people of every guarantee for the continuance of such a degree of good government as had previously been enjoyed. There was no mystery either in the restoration or the expulsion of the Bourbons. The people recalled them because it trusted to their governing well. They had the folly to deceive these hopes. The people murmured at their misgovernment; bore it long in hopes of a change for the better; and finally shook off their authority when it had ceased to be in any degree compatible with a continuance of the benefits it had previously assured.*

M. Lacretelle is well known by his writings on various periods of the history of his country. Gifted with a style, which, in spite of frequent pomposity and sentimentalism, is in general clear and

elegant, he has given an interesting and connected narrative of the events of the Restoration. A royalist by feeling, he is known to have advocated a strict fidelity to the Charter, as the most prudent and dignified course for the legitimate race; and to have drawn on himself the vengeance of its more bigoted partizans by his opposition to their unconstitutional tenets and acts. As a mere narrative, or as an exposition of the feelings of the class of royalists to which he belongs, his work is valuable: the reader who desires to arrive at the causes and connection of the various acts which it details, will find in it only information of the shallowest kind. A profound and accurate view M. Lacretelle is too careless, and far too little of a philosopher, to be enabled to impart.

The work of the anonymous '*Homme d'Etat*' is much more interesting, and contains a more elaborate and a sounder view of events. The name of History is one, indeed, to which it has few pretensions: the narrative is too diffuse, too imperfect, to entitle it to any character save that of a species of contemporary memoirs, of which the reflections and anecdotes will afford useful materials to a future historian. A very general rumour has ascribed it to M. Decazes: the internal evidence, though not decisive against this supposition, on the whole appears somewhat incompatible with it. The writer is, however, no doubt what he professes himself to be—a man of high station, and one who has played a leading part in the politics of the first years of the Restoration. Of the ministers who managed the affairs of the country at that period he professes himself a warm admirer: the work, indeed, seems undertaken chiefly for the purpose of obtaining from the public a just appreciation of their merits, which he sets in invidious contrast with the faults committed by their old opponents, the Liberals, during their occupation of the government since the Revolution of July. To the order of things established at the Restoration he professes himself attached. He entertained, in common with the best friends of liberty, the hope of seeing the throne of the Bourbons united to the freedom and civilization of France. Nevertheless, no man can show less sympathy with their errors. For their feudal and fanatical follies he throughout marks the greatest contempt and aversion; and if he exhibits an indulgence for the character of Louis XVIII., which, indeed, we cannot think wholly undeserved, he is unsparing in his exposure of the follies of his race, and the creatures by which it was surrounded. On the whole, his work presents a very laboured, clear and dispassionate view of the character of the restored dynasty, and of the causes which brought about its expulsion. In spite of the general carelessness of the style, the slipslop affectation of particular passages, and the profusion of that cant jargon which ren-

ders the present language of French politics a singularly efficient instrument for disguising the want of thought, we should recommend this work as both interesting and instructive, were it not for its extreme length. Of the four volumes already published, one is nearly filled with introductory matter: the other three contain the history of two years and a half, closing with the ordonnance of September, 1816. The promised remainder is to bring down the work to the Revolution of July, 1830, a period which, at the same rate of dilation, would require fifteen more volumes. We doubt whether a conscientious reviewer can recommend the enterprise of such a study to men whose life is limited to threescore and ten years.

It is, however, exceedingly instructive to follow the author in his minute and extensive inquiries into the circumstances that gave to the Restoration its peculiar character. He commences these from a very early date—from the state of things preceding the great Revolution—and describes the character of the nobles who composed and the princes who led the emigration. The character of the Bourbons is the same throughout: the same unmeasured and inflexible pretensions, the same utter ignorance of their age, the same obstinate resistance to the counsels of prudence, the same deficiency in energy and skill in the execution of their plans, drove them from the throne, prolonged their exile, and has ultimately frustrated their restoration. It were enough, indeed, to observe their conduct in exile to convince us of their unfitness to govern France. The first step of the two princes who subsequently composed the restored dynasty was that insane emigration which rendered the continuance of their unhappy brother's reign impossible. They then sounded the tocsin over feudal and bigoted Europe for a war of extermination against their country. They appeared in arms among the invaders, and echoed, or rather prompted, the Duke of Brunswick's threats of totally undoing the work of the Revolution, partitioning France, and punishing as a rebel every Frenchman who dared to defend himself. When the support of foreign bayonets failed them, they speculated on operating a counter-revolution, "*pure et simple*," by the agency of civil war; attempted to lead the Gironde insurrection with the Drapeau Blanc; availed themselves of the support of Toulon to betray its arsenals to the English; fomented the resistance of the priest-led peasantry of La Vendee, and leagued with the Chouans of Brittany. All these attempts failed; the Revolution, in spite of its crimes and terrors, was dear to France; and the Bourbons sacrificed every chance of success by proclaiming their intention of re-establishing the ancient order of things, and of graciously pardoning the Revolution as a crime.

A hope of effecting their return by more peaceful means was inspired by the reaction which followed the fall of Robespierre. A strong feeling prevailed during that time in favour of a recall of the royal family—a feeling no longer confined to a few remote portions of the country, or lurking in the recesses of the old châteaux and the hiding-places of the proscribed priests. Royalist opinions were openly avowed in the representative body, and derived additional strength from every election. Prostrated by military force on the 13th Vendémiaire, the royalist party reared its head again, and professing more moderate and prudent designs, greatly augmented its numbers by uniting with the constitutional party. An attempt to effect the defection of the army under Pichegru was defeated by the folly of the Prince de Condé. Nevertheless, the opinion in favour of a constitutional monarchy acquired a rapid and solid growth. Louis XVIII., the only one of his race who ever profited by experience, saw the necessity of submitting to “transiger avec la Révolution,” and signified his consent to a constitutional restoration. The party of the Clichistes counted in its ranks the most popular leaders of the sections, the majority of the legislative councils, a portion of the ministry, and even two of the directors. It was supported by an active periodical press, and if not warmly aided by the enthusiasm of the nation, was backed by the universal discontent against the misgovernment of the Directory. The ambition of Bonaparte detected the strength and designs of the royalists, and the republican army completely destroyed their party by the movement of the 18th Fructidor. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the Restoration was not operated at this period. It might have been stable—it presented many chances of good government. At that period any attempt to renew the old régime would hardly have been dared, and would most assuredly have been defeated; and even the Bourbons might have been reconciled to exercise their authority on the only terms on which they would have been allowed to possess it.

The blow of the 18th Fructidor was complete: in the subsequent struggles of the Republicans and the Directory, the royalist party never ventured to show its head. The attempts of Louis were confined to vain efforts to obtain the crown from the indolence of Barras and the magnanimity of Bonaparte. But the ambition of Napoleon was proportioned to his power: he had destroyed the liberties of his country for his own benefit, not for that of a family whom his whole education led him to despise. It became obvious that during the existence of his power the return of the Bourbons was not to be expected: the republicans beheld the same insuperable obstacles opposed to the fulfilment

of their plans. Hence the alliance of these two extreme parties, equally weak and equally desperate, and the wretched conspiracies which resulted from their union. Over all these plots the star or the genius of Napoleon triumphed: he escaped the attempts of assassination by which the chivalrous partizans of the altar and the throne sought to rid their sacred cause of its enemy, and triumphed over the conspiracy which was headed by the rival reputations of Moreau and Pichegru. The unscrupulous hostility of the two extreme parties served but to endear Napoleon to the people as their only protector against renewed excesses. His power was daily augmented and consolidated. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien extinguished all the hopes of accommodation which the Bourbons had formed. The struggles of the royalists ceased to agitate the interior, and the only open adherents of the Bourbons were a few companions of their exile, odious to their countrymen as the allies of Brunswick and Suwarrow, as the accomplices of the "brigands" of La Vendee, and stained by the more recent infamy of the Infernal Machine and the robberies of the Chouans.

The power of Napoleon was established. An absolute monarchy was completely organized, and appeared to be firmly propped by skilfully contrived institutions, and the glory of a hundred victories. The exiled dynasty, successively driven from the various states of the subjugated continent, found a last refuge in England. The empire of the usurper appeared alike unassailable by foreign arms or domestic insurrection. Louis XVIII., almost forgotten in his retreat at Hartwell, wisely trusted to the chances of the future. He kept up a secret correspondence with the constitutional party in France, who, banished from all political power, nourished a faint hope of seeing their country relieved from the tyranny of Napoleon. To these he presented himself as the friend of liberty, as the sole person capable of founding a constitutional monarchy. The grinding and degrading despotism of Napoleon daily enlarged the number of those who desired the downfall of his government, and cherished a secret opposition to his measures. Even the system by which the Emperor imagined he was consolidating his throne, served to revive the recollection of the ancient monarchy, and filled up the gulf that separated the nation from the family of its kings. The Catholic Church was restored; and the people were habituated to the daily sight of its ceremonies. The pomp of the ancient court glittered once more; its etiquette was imitated by courtiers as servile as those of the *Grand Monarque*, and the recollections of the early glories of the monarchy were recalled in the rites and language of the imperial institutions. The titles of the feudal ages were revived:

the names of the royalist *noblesse* were associated with the dignities of the empire. The people became familiarized with the persons of a race which had been supposed to be for ever deprived of its old influence. The national horror of the emigration gradually passed away: and the powers and duties of the administration were entrusted to men whose personal or hereditary attachments made them the natural friends of the exiled dynasty.

The star of Napoleon at length paled before the vengeance of united Europe. The Bourbons, who had deplored the "disasters" of Marengo and Hohenlinden, were cheered by the havoc which the Russian campaign made in the armies of their country. Their restoration, however, was not in the contemplation of the allies. The wishes of these powers were limited to securing guarantees against the ambition of Napoleon. Aware of the unpopularity of the emperor, they took care not to excite the national pride in his favor by any attempt to dictate internal institutions to France. They cautiously avoided complicating their designs by any support of the exiled dynasty. No mention was made of their pretensions in the Congress of Prague; no trace, according to our author, exists, of any open or secret proposition for their restoration having been made at the Congress of Manheim, held in December 1813, when the armies of Europe had already passed the frontiers of France. The change of dynasty was effected at the desire and by the advice of Frenchmen.

The ambition of Napoleon had become thoroughly odious in France. The continual burden of his wars, undertaken for no object but the aggrandisement of himself and his race, had impoverished and depopulated the country. Much as we may blame the odious policy of the ancient dynasties of Europe, none of them has practised a tyranny so practically and extensively oppressive, none has sought to crush the spirit of freedom by a more systematic attempt to check the progress of the human intellect. The approach of an enemy suddenly developed the extent of the dissatisfaction which pervaded the nation. The Legislative body broke its long silence, and, by the voice of M. Lainé, demanded of the Emperor peace and institutions that might secure the national liberties. The claims and the privileges of that assembly were insolently spurned; and the Emperor assumed an unrestricted dictatorship. But the signal for opposition was given. Those who hated his tyranny were encouraged to take measures for its downfall. It seemed possible to take such advantage of the crisis, as to save the country from the horrors of conquest, by the same means that would ensure the establishment of

constitutional freedom. The proclamations of the allies declared their friendly intentions towards the French people: security against the ambition of its ruler was professedly, and most probably in truth, their only object. The malcontents of Paris (for by this general term alone can we describe the union of royalists, constitutionalists, and republicans who combined only in desiring the downfall of Napoleon) were willing to treat with the enemy in order to secure their object. M. de Talleyrand, then in the full vigour and glory of his diplomatic abilities, connected with the ministers and even monarchs of the allied powers by relations of long standing, and endeared equally to his countrymen and to foreigners by a disgrace brought on him by his opposition to the ambitious designs of the Emperor, was the organ of these communications. The restoration of the Bourbons appears to have been from the first his design. He pursued it with consummate skill, at the same time with that indifference which rendered it always easy for him to abandon a falling cause, without the appearance or even the annoyance of a defeat. In his direct communications with the allies, he represented the discontent against Napoleon as universal: he held out the establishment of constitutional government in France as the only security for the repose of the Continent. It was but as one of various combinations by which this end might be attained, that he mentioned the recall of the Bourbons. It is said by the "*Homme d'Etat*," that he did at the same time conduct a subordinate intrigue through the agency of M. de Virtolles, with the sole and direct object of procuring their restoration. This scheme however met with but little success. The allied leaders trusted in the assurances of the general support of the French nation, in their purpose of destroying or limiting the authority of Napoleon: and in this hope they ventured to march on to Paris. Nothing leads us to suppose that they had then determined on the form of government to be substituted for the imperial constitution.

Our author gives a minute and interesting account of the train of negotiations that followed the capitulation of Paris. The details with which he has furnished us show clearly that the Bourbons were not imposed on France by the arms of foreign monarchs, or even very much in accordance with their wishes. The events by which the Restoration was brought about, are reported to the same effect, by all the witnesses on whom we can rely. The venturous march of the allies had placed them in a hazardous position. With 120,000 men they occupied Paris, which 25,000 troops, and the National Guard had defended against them for several hours. Napoleon was approaching with an army of 50 or 60 thousand of his best soldiers. He relied on the terror of his

name, and the aid of the warlike inhabitants of the Parisian Fauxbourgs. The safety of the allies depended on their being able to deprive him of the aid of popular insurrection. To win the favour of the French people, to have the support of a government, strong in solid popularity, was their policy; the restoration of feudal government was a matter for which they did not concern themselves.

The news had arrived of the entry of the Duc d'Angoulême with the English army into Bordeaux, and of the proclamation of Louis XVIII. in that city. This event, however, had not spread the enthusiasm. The sentimental procession of M. de Chateaubriand, the Polignacs, and a dozen other emigrants, to which the loyal M. Lacretelle inclines to attribute the Restoration, had excited only the mute amazement or ridicule of the crowd that came to gaze on the entrance of the Allies. The National Guard had refused to mount the white cockade. The Emperor Alexander, on whose decision the fate of the different parties seemed to hang, alighted at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, with a conviction of the impossibility of restoring the Bourbons.

To proceed immediately to that end, was not the wish, nor was it in the power, of M. de Talleyrand. On the 31st of March, the day of the entry of the allies, after a long conference between the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the ministers of the other powers, M. de Talleyrand, and some others who had entered into his views, the allied monarchs, after great difficulties on the part of Alexander, signed and made public a declaration, "that they would not treat with Napoleon or any of his family; that they would respect the ancient limits of the French territory; that they would recognize and guarantee any constitution which the French nation might adopt;" concluding with an invitation to the Senate "to name a provisional government and prepare a constitution." The Senate had been selected by Talleyrand as a body easily manageable, and possessing an apparent constitutional authority to operate the intended change. On the 1st of April, the Senate met, and, on the proposition of Talleyrand, all parties concurred in naming a provisional government, which was composed of MM. de Talleyrand, de Beurnonville, de Jaucourt, the Duke D'Alberg, and the abbé de Montesquieu: on the 2nd, the deposition of Napoleon was as unanimously declared.

Napoleon had in the mean time collected his forces at Fontainebleau, and was preparing for an attack on Paris, when the news of the deposition pronounced by the Senate arrived. The marshals determined to inform him of the hopeless state of his army, and to impress on him, as the only resource, the necessity of abdi-

cating in favour of his son. It was by the persuasion of Marshal Macdonald and M. de Caulaincourt, that he was at length induced to sign his abdication. This was on the 4th of April. On the 5th the marshals arrived in Paris, to advocate the succession of Napoleon II., with the regency of the Empress Maria-Louisa. The return of the Bourbons was now the avowed object of M. de Talleyrand and the principal persons who had pronounced the deposition of Napoleon. Some few of the addresses from the great public bodies had expressed a wish for a ruler of the ancient dynasty. M. de Chateaubriand's pamphlet of "*Bonaparte et les Bourbons*," had been circulated with excessive rapidity, and excited considerable enthusiasm in favour of the royal cause. The general tendency of the liberated periodical press was strongly in the same direction. The public mind, that of the higher and middling classes in particular, inclined to the Restoration, as the best guarantee for a system of order and freedom. The allied monarchs had begun to look on it as the only security for those, who, trusting to their promises, had compromised themselves with Napoleon and his family. The earnest eloquence of Macdonald, when pleading for the race of his great chieftain, appears to have revived for a while the ardent admiration which Alexander had once felt for Napoleon: but the arguments of Talleyrand subsequently prevailed, and the allies rejected the proposition of the marshals. The next day, arrived the news of the defection of Marmont, which completely broke up the military power of Napoleon. The cause of the Imperial race could no longer be sustained: its adherents were contented with the terms which the treaty of Fontainebleau secured to Napoleon.

The Senate, relieved from their first fears of an interruption on the part of Napoleon, occupied themselves in discussing the plan of the constitution. The restoration of the Bourbons was assented to by all parties: the great principles of a mixed constitutional form of government were unanimously agreed to. The triumph of the royalists, however, led them to adopt a high monarchical tone; and the abbé de Montesquieu, in opposition to some articles of the proposed constitutional declaration, used language and avowed principles savouring so strongly of the ancient régime, as very nearly to deter the Senate from carrying through the measure. Concessions were, however, made, and on the 7th of April, appeared the *Acte Constitutionnel* of the Senate, recalling Louis as the brother of the last king, and after the various constitutional articles, (among which the payment of the pensions of the Senators held an equal rank) it was declared, that Louis should

be proclaimed King of the French, *as soon as he had sworn to the constitution.*

By this act, to which all the constituted authorities speedily sent in their adhesion, the restoration was achieved. The revolution thus effected was one in which the nation played merely a passive part. The agents were M. de Talleyrand, and the Senate acting under his direction. The Imperial authorities throughout the country transferred their allegiance from Napoleon to the provisional government, and subsequently to Louis XVIII.: and thus the new government found itself supported by a strongly constituted administrative body. The duties of government were discharged as before; the supreme authority alone being changed. The people obeyed as before; took no active part, but every where testified their entire satisfaction with what had been done. If the restoration of the Bourbons was the sole or chief object of his exertions, the measures of M. de Talleyrand were combined with a skill worthy of his great reputation: if, however, the establishment of constitutional government was an object which he had equally at heart, his measures were not so skilfully contrived for that purpose as for the other: it may be doubted even, whether some of them did not defeat such views. The notorious servility and glaring interestedness of the Senators had rendered them highly unpopular; and it was easy for the royalists to discredit the acts of a body which had no hold on public opinion. M. de Talleyrand should have secured a more solemn expression of the public will, and taken care to collect a representative body which might have had the power of enforcing the unqualified assent of Louis to the conditions attached to his recall. By his apparent devotion to the cause of the Bourbons, he deprived himself entirely of the support of those whose first object was the securing a constitution; and was consequently thrown completely into the power of the royalists. Hence that party obtained from the first an influence which was quite incompatible with the system of M. de Talleyrand. At their instance, the provisional government was induced to adopt as the national colour the white of the Bourbons, in place of the glorious tricolor: a change of considerable importance, as marking the intention of the royal family to connect their dynasty rather with the ancient monarchy than the new constitution. In various parts of France the royalists committed gross excesses: the Charter was attacked in their writings, denounced by the priests in their sermons, and even publicly burnt by the hands of the executioner. The Count d'Artois, who arrived in Paris on the 12th of April, elated by the enthusiasm with which he had been received, both in the provinces and the capital, would hardly con-

sent to receive from the Senate the title and authority of Lieutenant General of the kingdom, which he claimed as his appanage. It was with difficulty that M. de Talleyrand could restrain him from an open rupture with that body. When he consented at last to adopt a more prudent line of conduct, he showed that it was not from respect to the advice of those who had recalled his family, or, from a desire to consult the wishes of the people; but solely as a concession to the necessity imposed by the yet unsettled state of France. He employed himself chiefly in giving away white cockades, and talking of the "*panache blanc*," to every one who came near him. The only public acts of his government were of a nature to render it thoroughly unpopular—arbitrary ordinances of taxation, and the treaty of the 23rd of April, whereby he ceded to the allies all the strong places possessed by France beyond the limits of the monarchy in 1792, together with the immense arsenals and materials contained in them. In both of these instances he acted under the advice of M. de Talleyrand, but bore the undivided unpopularity.

On the arrival of Louis in France, he was every where immediately acknowledged as king, in spite of the previous condition attached by the Senate to his proclamation. It became speedily obvious that it was not his intention to accept the crown as the gift of his people, or the price of a constitutional compact. The spirit of concession, the perception of the necessities of the times, the sincere aversion for the extravagant notions of the ultra-royalists which marked a subsequent portion of his reign, can no where be discerned in his conduct on assuming power. From the first he appears to have been anxious that his reign should be considered the sequel of the ancient monarchy. In the conferences which he held with the Senate and the provisional government, he showed the most singular pertinacity in insisting on all trifles that might mark this determination. The constitutional title of King of the French was rejected for the feudal falsehood of King of France and Navarre; the facts of the revolution, and of the existence during a quarter of a century of various forms of government, were denied in the very title which he bore and the dates of all his public acts. Louis XVI. was the last king whom the French nation had obeyed; his successor assumed the title of Louis XVIII., in order to show that the imperishable rights of his dynasty had entitled the unhappy boy who was designated as Louis XVII. to the allegiance of the usurpers who confined him in a dungeon or employed him in a cobbler's stall; and the year of his accession was described as the twelfth of his reign, in order to show that his hereditary possession of royalty had commenced while he was an exile, and the pensioner of Russia. In the matter

of the most vital importance he displayed an equally mischievous obstinacy. Determined to make the concessions which he found necessary after the fashion and in keeping with the prerogative of the ancient monarchy, he flung away (as is justly remarked by the *Homme d'Etat*) an opportunity of nationalising his race by linking its authority with the establishment of constitutional freedom. The Charter must emanate from the generosity of legitimate absolutism; it must be given—not accepted—by the monarch. For this purpose the declaration of St. Ouen was substituted for the acceptance of the “*Acte Constitutionnel*,” the imperfections of which were made the pretext of delaying the establishment of a constitution until its details might be revised by the wisdom of the monarch. Thus did Louis fix on his very assumption of power the stamp of arbitrary principles and bad faith. The popularity of the Restoration experienced a sudden check. The entry of the king into Paris presented a mournful contrast to the enthusiastic reception of his brother. Few cries of “*Vive le Roi*” were heard; but the aspect of the stern and mournful procession of the veterans of Napoleon excited enthusiastic shouts of “*Vive la Garde*.” M. Lacretelle tells us that the multitude gazed with a “*vif interet*” on the “*Orphan of the Temple*,” the *Homme d'Etat* appears to think that the spectators were employed in quizzing her royal highness's old-fashioned dress, and the ungainly movements of her royal and noble companions.

“Thus after twenty-five years of exile, Louis XVIII. re-entered the Tuileries; all was changed in the country—manners, institutions, and religious feeling. A new generation was born and growing up under the shade of the opinions and ideas of the French revolution; the government of the Restoration was about to find itself placed in difficult circumstances; it had to make men forget its origin, derived, if not from foreigners, at least from the circumstance of the invasion and the misfortunes of France; it was necessary not to fail in gratitude for the services of a faithful emigration, and not to come in collision with new interests as legitimate; an old court and young France, the Emigration and the Revolution were to be in each other's presence; never had a government found itself in a more delicate position: statesmen and the foreign sovereigns themselves could not dissemble this.”—*Histoire, &c. par l'Homme d'Etat*, vol. i. p. 403.

The situation was one certainly which required prudence and good faith on the part of the king: had Louis exhibited as much of these qualities as he did when at a subsequent period he resolutely checked the extravagance of the ultra-royalists, the course of his government would have commenced and proceeded smoothly, he would not have given his restoration the character of a counter-revolution, or experienced within ten months a second expulsion brought about by his own misconduct.

The errors of the first Restoration are easily enumerated. The throne of the Bourbons was instantly surrounded by all the unclean vermin of a court. First and foremost appeared the faithful companions of their exile, the men who had sealed by long suffering the testimony of their ignorant bigotry and hatred of improvement—who had left their country rather than see it free—who returned to it in the hope of seeing it once more subjected to the antique form of tyranny. Forth from their remote recesses came the royalists of the provinces, whose wounded pride or incapacity not even the largesses of Napoleon could tempt into facing the loathed competition of “roturier” merit. To these were joined others who had taken the pay, and humbly done the bidding of Napoleon: who approved of the restoration as a mere transition from one despotism to another, and substituting the cant of the “sang de St. Louis” for that of the “*devouement au plus beau génie du monde*,” offered to the restoration the services of their approved baseness. Among the royalists, there were no doubt virtuous and even reflecting men; such men as the Duc de Richelieu, who realized the fabled high-mindedness of Noblesse, and the honest though timid Doctrinaires. But the bulk of the royalists was impelled by violent prejudices or sordid selfishness; by revenge, or fanaticism, or avarice. Boundless were the expressions of attachment to the monarch, and of hatred to the friends of liberty—unceasing the cry for power, and undisguised the threats of undoing the work of the revolution. The charter was derided by all, openly attacked and opposed by others; it became a fashion among the extravagant royalists to pronounce the words “*la Charte*,” with a peculiar sarcastic intonation. The priests were encouraged to reclaim their lost possessions, and insult the nation by an attempt to revive their odious dominion. The Senate made itself the willing instrument of misrule; the only merit of the representative body was that the majority that betrayed the country was opposed by a large and bold minority. The cabinet of Talleyrand could not coerce these elements of evil: the ministers presided over their several departments; but the favourite and confidential adviser of Louis was the weak and bigoted emigrant, the Count de Blacas.

Under the advice of these counsellors, every step taken by the government was calculated to alarm and disgust the nation. Dress, manners, forms, all startled the people as so many ridiculous “*vielleries*,” (an admirable word, frequently and appropriately used by our author): and all moreover excited after the first smile a perpetually increasing alarm of attempts to revive the pretensions of the ancient monarchy. Above all, the most exceeding disgust was occasioned by the increased activity of the

priests, and the sanction afforded by the government to their impertinent meddling. The restored Bourbons never could be made to understand the nature of the immense change which the revolution had wrought in the religious feelings of their countrymen: they could not for a long time see the palpable fact of the general indifference of the national mind to religion, its aversion to the discipline, its contempt for the ceremonies of the Church of Rome; and when they could not disguise from themselves the existence of such a state of feeling, they set about correcting it by childish ill-contrived expedients. Such were the ordinances issued by Beugnot as Minister of Police, enforcing the strict observance of the Sabbath. The greatest ferment was excited by the bigotry of a priest, who ventured on reviving one of the most revolting barbarisms of the Gallican Church, in refusing Christian burial to the actress, Mademoiselle Raucourt. The perpetual mournings for Louis XVI. were worse than ridiculous—they pronounced a continual sentence of condemnation on France, for an act to which the whole nation had at least consented. A similar error of judgment was exhibited in the erection of monuments to Pichegru and the Chouans who fell at Quiberon. Great mischief was done in the provinces by the ultra-royalist commissioners originally sent by Monsieur. The army was discontented at the intrusion of emigrant officers, the change of its glorious eagles and colours, the establishment of a royal military household in the style of the ancient monarchy, the appointment of Dupont of Baylen as Minister of War, the introduction of chaplains into the regiments, the insults offered by the royal family to some of its best officers, and still more by the prospect of a long peace. The Congress of Vienna, at which M. de Talleyrand was accused of sacrificing the honour and interests of France to his selfish desire of obtaining the favour of the allied monarchs, excited a general irritation. But the greatest distrust was occasioned by the proceedings of the government in the legislative bodies. A charter adopted after a few deliberations, in which M. de Montesquieu put a stop to all discussion by denouncing an irrevocable decision of the king in favour of every disputed article, was “octroyée” by the king, and explained in a speech of the Chancellor D’Ambray, in which it was insultingly styled an Ordonnance of Reformation. This charter was immediately violated, or grossly evaded, by the establishment of a Censorship. Still greater alarm was caused by the law which restored to the emigrants such of their confiscated property as had not been sold or granted away. This was regarded as a step to the restitution of that portion of their property which had passed into the hands of individuals; and a natural alarm was generally excited among

all the holders of national property. The peasantry expected with dread the return of their seigneur and curé, and the consequent establishment of seigniorial rights, and of that impost, the most universally detested by every civilized people, the tithe. The dissatisfaction spread daily and increased in intensity. The king himself divined its existence, and became alarmed; he was anxious to take better advisers, and even desired to profit by the counsels tendered him by the leaders of the liberal party. But the influence of his brother and the court terrified and enslaved the weak monarch. Fouché and Barras were repulsed from his presence, because the Duchesse d'Angoulême was to fall "roide morte" at the sight of a regicide: and up to the very landing of Napoleon the court were amused and betrayed by the reports in which MM. de Blacas and Beugnot depicted, in the cant of their party, the growing affection of the people for the race of St. Louis.

M. Lacretelle explains the successful return of the Ex-Emperor by the phrase "Un jour de delire dans une grande armée amena cette crise:" and it is a common notion that this revolution was effected by the mere mutiny of the army. This is not the case. It was no doubt the army that decided the fate of the struggle: but it is perfectly certain that a large portion of the nation had been so thoroughly exasperated by the folly of the Bourbons and their adherents, as to hail the return of Napoleon with delight. In Dauphiné this feeling was particularly strong. It existed with great force in Burgundy, Champagne, all the Eastern and North Eastern Provinces, and among the middling classes in the West. Normandy and other portions of the North preferred the Bourbons: but their chief strength was in the South. In Paris, the commercial and trading classes were generally well inclined to the king: the bankers and some leading mercantile men, who despaired of attaining the same distinction in the Royal as in the Imperial Court, sided with Napoleon: and the formidable mass of the workmen declared itself strongly in his favour. The leaders of the liberal party, who had certainly taken no part in recalling him, and had denounced his attempt, yielded without much reluctance to his overtures, and appear to have thought that even his authority was more compatible with constitutional freedom than that of Louis XVIII.

Nevertheless, during the Hundred Days the nation did not trust Napoleon. They knew that he was as much disqualified by personal character to be the head of a limited monarchy, as the Bourbons were by their attachment to the ideas of other times. They knew that his selfish love of power; his low ambition for the aggrandizement of his race, even his lofty impatience of sub-

mitting the conceptions of his genius to the controul of opinion, unfitted him for the yoke of representative government. When they saw him again in military possession of the capital and the country, they endeavoured to bribe him over to patriotism by the promise of national support. But they could not but see the impatience with which he humbled himself before his people in his hour of need, and his longings for the success that might render him independent of popular aid. Still did he attach himself to the forms and splendour which had rendered the Imperial Court odious to thinking people: still did he gather round him the base and ignorant counsellors to whose subservience he was accustomed; still relying on the support of the army and the recollections of those glories which had desolated France, he fancied himself necessary to his country, and lavished his contempt on the dreamers who ventured to cherish the idea of constitutional restrictions on the authority of "the only representative of the nation." He had indeed profited as little by exile as the very Bourbons whose prejudices he derided. He had learned nothing—had forgotten nothing. He recollected the delight with which the people, wearied by the revolution, had cast themselves beneath the protection of his sword: their pride in his ancient victories: their admiration of the splendour of his court. He forgot how severely he had taught them the curse of a military despotism, the horrors of both triumphant and disastrous wars, the oppression of courtly pomp. He submitted to temporary restraint, in the hope of ultimately being enabled once more to exercise the "*vieux bras de l'empereur*." And this the people saw. They knew him to be as false as he was imperious: and even while they supported him against the dynasty which relied on foreign bayonets, they denied him the powerful aid which would have placed their liberties at his mercy.

The Second Restoration was effected by the avowed dictation of the foreign armies. After the disaster of Waterloo, two courses were open to the Chambers, which then assumed the supreme authority. They might, as was the advice of Carnot, have rallied round Napoleon as the defender of the national independence, investing him with the powers of a Committee of Public Safety, and letting loose the old enthusiasm of '93; or, if they dreaded so perilous an attempt, their only alternative was an immediate submission to the Bourbons. The incapacity of the Chambers deprived the nation of the advantages of either system; they forced Napoleon to abdicate, and then, imagining that they could take his place in organising a military resistance to the victorious allies, declared their settled determination against the recall of the Bourbons. The whole executive authority meanwhile rested in

the hands of Fouché, who instantly resolved on treating with the allies, and bringing about the restoration of Louis XVIII., with improved guarantees for liberty. In order to put a stop to the struggles of the various violent parties which divided the capital, Fouché hastened, by urgent entreaties, the arrival of the English and Prussians, and Paris was placed in their hands. The Chambers, while deliberating on the articles of a constitution, were turned out of doors by a piquet of Prussian landwehr. The king was brought back by Fouché, after negotiations in which he gave hopes of every concession, but would bind himself to none; and when once securely re-seated on his throne, deceived Fouché as he had previously deceived Talleyrand, and retained every odious badge and every alarming pretension of the Restoration.

The combined ministry of Talleyrand and Fouché had the arduous task of conducting the country through the perils of a restoration and a hostile occupation. The chief merit of these experienced ministers was their aversion to violence, and the earnestness with which they opposed themselves to the excesses of the dominant party. Unfortunately, however, their position was too weak to enable them to maintain their own system of administration. Odious to the liberals, who considered them as having betrayed them to a despot, they were distrusted by the royalists as men of revolutionary rise and principles; and they were displaced by the clamour of the court, after attempting in vain to purchase its forbearance by dishonourable concessions.

The history of the first year of the Second Restoration exhibits a melancholy picture of misrule and disorder. It was a year of terrible re-action. Hardly was the power of Napoleon destroyed, before his troops and commanders were attacked by the royalist bands of the South. The signal of insurrection and murder was given at Marseilles. Soon after, the veteran Marshal Brunel renowned as the conqueror of Holland in the time of the republic, fell a victim to the sanguinary rabble of Avignon. General Ramel was murdered at Toulouse, where the mob was countenanced or tolerated by the mayor, M. de Villèle. At Nismes the disarmed garrison were assassinated by the royalist volunteers; the department of the Gard was for some months agitated by the excesses which the triumphant Catholics directed against the Protestants; the most horrible murder and rapine continued for a long time unchecked; and it was not before the end of the autumn that the remonstrances of Prussia and England, and the attempt to assassinate the general in command, caused rigorous measures to be taken against the authors of these outrages.

It must be confessed that no party has been in the practice of making more frequent and bloody use of the angry passions of the

mob, than those ardent partisans of church and state, who denounce their outrages so bitterly when they happen to be directed against themselves. The massacres of the South were tolerated, if not instigated, by the government; their authors were acquitted by the courts of justice. The example of their perpetrators was the theme of admiration in the circle of the Count d'Artois; and the fair royalists of the Faubourg St. Germain repeated with pride and sympathy the names and the butcheries of Trestaillons and his associates.

The prodigious activity of the royalist committees had given their party throughout the kingdom the utmost possible developement; in the South and West it had acquired a most compact organization, and in many departments the royalist opinions absolutely predominated. The leaders of the party at Paris had engrossed the nomination of all the most important, down to the humblest offices. Terrified by their sudden downfall in the Hundred Days, and animated by excessive revenge, they took every possible precaution for the maintenance of their power and the prostration of their opponents. The general feeling of the country at first countenanced the royalists in their revenge and in their machinations; for all who desired quiet and freedom were indignant with those who had disturbed the peace of the country, and anxious before all things to prevent a repetition of such attempts. The system of election adopted by the ministers in the ordonnance which convoked a new Chamber, placed the whole power in the hands of the royalist party. It had been intended by giving the prefects the absolute controul of the elections, to secure the nomination of deputies devoted to the ministry. But the activity of the royalist committees had given them the command of the provincial authorities, and the elections went entirely in their favour.

In the mean time the work of judicial vengeance had commenced. Two ordonnances had been issued by the king on his arrival in Paris, one arbitrarily exiling persons who had taken an active part in the Hundred Days, another ordering the rigorous prosecution of the most obnoxious. The first victim of his own rashness and royalist revenge was Labeledoyère. The trials of Lavalette and Ney took place under the ministry of Richelieu. The legal guilt of Ney is indubitable; it does not appear, indeed, that he had taken part in any previous conspiracy to bring about the return of Napoleon, but his baseness in betraying the trust which he had obtained by his professions of attachment to the Bourbons was of the most odious kind. The impolicy of the execution was, however, most glaring. No danger was to be apprehended from Ney. His conduct during the Hundred Days had completely forfeited his reputation; his execution raised

him into a martyr. The French people imagined that he was sacrificed in expiation of his former exploits; that the hero of the Beresina was murdered for the gratification of the Russians and the English. The unnecessary cruelty exercised towards him was aggravated by bad faith. There is no doubt that Ney, who was previously preparing for flight, imagined himself saved by the Convention of Paris, and that a similar interpretation was put on that treaty by Davoust and the other military chiefs. The allies, whose armies were possibly saved from destruction by the Convention of Paris; and Louis, who owed to it a safe and bloodless re-entry into his capital, were equally bound to extend its provisions to all who had imagined themselves secured by it. The execution of Ney leaves a stain on the magnanimity of the allied commanders, who were bound to secure the most mild interpretation to the articles of the Convention. The conduct of Louis not only dishonoured himself, but forfeited the popularity of his dynasty. The execution of the Bonapartist commanders disgusted a people who hold judicial bloodshed in singular horror, and turned the popular feeling against the family which thought it necessary to guard its power by the slaughter of its opponents. How deep and unextinguishable was the hatred which these acts excited may be seen in the acrimony with which they are still spoken of by Frenchmen. It is obvious that the late abolition of hereditary peerage was in some measure caused by the animosity of the people to the judges of Ney.

But the greatest suffering was caused by the invading armies. As a just and memorable retribution for the cruelty and insolence of their conduct when in possession of neighbouring countries and capitals, it is impossible not to look with some degree of satisfaction on the sufferings of the French in 1814 and 1815, and to indulge a hope (faint as it must be) that the bitter experience of invasion may serve to check their barbarous rage for conquest. But preposterous as we may consider the indignation expressed by the French at excesses and insults not to be compared to those which their own soldiery had inflicted on conquered countries, we cannot wonder that the sufferers felt exasperated at the time, and that the presence of the allies was most injurious to the popularity of the dynasty which they had restored. Armies amounting to 1,100,000 men occupied the greater part of the territory of France. The burden of the contributions raised for the support of this enormous host was aggravated by the outrages and rapine from which the soldiery could not be restrained. Many of the foreign commanders exhibited little respect for the feelings or laws of the conquered country. Three prefects were seized and carried away to foreign prisons, for venturing to oppose the dis-

orders of the "*hordes liberatrices*;" and the insult was aggravated by their happening to be near relatives of three of the ministers. The city of Paris was placed under a Prussian governor. The noble specimens of the fine arts, which had been plundered from every conquered country, were retaken by their triumphant proprietors. It was with difficulty that the finest buildings of Paris could be saved from the rage of the nations whose defeats their names commemorated. To such a pitch was the indignation of the French people raised, that even the royalist insurgents of La Vendée offered to co-operate with the army of the Loire in attempting the expulsion of the invaders; and Louis was more than once induced to oppose the exorbitant demands of the allies, by the threat of placing himself at the head of that army, or even its disbanded fragments, and rousing a national resistance against the oppressors of the monarchy. To secure peace and rid the country of its liberators was the object of Talleyrand's labours; but his negotiations were eminently unsuccessful. The Emperor Alexander, who bore him a grudge for his intrigues at the Congress of Vienna, pushed his demands to the utmost, in order to ensure his downfall; and he succeeded. Convinced of the impossibility of withstanding the royalist Chamber, the secret intrigues of the Comte d'Artois, and the personal dislike of the king, M. de Talleyrand resigned, on the ground of his aversion to the dishonourable terms imposed by the allies; he was followed by the whole cabinet, except Fouché, who had been forced to resign a few days before, after obtaining considerable popularity by two admirable reports on the state of the country, of which some extracts are given (vol. iii. pp. 62—72) well worth the attention of our readers. The appointment of the Duc de Richelieu, the personal friend of Alexander, smoothed the course of negotiations with the allies. Their demands were gradually moderated, and on the 20th of November the Duc de Richelieu signed the Treaty of Paris, by which peace was restored, and the country relieved from the greater part of its invaders, on terms humiliating and oppressive no doubt, but far more moderate than those which the victorious rulers of France had been used to impose on their conquered enemies.

The meeting of the newly-elected Chamber, which has since been always known by the name given to it by the king, that of the "*Chambre Introuvable*," took place before the conclusion of the treaty of Paris. From the first instant of its assemblage, it was obvious that its composition was such as to promise little tranquillity to France. The liberal minority, amounting to somewhat fewer than fifty, was composed of the "*Doctrinaires*," a party zealously attached to royal prerogative and aristocratical

institutions, but desirous of maintaining the Charter. The rest of the Chamber was wholly of the Ultra-Royalist party, a portion of which was willing to submit to the wishes of the king, and generally ranged itself on the side of the ministers; but the remainder, constituting, except on a few occasions, the majority of the Chamber, acted under the guidance of MM. de Villèle and de la Bourdonnaye, and followed a settled plan of pushing to the utmost extreme a fanatical hostility to the Revolution. Some of the acts of this Chamber seem to merit for it the character of a Convention of Royalists, endeavouring by a Reign of Terror to effect a counter-revolution. The excess of its fanaticism, and the audacity of its designs and conduct, distinguish it from the other Royalist Chambers. There was more of principle, more of independence, more, though little enough, of personal honesty in it than in the Septennial Chamber of Villèle. Its tendencies were even more decidedly religious and aristocratic than royalist. Its two objects were to found a powerful clergy, and to concentrate the power of government in the hands of the local aristocracies; when thwarted in these by the ministers, it turned its hostility against them, and endeavoured to force the king to sacrifice them to its resentment.

“La Chambre de 1815,” says the *Homme d’Etat*, “fut le triste et déplorable fruit de cette époque, temps de réactions et d’agitations publiques. La majorité fut surtout ignorante, incapable, empreinte de je ne sais quel esprit de gentilhommerie et de province: aux vieilles idées de l’ancien régime elle mêla des vellétés d’indépendance, non point grande et philosophique, comme la marche du siècle l’enseignait aux générations nouvelles, mais de cette indépendance de château, de cette mauvaise humeur religieuse et féodale qui faisait rétrograder la société de deux siècles. C’est ainsi qu’elle voulut un clergé propriétaire, maître de l’état civil et de l’éducation publique, parcequ’elle prétendait fonder l’édifice social sur le principe religieux, dernier entraînement de l’esprit de parti, qui méconnaissait son siècle avec son indifférence.”—vol. iii. p. 186.

The first propositions of the ministry were acceptable to the Chamber. The laws suspending personal liberty, and establishing the censorship and the *Cours Prévôtales*, were passed by large majorities, who only altered them to make them more severe. The cruel law against seditious cries was adopted, after a strenuous effort to substitute the punishment of death for that of deportation, which M. Barbé-Marbois obviated by demonstrating, to the satisfaction of the majority, that the latter was in fact the most atrocious punishment of the two. This minister, and Corvetto, minister of finances, were especially in disfavour with the Chamber. M. Decazes has the merit of having broken with the

Chamber, which was inclined at first to regard him with great friendliness, and to have used his influence with the Duc de Richelieu, and his growing favour with the king, to inspire them with a resolution of resisting its violence. The first open hostility between the ministry and the Chamber occurred on the law of amnesty. M. de la Bourdonnaye proposed his famous categories, by which different classes of political offenders were to be excepted from the amnesty, including about 1,100 names, amongst whom were the most illustrious individuals in France. The law proposed by the ministers merely legalized the ordinances of proscription issued in July, adding to the number of the banished the family of Bonaparte. The report of M. Corbières proposed to amend this law by the substitution of a modification of the categories of M. de la Bourdonnaye, and the additional confiscation of the property of the proscribed, in defiance of the article of the charter expressly abolishing that feudal punishment. The ministers strenuously opposed these alterations, and succeeded, by a majority of nine, in obtaining their rejection: they were obliged to concede the banishment of the regicides who had joined Bonaparte in the Hundred Days, and the law, happily for the peace of France, passed with only this alteration.

The law of elections, the details of which the charter had left open to future legislation, was the great trial of strength between the ministers and the Ultra-Royalist majority. A most objectionable project, presented by M. Vaublanc, minister of the interior, the palpable object of which was to place the elections wholly in the hands of the government, was replaced by an entirely new proposition, substituted for it by the reporter, M. de Villèle. The electoral system proposed by the Ultra-Royalists is singular from its apparently democratic character, and its utter inconsistency with the system adopted by that party, in the modifications which they subsequently effected. The proposed basis was most extensive, the candidates being required to obtain a previous nomination from a body composed of all persons paying fifty francs of direct contributions. M. de Corbières would have preferred a reduction of the qualification to twenty-five francs, and M. Michaud adduced the best arguments in favour of universal suffrage. The advocacy of such plans by those whose influence would have been, as far as we can judge, inevitably destroyed by the proposed extension of the franchise, strikes us as a singular instance of the delusions by which parties frequently ruin themselves. The actual choice of deputies, it is true, was to be made by the electoral college of the department, consisting of persons paying 300 francs, out of the candidates presented by the larger body of electors; but this departmental college itself was to be in a great

measure composed of persons elected by the minor colleges. Bold as were the attempts frequently made by the ultra-royalists to court popularity, by an advocacy of democratic measures utterly incompatible with their general policy, it is not probable that they would have ventured for such a purpose, to trifle with a matter of so permanent an importance as a law of elections. It is more probable that they entertained hopes of being able to obtain the entire controul over the lower class of voters, whom their poverty would have rendered in some parts of the country accessible to the bribes or threats of the great proprietors, and who were in some districts very much under the guidance of the priests.* It is possible that these calculations might for a time have been found correct, as the extreme smallness of the cantonal assemblies would, in a great measure, have nullified the operation of the ballot. After all, however, the influence of the priests and the nobles extends to a very small portion of France; and this would have been entirely neutralized by the strong action of liberal opinions among the lower and middling orders in the greater part of the country, especially if the royalists had ventured on that abuse of power by which they subsequently excited a national resistance to their measures. The commission also proposed, as another amendment of the ministerial project, the substitution of an integral quinquennial renewal of the Chamber, for the annual renewal of one-fifth, established by the Charter. The choice between these two systems was for many years a matter of great contention between parties. In the Deputies the project of M. de Villèle was triumphantly carried, in spite of the united efforts of the ministers and the doctrinaires. It was thrown out by the Chamber of Peers: and as a temporary project for the regulation of the elections of the year was rejected by the Deputies, France was left without any electoral law.

The rupture between the ministers and the Chamber of Deputies was now declared. The Chamber laboured to erect a powerful and proprietary church establishment. A law was passed allowing the church to receive donations from individuals, even such as had been extorted from the dying by their confessors. To devote to the clergy a portion of land to provide for its expenses, did not then appear feasible: but the attempts made to lay the foundations of such a system, and in the mean time to aug-

* "Il n'y a de possibilité," said M. de Villèle, "d'arriver à un résultat de liberté, et de liberté royaliste, qu'en descendant au dernier degré de la hiérarchie sociale, et en réveillant ses intimités avec l'aristocratie." These intimacies, when awakened, seem hardly to be of the kindest nature; nevertheless, the royalists appear still to repose great confidence in them, as may be seen in the advocacy of primary assemblies and universal suffrage, by which the *Gazette de France* is endeavouring to effect the restoration of Henri V.

ment that dignity of the established church which is everywhere supposed to depend on its costliness, brought the Chamber into collision with the budget. The plans of the minister of finance were deranged by the refusal of the Chamber to allow the sale of the national woods, which it wished to reserve as a future donation to the church, and by the large additions made to the salaries of the clergy, especially the bishops. The budget, moreover, was subjected to various alterations, showing the hatred of the territorial proprietors, who composed the majority, for the commercial and manufacturing bodies, and gave opportunities for many violent declarations against that system of centralization which increased the importance of Paris over the provinces. In these denunciations no one was so conspicuous as M. de Villèle, who afterwards carried the abuse of centralization to the highest pitch. The Chamber further laboured in the cause of religion and royalty, by establishing the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI. as a general fast; and for the purpose of promoting religious morality, repealed the existing facilities of divorce, whereby, as M. Lacretelle hints, they gave a great additional stimulus to fornication. Justice to the *Chambre Introuvable* requires us farther to notice the scandalous disorder of its proceedings, which on one occasion, towards the end of the session, compelled M. Lainé to resign the presidency. By none even of the French Chambers, since the Convention, has a disposition to outrage the freedom of debate and the rules of social decorum been carried to such a pitch as by these devotees of order and aristocracy.

It is perfectly obvious that another session of this Chamber would have compromised the existence of the Bourbon dynasty. The conspiracy of Pleignier, and the insurrection at Grenoble, were not events calculated to give the government much alarm; but there were more certain and formidable signs of the growing hostility of the nation to the system pursued by its rulers. The sanguinary proceedings of the *Cours Prévétales* had excited a reaction, which saved some of the last and most illustrious victims offered to them.* The staunchest and ablest friends of the Bourbons regretted and blamed the conduct of the fanatical

* Among these were Cambronne and Drouet, both companions of Napoleon's exile in Elba. The former delighted the audience by the military roughness of his answers. The latter had been particularly active in bringing about the submission of the army of the Loire. After his acquittal he retired to his paternal property, a farm in Lorraine, where, rejecting the employments offered him by the Bourbons, he supported himself and an aged mother by the labour of his hands. Since the revolution of 1830, this modern Cincinnatus was called from his vineyard to a high command in the army, by which he was respected as one of its ablest generals. He was raised to the peerage by the present king, and died soon after.

majority of the Chamber. The king was exceedingly offended by their opposition to a policy of which he had marked his approbation; and by their animosity to Decazes, whose insinuating manners and firmness had pleased and encouraged him. Nor was the advice of foreign powers wanting to impel the king to dissolve the Chamber. So alarmed were the allied monarchs, by the apprehension of a second expulsion of the Bourbons and a renewed war, so displeased at the folly which rendered the recurrence of such a catastrophe probable, that it is asserted by the "Homme d'Etat" that they had listened with favour to a plan suggested by the exiles at Brussels, for dethroning the Bourbons, and placing the Prince of Orange on the throne of France. When Richelieu came round to the proposition of Decazes for the dissolution of the Chamber, he applied to the Emperor Alexander for an exertion of his influence with Louis XVIII. The emperor immediately complied with this request, and wrote an autograph letter to Louis, advising the dissolution of the Chamber. The same advice was tendered by most of the ambassadors; and Louis, encouraged by the opinion of foreigners, and the assurances of a general support from the country, yielded to the advice of his cabinet, and issued the famous ordonnance of the 5th of September, whereby he dissolved the Chamber, and summoned a new one to be elected in strict accordance with the system of the charter.

The ordonnance of the 5th of September was deplored by the ultra-royalists as a fatal blow to the monarchy; and the ministers who advised it were represented by them to be the worst of traitors. It was the commencement, indeed, of a system which, while it lasted, proved fatal to their fanatical plans, conciliated the legitimate monarchy with the Charter, and brought the country to a comparatively extraordinary state of tranquillity and wealth. The ultra-royalists entered the Chamber to the number of 100: and in the first year proved a troublesome minority. Every annual renewal, however, replaced some of their body by liberal or ministerial deputies; the former greatly preponderated, their party having abandoned the fruitless game of conspiracy, and united their efforts in securing electoral influence. Among those who successively entered the Chamber were Foy, Manuel, Chauvelin, and Constant. Tranquillity gradually succeeded to the dread of re-actions; and the Charter came to be regarded as a positive security for liberty and order. The repressive laws adopted in the first year of the Restoration were gradually dispensed with. The functions of the Cours Prévôtales ceased. The law suspending personal liberty was continued for one year longer, and having been but little used, was not again renewed. The censorship

was renewed during 1817 and 1818, in spite of the eloquence which M. de Villèle exerted in favour of an entire liberty of the press: during 1819 the press was allowed perfect freedom. A law was adopted to punish offences of the press, which, severe and vague as it was, so displeased the ultra-royalists, as to obtain from them the designation of the *loi athée*; and the offences cognizable under it were submitted to the trial by jury. An election law was adopted in accordance with the plan laid down in the Charter and the ordonnance of September. The National Guard was taken out of the hands of the Comte d'Artois, who, by the power of appointing the officers, had exercised the greatest influence over that body, and had in some places, as at Nîmes, succeeded in bringing it to something of the nature of the royalist volunteers of Spain. The Duc de Richelieu had the good fortune to succeed in shortening by two years the period of the occupation by the allied armies, and in completely liberating the soil of France from its invaders. The payment of the enormous tribute imposed by the treaty of Paris was anticipated by successful financial operations, which evinced the credit and wealth of the country. A national army was organized under the care of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr; and its future composition regulated by that admirable law bearing his name, which secured the popular constitution of the army from the encroachments subsequently made by the royalists on all other institutions.

To the influence of Decazes the improved policy of this period is almost wholly to be ascribed. The well-intentioned but timid Duc de Richelieu shrunk ere long from the bold course on which he had entered. The great accession to the liberal party, caused by the elections of 1818, scared him with a renewed terror of the preponderance of the Jacobin party; and he insisted on some alterations of the election law. On this subject a conflict arose between him and M. Decazes, which ended in the dissolution of the cabinet. The duke, after a vain attempt to form a fresh ministry, resigned, and the charge was entrusted to Decazes, who was more successful. General Dessolles was placed at the head of the new cabinet, in which, however, Decazes was the real leader, and took the office of Minister of the Interior. A contest immediately arose on the subject of the electoral system. A modification of a slight nature was proposed by M. Barthélemy, and in spite of the warm opposition of the ministers, an address to request the king to propose a new electoral law was carried in the Chamber of Peers. An instant creation of sixty peers reassured a majority to the minister, and proved the attachment of the king to his policy. In the Chamber of Deputies, where M. Lainé, from the chief supporter of the electoral law

had now become its most vehement opponent, the proposition of a change met with no success.

The fortunes of the law of elections were, indeed, most singular. Were we to deduce the usual judgment from the abandonment it successively experienced on the part of all its first supporters, among whom this change of opinion became more decided as experience furnished fresh proofs of the mode in which the law operated, we should be inclined to think that only defects of the most serious nature could have deprived it of the partial approbation of its authors. When we recollect, however, that these successive deserters were the ministers whose power it at various times restricted, and that its adherents among the great mass of the people, instead of diminishing, were constantly on the increase, we may be inclined to think that it lost favour in the eyes of its original creators, only because it proved on trial to be too efficient a protection for the people. The change exhibited by MM. de Richelieu and Lainé was repeated ere the close of the year by MM. Decazes and De Serre, who had distinguished themselves as their most strenuous opponents. The same cause appears to have converted M. Decazes as that which had terrified his predecessor. The result of the renewal of the autumn of 1819 was a still greater triumph on the part of the liberals than even those of the preceding occasions. Another such would have given that party the decided command of the Chamber. M. Decazes, who was anxious to prevent the predominance of either party, saw with alarm that he was on the point of being subjected to one on the gratitude of which he had indeed many claims, but to which he had marked great distrust, and from which he had received numerous manifestations of corresponding suspicion and hostility.

The rupture of Decazes with the Liberals is perhaps the most interesting and most debated point of the reign of Louis XVIII. It occasioned the downfall of that system which had done so much for the prosperity of France, had established tranquillity and constitutional government. It gave rise to a commencement of a second disastrous period of reaction, subjected the country for many years to the oppressive rule of the priests and their faction, and imposed the necessity of the Revolution, which put a violent end to that evil. The blame of this unfortunate event we are at first inclined to throw on the Liberals. It seems natural to accuse them of ingratitude in exerting their power against a minister to whom their cause was so much indebted; and to blame them still more for compromising the interests of their country by too eagerly grasping at a predominance of which a little time and a little prudence would assuredly have put them in possession.

Yet there is very little in their conduct to justify this charge. They had, it is true, made various reductions in the budget of 1819, presented petitions praying for the pardon of the political exiles, proposed different popular alterations in the organization of the police and the national guard, and demanded an improved system of municipal administration. There were none, surely, of these or their other acts which marked so strong a disposition to encroachment as to require an alteration of the law which allowed them admission into the Chamber. Their chief error, perhaps, was the openly opposing the ministerial candidates in the elections, and securing the return of deputies avowedly hostile to M. Decazes' policy. This, however, was the act of the majority of the electors of France; from a body so large it is vain to expect any exhibition of that prudence which consists in dissimulation. It was for M. Decazes to concede to the declared opinion of the electoral body. It might be natural for him to feel provoked at being forced into a change of system, or a resignation, by the opposition of that party which he himself had restored to political power; but his personal wrongs were not to be redressed by a sacrifice of the system, which, up to the moment that it came into collision with his own power, he had supported as necessary to the good government of France. The published portion of the work of the "*Homme d'Etat*" does not extend to this period, and we are consequently deprived of the information or arguments which M. Decazes or his partizan will doubtless adduce in support of his conduct. Until further revelations are made, the blame of this unfortunate schism must rest rather on M. Decazes than on the Liberals. Greatly superior as was his policy in principles to that of most, in skilfulness of execution to that of all of the ministers of Louis XVIII., we must regret that a contingency arose which showed that he was either incapable of thoroughly understanding representative government, or of sacrificing his system or his power to its maintenance.

The design of altering the election law, and of renewing the laws of exception against the press and personal liberty, was announced at the commencement of the session: the determination of the ministers had been previously manifested by the retirement of Dessolles, St. Cyr, and Louis, from the cabinet. From the very first an open hostility was carried on between the ministry and the left of the Chamber; and the former secured with difficulty a majority on a few occasions by the aid of the Ultra-Royalists, whose language showed, however, that their deep hostility to M. Decazes was in no wise abated. Thus was the exclusion of the Abbé Gregoire carried, and the rejection of the numerous petitions which poured in from every part of France

against any alteration in the law of elections. It was evident, however, that the Royalists were as much as ever bent on the destruction of Decazes: and on the 13th of February, 1820, the assassination of the Duc de Berry gave them the means of effecting their object. The court rung with denunciations of the minister, whose encouragement of the Liberals was said to have led to this catastrophe; even in the Chamber it was proposed by M. Clausel de Coussergues to impeach M. Decazes as an accomplice of the murderer. The weak mind of Louis XVIII. could not stand the urgent entreaties of his family, which turned its misfortune to the profit of its political influence, and he sacrificed the only minister for whose person he had ever felt attachment. M. Decazes remained in office just long enough to introduce the new law of elections and the laws against personal liberty and the press, and was then replaced by the Duc de Richelieu.

The murder of the Duc de Berry was a most fatal event for the liberties of France. Not only did it excite a reaction of the most deplorable nature in the mind of the king, but that reaction extended to the nation, roused the feelings of all men in favour of a family assailed by the assassin, gave confidence and popularity to the royalists, and subjected the liberals to most unjust odium. The assassin Louvel, an ignorant, enthusiastic, melancholy man, declared that he had no accomplices; and that the only suggestion of his crime had proceeded from an internal voice. It is evident that an act, which, not to speak of its atrocity, was in no way calculated to promote the interests of any party, was most probably not the result of a conspiracy: it was doubtless suggested in some of those moody wanderings of the mind which folly oft-times receives as the dictates of something which it calls duty or conscience. No traces of any plot or any accomplice were discovered during the investigations instituted by the police, or the evidence given at the trial: but the crime of the solitary fanatic exercised an extensive influence on the fortunes of his country.

The small band of ultra-royalists in the Chamber now lent their support to the Duc de Richelieu, who had undertaken the mission of restoring the preponderance of the party which he had previously overthrown. The united strength of the ministerial and royalist parties enabled them to gain a triumph over the vigorous opposition of the liberals, who manfully united to resist the commencement of a system of reaction. It is pleasing to record the admirable conduct of the great body of the doctrinaires, who on this occasion did not suffer themselves to be turned from the support of constitutional freedom by any of that timidity, or those theories of a somewhat passive obedience, which have in

other instances fatally influenced their conduct. The laws of exception were carried with great difficulty in the Chamber of Deputies: a still more violent and equal contest occurred on the law of elections, which each party regarded as the death-struggle. The law as prepared by the Duc de Richelieu, (for that of Decazes did not appear to him sufficiently effectual,) added 172 new deputies, who were to be elected by departmental colleges, composed of the fifth of the original electors paying the highest direct contributions: the 258 members of which the Chamber was composed, were still to represent the colleges of the arrondissements of the department as before; these colleges were still to be composed of all persons paying 300 francs of direct contributions; but they were not to be allowed absolutely to elect deputies, but only to present candidates, out of whom the choice was to be made by the departmental colleges. After alternate successes, in which the triumph of each party was decided by the smallest majorities, the establishment of the departmental colleges was carried by a majority of six. A still more obstinate struggle took place on that which involved the system of election of candidates presented by one college to the other; and the ministry consented to give up this, and leave to each class of colleges the independent choice of its own representatives, on condition of allowing the voters of the departmental colleges to retain their vote in those of the arrondissement. The change introduced by this law, was then simply that of adding 172 members elected by the richest portion of the electors, to whom a double vote was thus given: a change inconsistent with the terms of the charter, and calculated to give a most undue preponderance to the great proprietors. The struggle in the Chamber was most violent: the intense interest felt by the nation exhibited itself in the excitement which prevailed in Paris, and which ultimately occasioned tumults of the most serious nature during the course of the discussion.

The fatal change in public opinion occasioned by the murder of the Duc de Berry, was manifested in the ensuing elections. Not only were the 172 members returned by the newly-created departmental colleges, with few exceptions, of one or other of the different shades of the royalist party; but even in the ordinary elections of the fifth for the year, the liberals, instead of continuing the career of success in which they had been advancing for some years, were beaten by their opponents. The command of the Chamber thus now assured to the royalists; and with greater prudence did that party now enter in a career of reaction and counter-revolution: not so violent as that undertaken by the Chambre Introuvable, but destined to last much longer, and subject the

liberties and happiness of France to greater peril. The Duc de Richelieu, whose peculiar supporters were not numerous, retained power for some time by occupying an intermediate position between the two extreme parties. He was inclined to pursue a policy mainly tending in the same direction as that of the ultra-royalists: a concession perhaps involuntarily made to them was the admission of Villèle and Corbières to subordinate situations in his cabinet. His use of power however was moderate: he still discouraged the extravagance of the party to which he had again allied himself. Unsupported however by the vigour of Decazes, he could ill discharge the task of repressing that powerful faction. His ministry served but as a foundation for their future domination, and was dismissed when it was thought practicable to enter on a bolder system of reaction.

The intrigues of the ultra-royalist party had put them in possession of all the subordinate offices of the administration, even before they were enabled to place their leader ostensibly at the head of the government. Under the name of the Congregation, the insidious system of the Jesuits had again found its way into France; and from the establishment at Montrouge, proceeded the ramifications of that mysterious and secret association which comprehended every class of the devotees of legitimacy and priestcraft. The disposal of ministerial patronage became entirely subordinate to the dictates of this occult body: a recommendation from Montrouge was a sure passport to office: its absence as sure a bar to advancement. The various functionaries throughout the country were bound to the Congregation by gratitude for past, or hope of future favours; and fulfilled with eager zeal the orders or wishes of the priesthood. The emissaries of the Jesuits dispersed themselves through the land,

“As thicke as motes in the sunne beame,”

and every commune of France was vexed by the zeal of a curé or a missionary. Discomfort was sedulously brought home to every man's hearth, and the peace of families destroyed by the agency of the confessor. An unrelenting war was carried on against the amusements of the people: the theatre was denounced as incompatible with the ascetical gloom of true devotion; and even the Sunday dance on the village green was prohibited and persecuted. To enumerate these constant vexations, or to describe their maddening effect on the persons subjected to their operation, is not for us to undertake: they have been immortalized by the indigation and eloquence of Courier. The sincere friends of religion saw the conduct of its unwise and dishonest partizans with equal regret. Religion, instead of being endeared to the people,

became ridiculous and odious in their eyes. In vain were preachings, legends, and even miracles multiplied : in vain were the solemn rites of Catholicism paraded before all eyes. The missionaries penetrated into all parts of France, planted their crosses in highways and market places, and brought back their idle tales of numerous and enthusiastic converts. Their crosses, and preachings, and processions, excited the smile or the disgust of the people ; their entrance into a town was a signal for a general demand for the representation of the " *Tartuffe* : " the disorder which attended sometimes amounted to riot, and was quelled by force and bloodshed : and the accounts of the progress of the missionary wending his way amid an indignant and resisting people, remind us of the Irish clergy collecting their tithes, attended by horse, foot, and field-pieces, amid the imprecations and slaughter of their flock.

The ministry of Richelieu was at length destroyed by a parliamentary defeat. A law introduced by the ministers to punish the offences of the press, was attacked by the liberals to whose principles it was opposed, and by the ultra-royalists, who displayed a sudden zeal in behalf of the freedom of the press. The Duc de Richelieu was forced to yield to this combination : and the ministry of Villèle, Corbières, and Peyronnet, succeeded. The first act of these most profligate ministers was characterized by the shameless inconsistency of their party. The law proposed by Richelieu was abandoned, and in its place, a still severer repressive measure and a revival of the censorship were substituted. A ready majority followed the tergiversation of their leaders ; and the eloquent and constant opposition of the liberal deputies was in vain opposed to the reactionary course of the Chamber.

The disgust excited in the popular mind by the conduct of the legislature, combined with a very natural despair, was the occasion of that disposition to secret associations and conspiracies which now marked the conduct of the Liberals. Numerous secret societies were formed, and a society of Carbonari subsisted for a while. In the army particularly these plots were very numerous. Whilst they lasted, these societies terrified the government, but also essentially injured the cause of liberty, and compromised the characters and lives of persons whom their own imprudence or the villainy of the police drew into such conspiracies as those of Saumur, Colmar, and Rochelle. The last serious attempt to corrupt the army, and overturn the government by conspiracy, occurred at the commencement of the Spanish war. It was the success of that iniquitous enterprize that showed the hopelessness of plots, and thereby more materially advanced the return of constitutional freedom, than even by the false security

which its success gave the government, or the disgust which the principles on which it was conducted inspired. From that time secret associations and treasonable plots ceased, and the discontented nation employed its energies in organizing that peaceful and legal resistance which speedily and completely triumphed.

Nevertheless the undertaking and success of the Spanish war gave a great appearance of glory and stability to the government, and at the time considerably strengthened the hands of the royalist party. The expulsion of Manuel on a frivolous pretext is a glaring instance of the audacious defiance of representative government, by which the conduct of the majority was characterized. The consequent secession of the left side, though the most excusable step of the kind ever taken by an outraged minority, seems, like all other secessions, to have injured the popularity of the opposition. The dissolution which took place in the end of 1823 completed the triumph of the ministry; the liberal party was thoroughly discouraged, and their defeat was insured by the gross partiality with which the agents of government conducted the elections. Only seventeen, or at the most twenty Liberals, entered the next Chamber: the strenuous exertions of that small but noble band acted powerfully on the public, but had no immediate effect in checking the organized encroachments of the majority. The power of Villèle and the Chamber was confirmed by the Septennial Law. On this occasion, as on some during the secession in the previous session, the ministers experienced a fierce opposition from M. de la Bourdonnaye and a body of the most furious ultra-royalists, whose passionate declamations in favour of freedom and economy the discernment of public contempt has universally attributed to their discontent at being left out of office. On the occasion of the proposition for the reduction of the rentes, a more steady and reasonable opposition was experienced from the Chamber of Peers, which was destined afterwards to shield the nation from more formidable attempts to establish misgovernment. The policy of the ministers was, however, in the main triumphant. Bad as it was, it was not yet so daring as it appeared in the next reign. Their opposition to some of the insane projects of de la Bourdonnaye, and to a proposition made by the Archbishop of Paris for a Law of Sacrilege, showed a moderation and regard for public opinion, which were afterwards thrown off.

At the end of the reign of Louis XVIII., the system of royalist reaction and the influence of the Congregation were in full vigour. In August, 1824, a complete revision of all public offices was accomplished by the *protégés* of Montrouge; a new ministerial department, with a seat in the cabinet, was created by the ap-

pointment of a Minister of Religion; and Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, was invested with the important office. But the progress of the party to further power was reserved for the reign and paternal superintendence of another monarch. The health of Louis, which had been infirm since his restoration, had been for some years breaking. On the 18th of September, 1824, he died, after a short illness; and with his reign we must close this article, which has already been extended to an excessive length. Indeed the guides which we had taken have long since deserted us, and we have continued a narrative from other sources, in order to give our readers an unbroken view of the entire reign of the first of the restored Bourbons. To complete the description of the character and fortunes of that dynasty, we trust in some future number to give a view of the equally interesting reign of Charles X.; of the subsequent career and downfall of the Villèle ministry, the interval of moderate and constitutional government, the appointment of Polignac and the consequent violent system of royalist reaction, and the final overthrow and expulsion of the dynasty of the Restoration.

The narrative which we have given above requires little additional comment to convey its import to our readers. The character of the restored dynasty, and the causes which decided its fate, lie on the surface of the events which we have described. From the simplest observation of them we may see the exact position of the Bourbons, the conduct by which they might have secured the peaceable continuance of their power, and the faults by which they forfeited its possession. In this respect the reign which we have now examined is peculiarly instructive. The reign of Charles X. exhibits a long and progressive series of misrule, wound up by the striking catastrophe which was its natural result. That of Louis XVIII. exhibits a still more varied instruction. It had some bright and happy periods—some in which the wise conduct of the monarch gave a fair chance to the experiment of constitutional monarchy—and showed how easily the rule of the ancient race of kings might have been reconciled with the feelings and institutions of modern France, and formed a durable basis for freedom and order.

The character of Louis XVIII. was, indeed, by no means incompatible with the position of a constitutional king. He possessed, it is true, none of the high moral or intellectual qualities which his flatterers attributed to him. Cold, indolent and selfish, he appears to have felt no generous sympathy with his people, nor ever to have warmly exerted himself to promote their good. His affections were confined to a few individuals to whom habit or necessity had attached him, and even in these cases his friendship had little permanence.

So far from possessing that "divine mercy," which his courtiers attributed to him, he appears to have been unfeeling, harsh, and even somewhat cruel. Equally unmerited were the praises lavished on him as a great and wise king. He exhibited no proof of genius as a legislator, no capacity for organizing his country, or improving its administration. His information and reading appear to have been confined in a great measure to light literature, and a knowledge of the mere events of history; and his reputation as an author, which the admiring confidants of his literary labours had largely extolled, has been completely destroyed by the mediocrity of his published works. Nevertheless, though possessed of none of the great qualities which have fitted some great monarchs for the task of elevating a nation, he was endued with quite sufficient good sense to make a proper use of the power with which circumstances invested him. His distinguishing characteristic was prudence: he saw that popularity was the best guarantee for the security of his throne, and therefore tried to acquire it, and as far as he found it consistent with his ease, took pains to obtain the good will of his subjects. He was attached to the ideas, feelings, habits and institutions of the ancient régime, more from early associations than any strong opinion of their fitness. In fact he was perfectly aware of their incompatibility with the state of things which he found established in France on his return, and very strongly impressed with a sense of the course of policy which it was expedient for him to pursue. In his conduct, therefore, we perceive none of the daring and reckless fanaticism which impelled his brother to hazard his crown for the re-establishment of priestcraft and absolute power. The violence of his own partisans filled him with alarm and disgust; it shocked his notions of good taste; and interfered with the crafty and cautious policy by which he hoped to secure the predominance of the system which he preferred. Nor does he seem to have been wanting in patriotic inclinations. His sympathies, though not strong, were good: he felt for the honour of France; and seems to have been led by his judgment, if not by strong sensibility, to interest himself in the welfare of his people, and study, by his policy, to secure their well being. His great fault—the fault which neutralized his good sense—was the weakness and pliancy of disposition which prevented his putting his own prudent views into practice, and rendered him the mere instrument of the more energetic bigots who surrounded him. It is the fate of those weak men who submit to the guidance of others, ultimately to fall under the dominion of those who are the least scrupulous as to the means of acquiring or maintaining their ascendancy. Thus Louis sometimes asserted his own policy,

adopted the advice of enlightened counsellors, and experienced the benefit resulting to himself and the nation from a prudent system of government. But in general, he submitted, though unwillingly, to the influence of his family; and conceded his own better inclinations to the extravagant demands of his fanatical brother or imperious niece.

All would have gone well for the royal family and France, had Louis, on his first restoration, been under better guidance. It is true that from the commencement to the end of the period preceding the Hundred Days, the Comte d'Artois had no influence over his brother, was almost in open disgrace, and indeed in avowed opposition. But the authority which he had acquired by the organization of the Royalists in the departments was great, and had a most pernicious effect. Nor indeed was the ascendancy of the Comte de Blacas much less pernicious than that of the Comte d'Artois. It was sufficient to neutralize the sagacity and moderation of Talleyrand, to encourage the pretensions and excesses of the royalists and the priests, to alarm the country, and to keep the king in perfect ignorance of the fatal effects of the system which he was pursuing.

The opportunity lost during the first restoration was never recovered. The second restoration, palpably effected by foreign force, placed the king in a far more difficult position than that which he had previously occupied. The humiliation and suffering which accompanied it imprinted on its origin an unpopularity which was never effaced; the alarm and indignation excited in the mind of the king forced him to throw himself into the arms of the ultra-royalists, and thus to countenance for a while those violent measures of re-action, which aggravated the calamities of France, and the animosity of parties. There can be little doubt that had Charles been then on the throne, the system of the *Chambre Introuvable* would have been continued for some time longer: that the indignation of the people would have been roused by further aggression; and that a popular insurrection, countenanced even by the allies, would have repeated the catastrophe of the hundred days, or rather anticipated that of 1830. The ordinance of September, 1819, which arrested the royalist reaction, does honour to the prudence of Louis. The period which followed rewarded that prudence; and proved the fallacy of the coercive system that had been adopted as the best means of upholding the throne. A constitutional system of government was honoured, by the obedience, the affection, and the prosperity of the nation. During the ascendancy of the principles of M. Decazes, the confidence of the people in the good intentions of the government gave to that government a stability which it had

never before possessed. Opposition displayed itself only in the discussions of the tribune and the press : plots and revolts entirely ceased. The certain marks of good and popular government were seen in the industry as well as the tranquillity of the people : and the prosperity of France was the consequence of the cessation of political discord and alarm.

The second period of ultra-royalist domination commenced with the murder of the Duc de Berry, but for which the rupture between Decazes and the liberal party would probably soon have been healed. It is difficult to blame the old and infirm monarch for the change of policy into which he was driven by the alarm naturally excited by that horrible event. Terrified, and unwilling to oppose any resistance to the precautions suggested by the grief or terror of his family, he resigned himself to their guidance. The policy of his reign after this period, which he used to call that of his abdication, was no longer his; from 1820 to 1824, he reigned in name, but the measures adopted, and the responsibility incurred, were those of his successor. A system of continued aggression on the charter, a renewed, though milder, reaction commenced from the second return of the ultra-royalist party to power, and had its greatest developement and final overthrow in the reign of Charles X. In the last period of the reign of Louis XVIII. the discontent and suspicion of the people exhibited a partial renewal of the plots, mutinies, and sanguinary executions of the first period of re-action. The ultra-royalist ascendancy was established by successive triumphs over the charter. The Law of Elections gave that party a decided majority in the Chamber of Deputies : the Septennial Law secured it a lengthened enjoyment of that advantage : the Spanish war gave it the controul of the army, and the possession of a physical force sufficient to repress insurrection. Thus was organized that power with which, in the ensuing reign, Villèle ventured on attacking the popular institutions of the nation, and on forcing on it the yoke of the clergy. And at the same time was organized the resistance of the people to his system ; that national discontent, which soon flung off the dangerous secrecy of cabals and conspiracies, elevated its bold but peaceable opposition in the Chamber, in the journals, and in the courts of justice ; and with the mutilated guarantees, which the aggressive faction had left the liberties of France, finally overthrew the power which had been constructed by a long series of audacious, crafty, and unwise schemes.

ART. V.—*Critisk Undersøgelse af Saxos Histories syo Sidster Bøger*: Ved Dr. Peter Erasmus Müller, Biskop i Siølland. Kiøbenhavn, 1830.

THE reign of the Danish kings Valdemar I. (the Great), and of his son Knut or Canute VI. (1157—1202), was a remarkable period of premature light and improvement in the history of the middle ages. The complete security enjoyed by the kingdom in consequence of the suppression of the piratical incursions of the pagan Wends, and other barbarous tribes, on the borders of the Baltic sea, was followed by the natural consequence of rapid improvement in all the arts of life. The progress of civilization, measured by any modern standard, was, indeed, painfully slow, and almost imperceptible. The stage of comparative advancement it had now reached was followed by a long night of ignorance and barbarity, extending to the period of the Reformation. But if the account given by Adam of Bremen, of the internal state of Denmark, little more than a century before this period, be compared with that of Arnold of Lubeck, whose chronicle was written at the commencement of the thirteenth century, a sensible improvement will be manifest in agriculture, commerce, and the arts of life connected with those branches of industry.

"The Danes," says this chronicler, "having for a long time carried on an extensive trade with Germany, have adopted the arms and dress used by other nations. Formerly they were clothed in the garb of mariners, because the nation was always engaged in expeditions by sea. Now they are luxuriously dressed in stuffs of various colours, and even purple and fine linen. The source of their riches is the fishery on the coast of Scania, which is frequented by the vessels of all nations, who exchange their most valuable wares for the fish which the divine goodness so liberally bestows upon this people. The country of the Danes is also full of fine horses, fed in their fertile pastures; and they distinguish themselves in war by their cavalry as well as naval armaments. They have besides made no inconsiderable progress in learning. The nobility of that country are accustomed to send their sons to Paris, to be instructed in the learning necessary for the ecclesiastical profession as well as civil life. In this manner they have acquired a thorough knowledge of the French tongue, and have become well versed in theology and the belles-lettres; and as they have a natural aptitude for study, have become not only subtle logicians, but able canonists, and deeply versed in the learning necessary for the management of ecclesiastical affairs. Lastly, religion flourishes eminently among the Danes, *as one may judge by the great numbers of convents of monks of various orders founded by the Archbishop of Lund, the pious Eskill, who, after resigning all his dignities, retired to finish his holy life in the monastery of Clairvaux.*"*

* Chron. Slav. lib. iii. cap. 5. Arnold was Abbot of the Benedictine Monks at Lubeck. His work is a continuation of the Slavonic Chronicle of Helmoldus.

This eulogium is followed by our chronicler with that of Absalon, who succeeded Eskill in the archiepiscopal see of Lund, and was equally distinguished as a churchman, warrior, and statesman. Absalon was then Bishop of Røskilde. His real or affected reluctance to accept the high dignity of Primate and Apostolical Legate of the North was overcome by the commands of King Valdemar, the authority of the Pope, and the clamours of the people, who declared that they would have no other archbishop. Absalon, whose Danish name of *Axel* was thus latinized, after the fashion of the age, was born near Sorø, in the island of Zealand, in 1128. He died in 1201, the year preceding the decease of his beloved friend and sovereign, Canute. He had constantly guided by his counsels, and followed, or rather led, both Canute and his predecessor Valdemar the Great, in all their warlike expeditions, until his strength was at last exhausted by old age and unremitted toil. He was of the same illustrious stock which had already produced so many distinguished Danish prelates and warriors, being descended from the famous Palnatoke on the father's side, and on the mother's from St. Canute the king. His immediate paternal ancestors were distinguished military chieftains (*höfdingjar*), and though destined for the church, he was early trained in all the manly exercises becoming his illustrious birth, which in that age were by no means thought incompatible with the clerical character. The young nobleman was sent to pursue his studies in the University of Paris, where a college for students of the Danish nation (*Collegium Dacicum*) had been founded in the reign of Louis VII. Here he was instructed in canon law, and in philosophy and theology, as they were taught in the twelfth century. He also imbibed a taste for Greek and Roman literature, and returning to his native country with a high reputation for learning and talents, became connected in the most intimate bonds of friendship with Valdemar. In 1158, the episcopal see of Røskilde having become vacant, a sharp dissention ensued between the clergy and the people respecting the choice of a bishop. The latter had not yet lost their original share in the episcopal election, and were often disposed to exercise their right of confirmation contrary to the wishes of the clergy. The king declared to the dean and chapter, that though their cathedral had been founded and endowed by the liberality of his royal predecessors, he would in no wise interfere with their liberty of choice. There were three candidates for the vacant see, and the name of Absalon was added to the list "on account of his merit;" the king commanded four books to be laid out upon a table, in which the clergy inscribed their votes, and it was found upon inspection that

all the suffrages were united in favour of Absalon. His election was confirmed by the acclamations of the people.

"At this time," says the *Knyttlingasaga*, "died Bishop Ossur, and Absalon, Asbjörn Snarre's brother, was chosen bishop in his place. This Absalon was a wise man and the best of clerks, and afterwards became a very great chieftain."

In this assuming the episcopal crosier, Absalon did not lay down the sword he had so often drawn to chastise the pirate Wends, the enemies of his religion and country. He left his episcopal palace to fall to decay, whilst he built upon the shores of his island-diocese rude huts of boughs and turf, where he watched night and day, guarding his flock like a true shepherd against the stealthy approaches of the heathen wolves. Even in the dead of winter he cruised along the coasts of Zealand to interrupt the sea-rovers, and was often called from the altar, where he was performing divine service, to march against these ferocious foes. He was once preparing to celebrate Palm-Sunday at Røskilde, when information was suddenly brought him that a powerful band of Wends had landed from their ships, and were laying waste the country, plundering and destroying on all sides. Absalon hastily armed his "housecarles," choristers, and other church vassals, with as many of the neighbouring peasantry as he could collect, and making a sudden onset upon the enemy, drove them back to their ships with signal slaughter. The patriot-prelate also swayed by his wisdom and eloquence the decisions of the popular assembly of the "Lands-thing," which were too often overborne by the factious violence of the turbulent magnates. After his accession to the archiepiscopal throne, the sphere of his patriotic exertions became enlarged, so as to embrace the whole kingdom. He erected on the coasts of the islands and the continental provinces of Scania and Jutland, strongholds to defend the land against the harassing incursions of the Baltic pirates. Among other positions he fortified the present capital of Denmark, then an obscure fishing village, with a strong castle, against the sea-rovers, upon the spot where now stands the magnificent palace of Christiansborg.* At the same time Absalon founded, and richly endowed, monasteries for the various fraternities of monks, who swarmed from the Catholic countries of southern and western Europe. The primate reformed the abuses which had

* The fortress erected by the archbishop was called *Axel Huus*, Absalon's House,—and in the diplomas of the time, *Castrum de Havn*. The town afterwards received the name of *Kjøbmanshaven*, or "Merchants' Harbour," whence the modern name *Kiøbenhavn*. Mallet says, that mention is made at this period of the site of the Danish capital for the first time. But this is a mistake; it is mentioned in the Icelandic Sagas as early as the war between Svend Estrithson and King Magnus of Norway, under the name of *Höfn*, as in *Knyttlingasaga*, kap. xxii.

gradually crept into the discipline of the national church, and established uniformity of worship in the place of the various rituals imported by the Anglo-Saxon and German priests, by whom Christianity had been originally planted in Denmark. He vindicated with the sword the claim of the clergy to tithes as a legal right, which had been long and pertinaciously resisted by the nation as the most grievous burthen sought to be imposed upon them by the Romish see. These are the monuments of Absalon's fame on which the cotemporary annalists delight to dwell with the most complacency. But his fairest title to the esteem of posterity must be sought for in his unaffected love of letters and patronage of learned men. Besides the knowledge of the classical writers of Greece and Rome, acquired in his early studies at Paris, he was familiarly acquainted with the works of the Icelandic Skalds and Sagamen. He retained in his service one Arnold, a native Icclander, a man well versed in the poetry and history of the ancient North, consulted him on the most important occasions, and was generally accompanied by him on his military expeditions against the pirate Wends. The primate was a zealous antiquarian, and rescued from destruction many a Runic inscription, which, but for his care, would have been irretrievably lost. He is said to have founded and endowed the monastery of Sorö with the express view that the colony of Cistercian monks planted there should devote themselves to the task of recording the national annals. The same motives induced him to stimulate and patronize the historical labours of Saxo Grammaticus and Sueno Aggonis. Although a man of strong and cultivated mind, Absalon was far from being exempt from the deeply rooted prejudices of his age. He believed implicitly in the augury of dreams and prodigies; but in a much more enlightened period the gifted Melancthon put full faith in the puerilities of astrology, and the warrior-bishop of the twelfth century must not be judged by modes of thinking universally current in the nineteenth. His character is well summed up, according to the prevailing notions of his own times, by his cotemporary Abbot William, a French monk from the convent of St. Genevieve, at Paris, whom Absalon had invited to Denmark, and who was subsequently employed by him in several important negotiations with the Court of Rome.

"He was," says William, "distinguished for wisdom in council, the ornament of the clerical order, charitable to the distressed and needy, a pious friend of the monks of whatever fraternity, a terror to the pagan Wends, the jewel of the faith, the mirror of nobility and virtue, a burning and shining light in God's church, and its strong, unshaken pillar."*

* The life and character of Archbishop Absalon has been recently illustrated by Professor Estrup, in a biographical sketch entitled *Absalon, om Held, Staatsman, og Biskop*.

Saxo, surnamed Grammaticus, was a churchman, and secretary or chancellor to Archbishop Absalon, who sent him to Paris for the purpose of inviting Abbot William to Denmark. The particular circumstances of Saxo's life are involved in great obscurity. The period of his birth is uncertain, but he died in 1204, having spent twenty years of his life in the composition of a Danish History, in Latin, from the earliest times to the reign of Canute VI. The first part of his work relating to the heroic or Pagan age, though not entirely destitute of authority, is filled with many incredible fictions, borrowed partly from the romantic and mythic songs and sagas of that period, or from sources quite foreign to real Danish history. But the last seven books, which is the portion of his work examined by the learned Bishop Müller in the memoir now before us, and containing the annals of Denmark from the time of Harald Gormson, may, for the most part, be regarded as authentic history, though it cannot always be reconciled with the Icelandic accounts recently brought to light by the diligence of the national antiquaries. Saxo's Latin style is highly wrought, often eloquent, and always lively and picturesque, though not faultless, nor in general formed upon the best classical models. But when considered as the work of a Danish ecclesiastic in the twelfth century, it may be regarded as a prodigy of taste and genius, worthy of the warm commendations extorted from a scholar like Erasmus, who praises its copiousness and rapid flow of language, its glowing fervour, and admirable variety of figures, so that he could never sufficiently wonder whence a Danish writer of that age could acquire such a powerful eloquence.*

The posterity of Knut or Canute the Great, having failed in the person of Harde-Knut or Hardecanute King of Denmark and England, in 1042, the Danish nation called to the vacant succession Svend, son of Canute's sister Estrith and of Ulfr Jarl, who left by his various wives and concubines a numerous progeny of sons, five of whom reigned after him successively to the exclusion of the children of each. Immediately upon his death, a contest for the vacant sceptre arose between his eldest son Harald and a younger son Knut, who had been recommended to the choice of the nation in preference to his elder brother by Svend Estrithson himself. According to Saxo, the election was held at the Iseford

* The best edition of Saxo is that of Stephanus, Soræ, 1644, fol. A new and improved edition may soon be expected from the learned Bishop P. E. Müller, whose deep knowledge of the Icelandic authorities will probably enable him to throw new light upon this valuable historical monument, and to purify the text from the corruptions which have crept in for the want of MSS. there being no complete one now extant.

in Zealand, but the author of *Knytlingasaga* says it was at Viborg in Jutland. "The two brothers, Knut and Harald, went to Jutland, for there the king was to be elected at Viborg-thing; there was a great multitude assembled." The claims of Harald finally prevailed. He was duly proclaimed king, and made a progress through the provinces, where his election was confirmed, and he received the homage of the people in the different "lands-thing." His competitor Knut was appeased by being created "Jarl of Zealand," with a commission to guard the island from the ravages of the Pagan sea-rovers, and by a solemn promise ratified by the oaths of all the chieftains (höfðingjar) that he should be king after his brother Harald, in case he survived him.

The kingdom continued to be distracted for more than a century after this period by bloody contentions for a crown which was partly elective and partly hereditary, the choice being always confined to the descendants of Svend Estrithson, with a general preference (though not without exceptions) of the oldest surviving brother of the late king over his sons. Thus, when king Erik Ejegod set out on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land (1103), he declared in a public "Thing" that his son Erik should accompany him, his son Harald should remain to defend the country, and upon his third son Knut he conferred the Duchy of Sleswig, adding, that "every body knows that my brother Nikolas is next to the royal dignity after my decease according to law." The king* having died at Cyprus, Nikolas succeeded, and after having treacherously put to death his nephew Knut, and provoked the national hatred by his tyranny, was solemnly declared to have forfeited the crown by his perjuries and other crimes. Erik, the eldest son of Erik Ejegod, was chosen in his place, and he again was followed by another Erik, the grandson of Erik Ejegod, surnamed *Lamm* (the Lamb), from the gentleness of his character and the mildness of his rule. He abdicated the throne and retired into a monastery in 1147. On the termination of his pacific, but feeble and inglorious reign, the kingdom was again convulsed by the contentions growing out of the choice of a successor from among the surviving descendants of Svend Estrithson. After a series of civil wars and treacherous murders, Valdemar I. son of Knut Duke of Sleswig, and grandson of King Erik Ejegod, supplanted all his rivals, and the friend of Absalon became sole king of Denmark in 1157. He died in 1182, "lamented," says the *Knytlingasaga* "by all Denmark, over which he had reigned six and twenty years, and fought more than eight and twenty battles in the heathen land, and warred

* *Knytlingasaga*, kap. 79.

against the Pagans, to the glory of God's church, so long as he lived." (kap. 127.)

The introduction of tithes for the support of the clergy in Denmark, had been constantly resisted by the people ever since the establishment of Roman Christianity as the national religion. The attempt to enforce their exaction had cost Knut V. his life. A grateful clergy had rewarded his devotion to their interests with the crown of martyrdom, but the reluctance of the peasantry, especially in Zealand and Scania, to submit to the payment of this new tribute was not subdued. Archbishop Absalon persuaded Valdemar I. to enforce the collection of tithes in the province of Scania by force of arms. The natural repugnance of the king to shed the blood of his subjects in any case was overcome in this instance, which he was taught to consider not only as a culpable disobedience to his royal authority, but an impious resistance to the will of heaven, as interpreted by its ministers on earth. Absalon himself may have been, to a certain degree, influenced by a conscientious conviction of the justice of the cause he supported. But he acted in the general spirit of the sacerdotal and feudal aristocracy of his time; and it seems probable that he was mainly influenced by the interests of the order in which he was born, and of which he had become the head. Until the epoch of the Valdemars, the Danish peasant came armed into the national assembly of the "Lands-thing," and exercised his political rights with as much freedom as any noble in the land. The aristocracy of the heroic or Pagan age was patriarchal in its character. The Jarls, Hærsers, Høfdingjar, and other magnates and chieftains, were the leaders of the people in war, and exercised over them a certain degree of political influence in time of peace. They were the pontiffs of religion, but not a separate order of priesthood. Their relation to the mass of the people was not that of lord and vassal, but resembled rather the connection of patron and client; if indeed its tie was so strong as that which bound the Roman plebeian to his patrician protector. This independent bearing of the commons offended the growing pride of the higher orders, and the cultivators of the soil gradually sunk under the increasing power and influence of the feudal aristocracy and the Romish hierarchy. The free Danish peasant became a feudal serf, chained to the soil on which he grew, in which abject condition he remained during the middle ages, and never emerged from it until the last year of the eighteenth century.

The codes of law supposed to have been published by Valdemar I. for Scania and Zealand, have been recently shown to be mere private re-compilations of the ancient customary law of those

provinces, made without the sanction of any public authority. The fame of Valdemar II., as a legislator, rests on a more solid foundation. His views probably extended to the formation of a general code for the whole kingdom; but they were overruled by the invincible attachment of the people of Scania and Zealand to their local customs and usages. Beside these customary or unwritten laws, the retainers of the king's court, or *witherlagamenn*, had their own peculiar code, established in the time of Canute the Great, by which they were judged in the court of the palace by a jury of their fellows. The royal guilds, or fraternities, were also privileged to be judged by their own by-laws. The cities were already endowed with municipal privileges, one of the principal of which was to be entirely exempt from the jurisdiction of the king's courts. The clergy had also asserted a complete exemption from the secular jurisdiction. The Roman civil law had been introduced into Denmark by the ecclesiastics and others who had studied at Paris and Bologna, and the confusion produced by the multitude of local customs and royal ordinances was thus increased by the introduction of another and a foreign code. To remedy the evils flowing from this confused and contradictory legislation, Valdemar convened at Vordingborg, in 1240, a national assembly of the "Daanehof," or general diet, consisting of the princes, prelates, and other great men of the kingdom. Here was promulgated what is called by the Danish jurists the *Jutland Law*, but which was intended as a uniform code for the whole kingdom. It was received in Zealand and Scania as supplementary to their own provincial customs, which had long before been reduced to a written text: but it prevailed for several centuries in Jutland, Fionia, and the duchy of Sleswig, and though superseded in the former province by the general code of Christian V., it still continues to form a part of the law now subsisting in the duchy of Sleswig.

The Jutland law recognized the old division of the kingdom into small maritime districts for military defence, and for the equipment of naval expeditions beyond sea. Each of these territorial districts, or rather its principal port, was called *Styreshavn*, and the officer to whom the command of the local force was confided, *Styresmand*. Every such district was obliged to furnish a barque containing twelve rowers and the steersman, with a man-at-arms and archer. These formed what may be called the maritime militia. The vessels of a larger size were built and equipped by the king himself, or furnished by the opulent bishops and other magnates, or by the maritime associations at Røskilde and other ports, to cruise against the Wend pirates. The landholders of the district, possessing lands of the value of two marcs of silver, were

bound to furnish one man, and those of the value of a marc of gold eight-men, for the equipment, each armed with a helmet, and furnished with thirty-six arrows; still the other freemen were compelled to serve personally in rotation. Freemen capable of bearing arms were permitted to be furnished as substitutes.

The origin of the feudal nobility in Denmark is commonly attributed to a perversion of this institution, intended for the defence of the kingdom. The kings were accustomed to grant permission to such of their magnates or courtiers as they wished to favour, to erect these maritime districts into hereditary fiefs, exempted from the primitive obligation of contributing to the equipment of a naval force. The feudal nobles thus created were called *Herremænd*. This peculiar privilege was gradually extended to the monasteries and prelates, who, with their vassals, were in like manner exempted from the same obligation. The free peasants, who, like the franklins of England, were originally independent landed proprietors, having an equal voice in the public assembly or "lands-thing" of the province with the first nobles in the land, were thus compelled to seek the protection of these powerful lords, and to become the vassals of some neighbouring "*herremænd*," or prelate, or convent. The provincial "lands-thing," in which the kings were from time immemorial elected, and the laws of the kingdom publicly promulgated, were gradually superseded by the general national parliament of the *Dannehof*, *Adel-thing*, or *Herredage*: the latter being exclusively composed of the princes, prelates, and other great men of the kingdom. The free peasantry gradually ceased to participate, whilst the burghers had not yet obtained a share, in political power. The constitution of the state, though irregular, fluctuating, and to a certain degree undefined, like that of all imperfectly civilized communities, was rapidly approaching the form which it ultimately assumed, that of a feudal and sacerdotal oligarchy. The authority of the kings, indeed, in the time of the Valdemars, still continued very considerable, and was augmented by their foreign expeditions and conquests, and by the attempts they made to establish something like a regular hereditary succession to the crown. Thus Valdemar I., during his own lifetime, caused his son Knut VI. to be solemnly crowned and associated in the government. Valdemar II. was designated, during the lifetime of his brother, Knut VI. as his successor, and, on the death of the latter, assumed the crown without any formal election. Valdemar II. caused his eldest son, Valdemar III., and on the decease of the latter, his second son, Erik, to be crowned and declared co-regents during his lifetime. The laws newly enacted were promulgated by the king, but the right of the nation to participate in the exercise of legislative

power, was unequivocally acknowledged in the preamble to the Jutland law :

“ No man shall (dare to) judge against (or contrary to) the law, which the king gives (issues) and the country receives (admits) ; but according to that law, the whole land is to be judged and ruled.

“ The law which the king gives and the country receives, he (the king) must not (cannot) recall nor alter, but with the consent of the country, unless (the king) acts (will act) openly against God.”

The national diet, or parliament, was convened annually at Wyborg, and during the recess of this body the government of the kingdom was administered by the king with the advice of his council (*Kongens Raad*), composed of the great officers of state and other magnates, without whose consent no important matter could be decided. Justice was administered in all secular affairs by the popular tribunal of the “ lands-thing ” for each province, and the “ herreds-thing ” for the smaller districts into which the province was divided for that purpose. The cities had their own municipal courts of peculiar jurisdiction, called the “ by-thing,” and no burgher could be impleaded in any other place. The local tribunals of the herreds-thing had jurisdiction of small offences and civil controversies, with an appeal to the lands-thing, which had original cognizance of more heinous crimes, such as murder, maiming, and all other cases where at least half the “ price,” or *were*, for homicide was payable, as a pecuniary satisfaction for the offence. Valdemar had already abolished the ordeal *ferricandentis* in Scania, and there are no traces in the Jutland code of that mode of procedure, or of trial by battle. The law merely required the complainant to support the accusation by his own oath, and that of his compurgators, or by evident facts manifesting the *corpus delicti*. This having been done, the trial proceeded before certain jurors called *Norvinger*, except in the very few cases where the defendant was allowed to wage his law, or purge himself by his own oath, and the testimony of a certain number of compurgators. These jurors were selected from the “ thing-mænd,” or freemen of the vicinage qualified to attend the herreds-thing, a majority of whom determined the verdict, and in case of equal division of opinions, other jurors were added from the next adjoining district. Beside these popular juries, there were other inquests held in the district, by the king’s bailiffs, assisted by sworn interpreters called *Sandemænde*.

Valdemar’s son, Erik, was assassinated at the instigation of his brother Abel, (1250), who caused his own succession to be confirmed according to the ancient custom, which had for some time fallen into disuse, by all the freemen assembled in the different provincial lands-thing. This king held a *Dannehof* at Rendsburg,

where the old law of the kingdom was renewed, requiring a national diet to be convened annually at Wyborg. At the same Dannehof, Abel's eldest son, Valdemar, who was then pursuing his studies at Paris, was designated as his successor, to the exclusion of the king's brother Christopher, who claimed the crown in preference to his brother's children under the "old law," which had been observed in the case of the sons of Svend Estrithson. It was probably with a view to strengthen his interest with the nation, and to secure the crown for himself and his children, rather than from any enlarged views of policy, that Abel gave at this time the first example of summoning the representatives of the principal cities and towns to attend the national parliament. From this period they became indispensable members, at least of that species of national assembly called the *Rigsdage* or *Dannehof*, consisting of the three estates of the realm—the clergy, nobility, and commons. The latter were entirely excluded from the *Herredage*, which was composed of the nobles and prelates alone. Municipal corporations had existed in Denmark from a very early period. There is reason to believe that the royal residence and episcopal see of Røskilde; Ringsted, also for a long period the principal residence and burial-place of the Danish kings; and Vertved, the seat of a famous monastery, were all possessed of extensive municipal privileges about the commencement of the twelfth century. Sleswig is mentioned in the account given to King Alfred by the Norwegian navigator Other of his voyages, as an important commercial town, under the name of Hædeby. After the conversion of the kingdom to Christianity, it became a bishop's see, and the capital of South Jutland. It was first incorporated by Svend Grathe in 1156 with very extensive immunities, entirely exempting the burghers from the jurisdiction of the king's courts, as well as of the neighbouring tribunal of the Lands-thing. This monarch had probably become acquainted, by his frequent intercourse with Germany, with the organization of municipal corporations in the empire. The charter granted by him to Sleswig subsequently became a model for this species of institution. The augmentation of the royal revenues seems to have been the principal motive which induced the Danish monarchs to create these privileged bodies. The admission of their deputies to a seat in the national council, was a germ of political freedom which possibly might have ripened in a more propitious soil into a House of Commons, the safe depository of the public liberties. But if this institution was really designed with the long-sighted view of creating an effectual check to the overgrown power, wealth, and influence of the nobility and clergy, it proved in the result wholly inadequate for such a pur-

pose. The true national commons were the free peasants, the cultivators and proprietors of the soil, who were now rapidly sinking under the overwhelming weight of the feudal and sacerdotal oligarchy, whose galling yoke soon became equally oppressive both to king and people. In 1282, the nobles assembled in a diet at Wyborg, wrested from King Erik Glipping a formal act, defining their privileges and the limits of the royal authority, that served as a model of the capitulations (*Haandfœstning*) which the subsequent Danish monarchs were compelled to sign at the time of their coronation. By the capitulation signed by Christopher II. on his election by the diet at Vyborg, it was declared that the bishops and all other members of holy church should freely enjoy their rights and liberties, property and vassals, as formerly enjoyed by them, and should be entirely exempt from taxes and the secular jurisdiction. That no ecclesiastical person should be arrested, exiled, or deprived of his goods, without the Pope's bull, if a bishop, and if an inferior clerk, by the regular sentence of his canonical judge: that the lords (*milites et armigeri*) should have a feudal jurisdiction over their vassals to the extent of a fine of three or four marks, according to the local custom of each province: that they should not be constrained to bear arms without the kingdom against their will; and if taken prisoners in war the king should ransom them within the year: that the king should not make war without the advice and consent of the prelates and best men of the kingdom (*meliores regni*): that no German foreigner should be capable of receiving a grant of lands, fiefs, or office in the kingdom: that all the royal castles in North Jutland should be demolished, except Ribe, Kold, and Scanderborg. Nor were the rights of the commons entirely neglected in this great charter. It provided that the burghers should enjoy their free trade, and not be subject to any new toll or tax without the consent of the diet: that the merchants should be repaid the sums borrowed of them by the king or his bailiffs: that the free peasants should be subject to no tax or *corvée*, contrary to the established laws and customs: that a parliament (*parlamentum*) should be held annually at Wyborg: King Valdemar's law should be confirmed, and not be subject to alteration but by the advice of the "discreet men" of the kingdom. No man should be cited, in the first instance, before the king's court, but first before the *Herreds-thing* of his own bailiwick, and then by appeal before the *Lands-thing* of the province in the king's presence, and if the party was dissatisfied with this second judgment, before the *Dannehof*, *Adels-thing*, or "general parliament" (*parlamentum generale*) of the kingdom. No man should be imprisoned or deprived of

life or property without public trial and conviction, according to the laws of the land. All the new taxes and impositions as established since the death of King Valdemar should be abolished. That the plunder of ship-wrecked vessels should be punished, and that no new law should be made, unless with the consent of the whole kingdom in a general parliament, in which alone it should be lawful for the king to alter, take from, or add to the above articles by the advice of the prelates and "best men" of the kingdom.

ART. VI.—*Petition de la Chambre de Commerce de Lyon, à la Chambre de Députés de la France.*

WHEN commencing, in our ninth volume,* our disquisitions upon "Reciprocity and Free Trade," we observed that the Governments, both of England and of France, were more inclined to take off restrictions than the people to be set free from them. The petition with which we head this article, from the representatives of the commercial interest at Lyons, to the Chamber of Deputies, shows that even those who are engaged in trade, at the very seat of the silk manufacture itself in France, are now espousing the principles for which we have humbly contended, and upon which our rulers, both Whigs and Tories,† have, for some years, begun to legislate. Though it be somewhat in contradiction of our own estimate of public opinion in France, we are truly glad to be enabled to adopt this document as the title of our renewed inquiry.

In our last volume‡ we laid down the principle of Freedom in Trade. Not relying upon the dogmas of political economy, or attempting to prove that, by any system of commercial legislation, the wealth of the country would be augmented, we argued for non-interference, upon the general right of every man to do what he wills with his own property. For a legislature, we have contended, to teach men how to be happy, or rich, is an attempt, presumptuous, oppressive, and vain. We have admitted,§ that the general safety against foreign enemies, which is the peculiar

* Page 261.

† "Free Trade" has never properly become a question of party politics in this country. It has found advocates as well as adversaries in the ranks of both parties; nor have the same men always maintained the same opinions. The recent relaxations in our commercial system have commenced and been effected, quite as much, to say the least, by Tories as by Whigs; nor did a single measure of the Duke of Wellington's Board of Trade furnish ground of opposition to the then Whig minority. In the Silk Committee of last session, the advocates of restriction were, for the most part, Whigs, and they would have had an ultimate majority, but for the exertions of one, who, by his own avowal, "clings to the name of Tory."

‡ Vol. x. p. 68.

§ Vol. ix. p. 276.

trust of the government, may constitute an exception to this rule; but we have shown that no such exception is necessary now; or, at least, no exception beyond the existing laws. We have admitted,* that the subsistence of the people might reasonably constitute another exception; but we have as yet given no opinion, as to the necessity and sufficiency of the present laws regarding the food of man. These two we hold to be the only permanent exceptions admissible.

The object, according to us, of a government, ought to be, to adhere to the principle of freedom as clearly as these two admitted cases of exception will permit; and to take care that they operate neither more extensively, nor for a longer period than their legitimate purpose requires. The government in an old country has no duty different from that of the government of a new community; except in as far as former departures from a just principle may have placed the interests of certain individuals, or classes, at variance with the common right and the common good. It is the duty of government to restore the lost right: dealing, however, very tenderly with the interests of those who have flourished under a system of injustice and oppression; rendering, on their account, the transition from wrong to right very gradual, but always moving onward until the right shall have been completely restored.

We have given a history of the proceedings of our governments since 1820, having this transition in view; and we will in this article consider, whether it has been effected prudently, and what have been the results of the new measures; in regard as well to particular interests, as to the general prosperity.

Subsequently to our last publication, free trade has been the subject of a discussion in the House of Commons, and there has been an elaborate inquiry into the state of the manufacture more particularly affected by the new measures. We rejoice at having thus something to work upon.

Mr. Robinson, of Worcester, brought the general subject before the House of Commons in May† last, when he presented a very elaborate petition from that city. This manifesto is full of general assertions and speculations, but is not only without one fact, but without any specific allegation of injury. The petitioners even start with a misstatement, of no great importance, but illustrative of their laxity of assertion. "The ancient Statutes for the protection of Trade and Manufactures have been repealed or rendered null by late Statutes, enacted more especially, (*as is therein recited*) for the extension of Freedom of Trade."

* Vol. ix. p. 276.

† May 22d, Parl. Deb. xii. 1277.

There is not one word of this recital, in any of the acts which repeal prohibitions or lower the duties on importation ! It was not to be expected, that persons who had not read the acts of which they complained, should be prepared to describe the alterations which they desired. The petitioners accordingly content themselves with a prayer for inquiry, " 1st. Whether the Commerce and Navigation of the country have not gradually been declining since the introduction of the principles of the Free Trade System : and 2dly. Whether the re-enactment of the whole or some part of these wholesome and patriotic Statutes under which the British People enjoyed unrivalled prosperity, is not necessary for the revival of Trade."

The first question we resolve in the negative ; we shall soon show, that, since these " ancient Statutes " have been repealed, more British goods have been exported, and more foreign goods imported ; and more voyages performed by British ships.

As to the unrivalled prosperity which we have lost, the question is, *when* was it enjoyed ? Unless it were in the period immediately preceding the change of system, it furnishes no argument. No comparative statement is available, unless it shows that under all the circumstances of the world, some years after the peace, the commerce and navigation of this kingdom were in a state of progressive extension ; and that since these changes they have declined. Yet it is notorious, and it is part of the statement of Mr. Robinson himself, that between 1815 and 1825, there were aggravated symptoms of distress among the whole trading community.*

We do not deny, that in judging of the wisdom of the change of system which has been effected, it is fair to take into consideration the whole state of the country, before the change and after it : a falling off in the extent or profitableness of our trade, or manufactures, would not necessarily prove that the recent policy had been erroneous ; but it would put the advocates of that policy upon the defensive, and require them either to shew that the new measures could not possibly be the cause of the evil, or to state other causes, to which there is a reasonable ground for ascribing it. But as many great effects spring from causes which human wisdom cannot certainly discover, it cannot be admitted that a failure, even in both these points, would justify a condemnation of the new policy ; at most, its authors must submit to the charge of having tried an experiment with doubtful success. It will be found, that this reservation is not necessary to the justification of the measures ; but we wish to state, fairly and fully, all the points of the case.

* Parl. Deb. xii. 1282.

We shall show that the Foreign trade of this country, that is, the number and extent of its transactions of purchase and sale with the other countries of the world, has *not* declined since the commencement of the new system. There is not a single point of view, in which it can be presented, without exhibiting the symptoms of enlargement.

There may be a question as to the exact limitation of the periods which we are to compare, but no way of stating the accounts of imports and exports, or of shipping employed, will give a result otherwise than favourable to the latest period. And the most recent year, 1831, is the largest, as to the extent of commercial transactions, of any which can be found; not only in the periods immediately preceding and succeeding the change, but, for the last twenty years.

We will now state, on the same averages as in our former article,* the official value of the imports of Foreign merchandize into the United Kingdom :†

In 1821-2-3,	£ ‡ 32,381,000
In 1824-5-6,	39,810,000
In 1827-8-9,	44,632,000
In 1830-1,	47,979,000 §

There thus appears an increase in the imports, as indicated by these official rates, of not less than £15,598,000 between the first period and the last, or, if we take the latest year, £17,332,000.

* Vol. IX. p. 278.

† In this, and in all similar accounts, the trade between Great Britain and Ireland is considered as a country trade, and is not included. The trade between Great Britain or Ireland, and the British or Channel Islands, that is, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, and Man, is considered as a trade with a foreign country, and is therefore included in this account.

‡ These are the "official" values; there is no other method of stating a total of separate articles; an account of *quantities* can be given, but it is obvious that these cannot be added together. There are not the means of giving the actual cost, or sale value, of imports; and even could they be given, they would not afford the means of a comparison of quantities,—the thing here desired. The accounts of official value, defective as they are for many purposes, afford decidedly the nearest approximation to an accurate account of the comparative *extent* of traffic at different periods. It has been said, that these official values are not even to be relied upon for comparison, because, in one account, an over-rated article may predominate, in another, one that is under-rated. Therefore, they do not answer for ascertaining the present relative value of our trade with two several countries; but, where no considerable change has taken place in the articles composing the account, that is, for trade with any particular country, at particular periods, or for the general account of trade in this country, they are tolerably accurate; the more so, if the period of time is not extensive, and it is known that there has been no material alteration in the course of trade. Still, wherever we can, we shall state actual quantities.

§ We have stated the average, but there was a great increase in the latter year :

1830,	£46,245,000
1831,	49,713,000

These sums are taken from the Annual classed accounts.

This statement proves, that we have imported a greater quantity of foreign goods, a fact from which may be reasonably inferred an enlargement of the means of purchase possessed by the inhabitants of this country, and an enlarged use of commodities ;—undoubted symptoms of prosperity.

But, it may be answered, No. Your statement is only the proof of the very evil of which the opponents of the new system complain. We are deluged with foreign commodities, to the extinction of our produce and manufactures.

Now, putting aside for the present, the doctrine, which teaches that there can be no importation without an exportation, corresponding not only in value, but in the employment which it affords, let us inquire how far these importations *can* have interfered with our native industry. In what proportions have they consisted of foreign manufactures, or of articles which are also produced in this country. In what proportion of the materials of our own manufactures, and of articles of foreign luxury ; nor is it immaterial to inquire how much of this increased importation from abroad has consisted of the produce of our own possessions.

It is not easy to make these distinctions with accuracy ; but the following classified statement of the increase between the first and last period of importations into Great Britain, will afford an approximation.*

Raw materials of our manufactures, including dye stuffs, &c.	£ 6,807,000
Fruits, spices, tea, sugar, and various consumable articles not grown here	2,475,000
Corn, grain, meal, and flour	3,828,000
†Agricultural produce (other than corn,) such as is produced here	585,000
Metals	223,000
‡Foreign manufactures	552,000
Articles not specified	792,000
	<hr/>
	15,262,000
Deduct decrease on Timber	1000
	<hr/>
Total increase	15,261,000

We have not the materials of an account, showing the propor-

* In this, and other detailed statements, we give Great Britain only, because there would be much trouble in adding Ireland, and the difference would not be considerable. Of the whole increase of more than fifteen millions and a half, only about 350,000*l.* arises in Ireland. Add to which, that it is chiefly to Great Britain that the opponents of the new system refer in their complaints.

† Of this, 290,000*l.* is on tallow.

‡ From 654,000*l.* to 1,206,000*l.* The increase is almost entirely in the silk manufactures.

tion in which these several species of imports came from our own colonies and from foreign countries ; but it may be stated generally, that between a fourth and a fifth of the whole is either the produce of British possessions, or imported from them.

It thus appears, that of the increased importation, about one-thirtieth consists of foreign manufactures, while almost one-half consists in the means of supporting our own manufactures. Are not these facts nearly enough to negative any allegation of the injurious effect of foreign importation, as facilitated by the new measures, upon the manufacturing interests of Great Britain ? It *may* be true, and into this we shall presently inquire, that particular branches have suffered, but the general effect is undeniably favourable.

There has been an enlarged importation of metals, so slight as to make it scarcely necessary to point out that these are in great part materials for manufacture.

The laws affecting the importation of timber have been but slightly relaxed ; they constitute, confessedly, a great boon to one of the most extensive and complaining interests—the ship-owners. The diminished importation consists in the timber of foreign Europe.* This is with us no subject of congratulation : we would willingly obtain this necessary article from the nearest countries ; but it shows that neither the timber grower, nor the colonist, has a right to complain of the new measures.

The remainder of the increase (exclusively of articles so inconsiderable as not to be specified) consists in articles of luxury, and almost of necessity, peculiar to foreign countries,† or to our colonies.

It will be observed, that these accounts give the whole amount of importation, whether for re-exportation, or for home consumption ; and this, for elucidating the state of our foreign trade, is correct. In estimating the effect produced upon our own manufactures and native industry, or for an indication of our prosperity, it would be right to give the extent of commodities retained for home consumption. We have no means of giving this in value, official or real, as to the total amount. We shall presently state it, as to the particular articles affected by the new measures ; but it is clear that the greater portion of the increased imports have been retained for home consumption, because the foreign and colonial produce exported has not increased in the

* See Par. Paper, No. 300 of 1827, and No. 464 of 1802.

† The principal increase is in wines, tea, sugar, molasses, and olive oil.

same degree.* And the following statement will show how largely the materials of our manufactures have increased.

Imported for Home Consumption.	1821-2-3. lbs.	1830-1. lbs.
Cotton wool	156,973,000	274,942,000
Raw and waste silk	2,044,000	4,027,000
Sheeps' wool	17,003,000	30,935,000†

It would be contrary to all probability, it may be said to possibility, that the considerable increase of importation which has been here stated should not have been accompanied by an increase also of exportation. Accordingly, the exports of British produce and manufactures from the United Kingdom were

In 1821-2-3	£42,950,000
In 1824-5-6	45,611,000
In 1827-8-9	53,743,000
In 1830-1	60,912,000‡

These are, as before, the official rates, indicating the quantity; and it appears that the last period exceeds the first by 17,962,000/.;—an increase more than 40 per cent. This increase is thus apportioned:—

Cotton manufactures and yarns . . .	£14,536,000
Linen manufactures	864,000
Woollen manufactures	208,000
Metal manufactures	1,600,000
Various other manufactures and } articles of produce	784,000

Total increase 17,992,000§

From this table, it appears that by far the greater part of the increase has been in the cotton manufactures, but it is found also in all the principal articles of manufacture.

For our present purpose, however, it is indifferent, whether the increase has occurred in one branch or another; it is quite clear that, under the new system, foreign trade has been extended; and that there has been exported to foreign countries a larger quantity of the produce of British industry.

* See p. 147, *post*.

† We believe that the account from which this statement is taken has not been printed; but we pledge ourselves for its authenticity. We regret much that the mode in which the accounts of trade were, until lately, rendered to Parliament, has made it impossible for us to make all the comparisons which are desirable. We should always wish to give values and quantities; if we give sometimes one and sometimes the other, it is because the second is not to be had.

‡ 1830	61,140,000
—1	60,685,000

§ There is necessarily a difference between this and the former total, which included the whole United Kingdom. See note *, in p. 144.

The exports of foreign and colonial merchandize have been as follows, in official value :—

	United Kingdom.
In 1821-2-3	9,484,000
In 1824-5-6	9,815,000
In 1827-8-9	10,133,000
In 1830-1	9,647,000*

Exhibiting an increase, not very considerable, in the last period as compared with the first. We have not the means of distinguishing the foreign from the colonial produce, but a large portion is undoubtedly colonial.

Now, let us ask, is it possible to escape the conclusion that British industry has thriven under the new system, unless we suppose that, while we have exported more largely to foreign countries, our own consumption has been diminished, or has been supplied by foreigners. In neither of these suppositions is there any probability.

As to the latter, it has already been seen, that the principal increase of importation has been in raw materials, or in produce with which we have no competition.

It is scarcely possible that an extension of foreign trade, accompanied by a reduction of taxation, and a fall of prices, should have been attended by a diminution of domestic consumption; but if such diminution were shown, it would avail nought in this discussion, unless connected with the new measures.

But one of the favourite allegations of those who impugn the late measures is, that all the statements of increased trade are composed of imaginary values; and that, although the quantity of commodities may have been greater, the value has been less.

We presume that it is not intended to apply this observation in the shape of complaint to the imports; it can scarcely be lamented that our manufacturers should obtain more easily their raw materials; or even that such foreign luxuries as we receive should be more cheaply purchased. They must admit that the demand for them is an indication of prosperity. The opponents of free trade are very hostile to the maxim which prescribes cheap purchases and dear sales; yet they appear to think it possible to attain that end, in a degree to which we think it hopeless. They complain of the cheapness of their sales, without perceiving that the cheapness of their purchases, of which they do not complain, is probably owing to the same causes.

The complaint regards the exports; and as the custom-house books supply an account of the "real or declared value" of these,

* 1830	8,550,000
—1	10,745,000

a value, which, if perhaps not precisely the true price obtained, approaches it more nearly than the official values, these are referred to in proof of the substantial diminution, notwithstanding the apparent augmentation, of our exports.

The following, then, is a table of declared values :—

Exported.	1821-2-3.	1830-1.	Difference.
Cotton manufactures and yarn .	16,568,000	18,259,000	1,691,000
Linen manufactures	2,089,000	2,113,000	24,000
Woollen manufactures	6,194,000	5,116,000	[*1,078,000]
Metal manufactures	2,971,000	3,873,000	902,000
Various other manufactures and articles of produce . . }	7,742,000	7,810,000	68,000
	£35,564,000	37,171,000	2,685,000
*Deduct decrease on woollens			1,078,000

Net increase of exports according to their *value* . . . £1,607,000

Assuredly, the comparison of these declared values brings us to a different result from that which is deduced from the official valuation. It appears that in the manufactures of woollens there has been an increase in the official value, indicating the quantity, attended by a diminution of the declared value, which indicates the price. In the manufactures of cottons, linens, metals, and others, there has been an increase according to both modes of valuation, but one, which is very inconsiderable, of declared value. In these, and especially in the very important manufacture of cotton, though the proportion of the real to the official value evinces a fall in the price, the augmentation of quantity has been so great as to occasion an increase in the value of the whole exportation.

We have thus shown, what has happened since the introduction of a freer system of importation. Let us now consider what would have happened, if no such change had been made. We have a right to put an extreme case. Let prohibition, or prohibitory duties, have been applied to all manufactures. In such a case, we should have prevented the importation of any foreign manufactures, amounting, as they now do, to about one-thirty-eighth of our whole import. Or, if, instead of prohibiting all, we had left the law as it stood, we should have prevented the import of that increased quantity of foreign manufactures, which has raised their proportion to the whole import from a forty-ninth to a thirty-eighth.† Will any practical man say sincerely, that,

† We do not use our accounts in this argument, because we are aware that the official values, however useful in comparing the imports of particular periods, are not to be relied upon in comparing imports and exports.

in either case, our exports would have been precisely such as they have been? When it is denied, that every import must have a corresponding export, is it intended to say, that there is no connection between the two transactions; that the one does in no degree influence the other?

Mr. Robinson's constituents undertake to prove the fallacy of the argument, that "in purchasing the manufactures of other countries we occasion the sale of an equal amount of our own." If we understand it, their reasoning is this:—the nations that buy our manufactures, are nations of small population, without manufactures of their own; they *must* buy the manufactures of other states; but we, in purchasing foreign manufactures, save some part of the prices to our consumers, but "deprive our own trade and industry of the whole of the price." What we pay for foreign manufactures pays the wages of their labourers. They spend it in subsistence, not in our manufactures:—If, possibly, those to whom it "passes from them, spend it on our manufactures, it should be remembered, that there would, at least, have been as much so spent by the persons into whose hands this money must have come, after forming the wages of British labourers. *Thus*, the free trade system, according to the doctrine of the economists, is a simple transfer of so much money from British to foreign labourers."*

We should, in any case, they mean, export our goods to the countries which have no manufactures, as we do now. And although the price of those which we purchase of the manufacturing countries, does occasion the purchase of our goods, by some persons either in those countries, or in others with which they trade, still that is no *additional* purchase, because similar purchases would have been made, in England, with the price of the English goods which would have been manufactured, instead of the foreign goods purchased.

The whole argument on our side is here conceded. All that is contended for is, that no foreign manufacture is purchased, except by British manufactures exported; and, therefore, that foreign importation cannot, on the whole, diminish the quantity of British manufactures made, or of the employment afforded to British industry. The deduction which the petitioners draw, by their simple *thus*, is quite unwarranted, as applicable to the position which it is intended to overturn. It is not denied by us, that in a particular manufacture, silk for instance, there may be a transfer from British to foreign workmen; but there is no diminution upon the whole of our manufactures, because the French silks are paid for, mediately or immediately, in English hardware,

* Worcester petition. Parl. Deb. XII. p. 1278.

(for instance), which hardware is wrought with that view, and in addition to what is made for English consumption. The transfer, therefore, is from the Englishman, who works upon an inferior and struggling manufacture, to one who makes the best of goods. This transfer is so obviously desirable as to make it scarcely necessary to refer to the qualifications which were formerly applied to the doctrine of equivalent exports.*

Mr. Robinson did not very stoutly support the argument of his constituents in respect of equivalent exports:—but he fully espoused their ideas on the favourite topic of reciprocity. Indeed, he has generally put his hostility to the late measures upon the want of reciprocity alone.

The London merchants admit in their petition, that it may sometimes be politic to regulate the duties on particular articles with some reference to the conduct of particular foreign countries. The promise to tax, heavily or lightly, a foreign production, may be used as a weapon in diplomacy.

We admit that we may possibly procure a relaxation of the French tariff, by maintaining the strictness of our own. But the relaxation obtained by us, and that which we give in exchange, will not affect the same interest. The country at large may gain, but not the complaining individuals.†

The Worcester petitioners simply urge, that reciprocity never will exist, because it is against the interests of other nations to import our manufactures. If this be really so, there is an end of the argument for making the admission of foreign goods the subject of negotiation. If we can *never* hope to persuade France to take our razors, we may as well avail ourselves of her silks and wines at once.

Mr. Robinson, who is a fair man; and always intends to found his arguments upon facts, does not deny that our trade has increased; but he says that the increase has been independent of our measures; and that there has been none with those countries which are pursuing a course of competition with England. There has been none with *France*; and if we have paid her by our manufactures, it has been by “a forced and circuitous export to distant markets.” The corresponding export is admitted; but it is forced and distant. Forced trade is a common, but not very luminous, expression in these controversies. If there is intended by it, an export at bad prices, we can only say that it is an argument only applicable to an occurrence of short duration; a trade cannot be forced and lasting. *Circuitousness* ought to furnish no objection, to an advocate for the Navigation Laws and Timber

* Vol. X. p. 79, et seq.

† Sec, on this, vol. x. p. 87.

duties ; nor is the argument very consistent with the allegation, that the increase of navigation has been only in *short voyages*.

Continuing the error which we formerly exposed, of supposing that Mr. Huskisson professed to have made reciprocal arrangements of *trade* with France and other countries ; Mr. Robinson complains of the disproportionate amount of our exports to France and the other countries with which we have treaties. Much of his speech was occupied upon shipping. His results appear to differ from those given in our ninth volume. He selects, arbitrarily, the year 1826. Let him take, as we do, a fair average of years preceding the change, and he will come to the same result. Unquestionably, we have brought more goods direct from France than we have sent thither ; but he is mistaken in asserting that our exportation of British goods has diminished. It has increased from 256,000*l.* to 427,000*l.** Either amount is trifling ; we found no argument upon this slight augmentation, but it certainly affords none against us. The export of colonial goods has decreased, owing, no doubt, to the productiveness of the foreign colonies. To Denmark, and to Russia, our exports have also have been augmented.

To Prussia there has been a slight diminution of exports ; but the truth is, that a very fallacious deduction is drawn from the accounts of our trade with any one of the several states of the great German continent. A river, of which the mouth is in one country, supplies with British manufactures several others. If, upon this principle, we take " Germany, Prussia, and the Netherlands," we shall find an increase of export of no less than 2,385,000*l.*† or taking the whole of Northern Europe, of 3,692,000*l.* While all this is taken from public accounts, it is really almost incredible that any person should talk of the diminution of our commerce with the countries with which we have made reciprocity treaties, or of the diminution of our exports to those countries of which we have admitted the manufactures upon easier terms.

We have already analyzed the increase of our imports and exports according to the nature of the articles ; and although it is really not necessary for our purpose, we cannot refrain from

* From 1823-4-5, the period immediately preceding the treaty, and the admission of French silks, to 1830. Mr. Robinson goes back to 1819, which is not the fair comparison ; and he makes no distinction between British and colonial goods.

†

	1821-2-3. (From 378 of 1826.)	1830. (From 461 of 1832.)
Germany	£8,378,000	£10,208,000
Netherlands	3,932,000	4,631,000
Prussia	779,000	635,000
	£13,089,000	£15,474,000

presenting a similar analysis, distinguishing the parts of the world with which this augmented traffic has occurred.†

We regret much that we cannot also make a comparison of the declared values, not having them for the earlier period.

We promised‡ to notice an argument used by Colonel Torrens, for the necessity of reciprocity. If we understand the argument, it is this. Where money is not taxed on importation, but goods are taxed, there will be a tendency in money to increase in reference to goods, and, consequently, prices will fall. This is the case, in a country which protects its manufactures by imposing duties on goods imported. When, therefore, we purchase goods from such a country, our goods are not admitted, and we *must* pay in gold; or, our goods fetching a low price, we *in preference* pay in gold: this gold we fetch from the country where it is produced; and our continual demand for it raises its value in reference to goods, and prices generally fall. The deduction is, that we suffer inconvenience and loss from the prohibition or taxation of our goods in a country from which we import: and that a direct trade is more advantageous than a circuitous trade. The argument thus destroys not the position, that imports are necessarily purchased with equivalent exports. It goes to show, that exportation is most beneficial, when by reciprocal admission of goods, untaxed, we effect the exchange without the intervention of the expensive medium, gold. This we may grant, without conceding that it is better to have no trade at all, than the circuitous traffic which requires gold. And, if it can be made out; that the goods purchased from the prohibiting or protecting

† *Difference between 1821-2-3 and 1830. United Kingdom.*

a.	Imports.	Exports.		
		British and Irish Produce and Manufactures.	Foreign and Colonial Produce.	Total.
Northern Europe	4,828,000	4,117,000	*[425,000]	3,692,000
Southern Europe	1,842,000	3,320,000	*[960,000]	2,360,000
Asia and Africa	2,783,000	4,478,000	*[41,000]	4,437,000
British Northern Colonies and } British West Indies . . . }	652,000	178,000	*[13,000]	165,000
United States	3,507,000	1,151,000	196,000	1,347,000
Foreign West Indies and Foreign } Continental Colonies . . }	512,000	4,810,000	283,000	5,093,000
Whale Fisheries	*[301,000]	—	*[1,000]	*[1,000]
British Isles	91,000	137,000	23,000	160,000
Total increase %.		£13,914,000	18,191,000	*[938,000]
				17,253,000

‡ Vol. x. p. 87.

* Denotes a decrease.

country, are paid for, not in gold, but with credit transferred from another country to which we export, the argument from gold falls to the ground. There is no doubt, in point of fact, but that our increased importations from the protecting country, France, have been attended by a much larger increase of our exports to other countries, which do not produce gold. It is, therefore, most probable, that the French goods have been paid for by bills upon those countries. It is also true, that an enlarged exportation to the countries which do produce specie, has been accompanied by an increased import of useful commodities from those countries.

Assuredly, reciprocal admission of goods is desirable, as tending to the increased consumption of our manufactures; all that we contend for is, that reciprocity is not essentially necessary, for justifying the government in permitting its subjects to avail themselves of foreign goods.

We have read in some of the daily papers, and the argument would hardly be ventured in a more lasting repository, that the whole evil of low prices arises from this export of goods to foreign countries, which is required to pay for the goods imported under the altered system. We are forced, it is said, to send goods where there is no demand for them, except at ruinous prices, and these prices affect all others.

To this, as an argument for an alteration of our law, one sufficient answer would be found, in the smallness of the quantities of goods imported, *by favour of the new tariff*, as compared with the aggregate of our trade. It is not, we presume, intended, that because we sell our cotton manufactures cheap in Brazil, we should prohibit or tax highly the raw cotton of the United States! That portion, then, of our cheap exports, which can by probability be occasioned by *those* importations of which alone the enemies of Free Trade complain, is not a fiftieth, we might say, scarcely an hundredth part of the whole.

But let it be supposed that, yielding to this argument, we prohibited those importations, and that the export of our cottons should thereupon, according to the argument, be greatly diminished, and the prices raised. Are those results desired by those who thus argue? If they be, away flies the complaint of "British industry cramped through free trade;" for this suggestion goes to destroy the employment of great numbers of British artizans, in order to raise the value of the labour of the rest.

Assuredly the *most* desirable result of a commercial system is, that the whole people should be employed, at wages sufficient to maintain them comfortably;—the *least* desirable, that none of the

people should be employed. To the first result the present system, producing, according to the present argument, a constant progressive increase of manufacture, continually tends, though it has not attained it. To the second, a prohibitive system, which ought, according to the same persons, more and more to contract our manufacture for exportation, approaches by a course equally direct. And although the argument, as now presented to us, would still leave to our manufacturers the great market of England, we know not by what philosophy the argument is thus limited; or why the manufacturers of Lancashire ought not to pray for the rejection of their cottons by the men of Kent, from whom they unquestionably receive lower prices than they formerly had! We are far from denying, that the extension of our production has occasioned cheapness; or that progressive cheapness occasions distress. On the contrary, if we were discussing the causes of distress, we should, with Lord Liverpool, name "over-production" as one of its causes. But we contend, first, that the augmentation of foreign trade is one of the palliations of that evil; and, secondly, that the disproportionate production is not confined to this country. It is unquestionably true, that the revived and enlarged manufactories of the Continent have reduced prices there, and that, if we have any export at all, our prices must come down nearly to the same scale. We have difficulty in believing permanently settled low prices to be an evil, but *falling* prices occasion distress to producers, beyond what is compensated in benefit to the consumers. But we return to our subject.

It appears to us, that the facts and considerations which we have adduced make it perfectly clear, that the general distress, of which complaint is made, is not, and cannot be, the result of the facilities afforded, by the repeal of prohibition or reduction of duty, to the importation of foreign goods.

But we will now go through the principal foreign articles to which the new system has been applied; with the view of ascertaining, as to each particular article, the effects upon domestic production, or industry; and comparing them with the apprehensions and predictions of the parties interested.

Let us first take *iron*.* The reduction of the duties on iron is one of those cases in which the interests of the producer and manufacturer appear to be at variance, and in which, as in many others, there is an intermediate interest of those who prepare the raw article for the manufacturer. On the occasion now before us, the representatives of this intermediate interest made no oppo-

* See Vol. x. p. 92.

sition to the reduction, which the manufacturers eagerly demanded. The producer, that is the owner of the iron-mines, took no part, or left his case to the iron master. The questions to be asked are, whether the reduction has occasioned an increased importation of iron, and if so, what has been the effect upon the home produce;—whether the increased importation has been attended with an enlargement of the consumption and manufacture of iron, and of its exportation to foreign countries? It appears, then, that the importation of foreign iron in bars into Great Britain for home consumption, has increased from tons 9,885* to tons 13,325. We believe that no complaint is made of the importation of iron; it is indeed one of the articles, and the same may be said of all metals, which may be classed with raw materials; whereof the increased importation cannot, even by the advocates of a restrictive system, be alleged as an evil. Accordingly, the exportation of iron and steel, hardwares and cutlery, has increased from 1,714,000*l.*† to 2,807,000*l.*

The high duty on *copper*,‡ it was stated, prevented the importation as well of copper imperfectly smelted, as of copper in a raw state. The reduction was expected to produce an increased importation, and a reduction in price, by which even the owners of mines would benefit, by the preservation of the foreign market, which would otherwise be lost.

The expectation of an increased importation has *not* been realised. Nevertheless, the export of copper has also increased almost three-fold.§

At the same time, the exportation of *manufactures* of brass and copper has increased, from 569,975*l.* to 978,000*l.* in official, and from 555,322*l.* to 833,000*l.* in declared value. There is, assuredly, nothing in these facts of which the “copper interest” can complain.

The increase in the exportation of brass wares was one of the effects contemplated in the reduction of the duty on *spelter*.|| It has produced an increased importation of the article itself;¶ while the exportation of brass wares has increased as above mentioned.

* In considering the effect of particular reductions or alterations, the general averages adopted will not be so correct as one which includes the latest year of the old regulation. The year in which the alteration took place must be omitted. In treating of the old and new system generally, it was right to exclude the whole period in which any of the material alterations were in progress; but in treating of a specific article, we must take our date from the actual period of the change. Thus, as to iron, the duty on which article was reduced in 1825, we must include 1824 in the “former period.”

† Official value.

‡ Vol. x. p. 95.

§ 1822-3-4 . tons 1,150
1830-1 . 3,300

|| P. 96.

¶ 1822-3-4 . cwts, 12
1830 . . 16,746

*Tin** was reduced, to check the exorbitant price, but there has not been an increased importation; or, indeed, *any* importation for home consumption.

Lead† was reduced on the same principle. The reduction has not caused the importation of any foreign lead. The price of lead has fallen, as of all other articles; but that this fall is not owing to the reduction of duty, is proved, not only by the generality of the fall, but by the continued exportation of lead to foreign countries; it cannot be necessary to prove, that while there is a surplus for exportation, no protection can keep up the price in the home market. The productiveness of the Spanish mines, though it has not annihilated, has diminished this exportation, and has helped to reduce the price of this article of extensive domestic consumption.

So much for the new measures, as affecting metals.

The reduction of the duty on cotton goods‡ was not in any quarter the subject of apprehension. Our superiority in that manufacture being well known. In point of fact, the importation of the cotton manufactures of foreign European countries, or even from India, continues to be quite inconsiderable; at the same time, the export of British manufactured cottons has increased from 25,282,007*l.* to 34,538,000*l.*; or in yards of printed and plain, from 323,233,693 to 444,578,000.§

The reduction on *earthenware* occasioned much apprehension. The importation has, in fact, not been such as even to find a place in the accounts.

The same remark applies to the kindred manufacture, *glass*; and also to *paper*.

We have already seen that, as to the new measures respecting wool, the growers and the manufacturers are at variance. The questions that occur, are—1. Whether, since the exportation of wool has been permitted, it has been extensive? 2. Whether the importation of foreign wool has been increased, since the duty was reduced? 3. Whether the reduction of the duty on the manufacture has produced an importation of foreign woollens; and 4. Whether the exportation of woollen manufactures has been enlarged since these two measures were adopted.

The exportation of British wool was, in 1830, 2,951,000*lbs.*, a quantity not very considerable. The importation of wool, for home consumption, has increased from 19,685,000 to 30,595,000 *lbs.* This is certainly a considerable increase.

In the importation of foreign woollens there has been no perceptible increase. Nor has there been much variation in our

* P. 96.

† *Ib.*

‡ P. 93.

§ In 1830.

exportation of British woollen manufactures. It has been only from

5,876,951*l.* of official, and 6,055,185*l.* of declared value, to
5,869,000*l.* of official, and 5,116,000*l.* of declared value.

The price of British wool has unquestionably fallen, though it has lately been reviving; and it is probable that this reduction is to be attributed, in some degree, to the importation of foreign wool. But it may also be attributed to the increased cheapness and consequent use of cottons; and, although complained of by the wool growers, is applauded by the manufacturers, to whom, as well as to the wearers, it is clearly beneficial. It is perhaps the most decided case of the effect of importation in the reduction of price; but the price affected is that of a raw material, and the question is rather one of balanced interests at home, than one of those generated by the transition from the old to the new system.

We now come to silk. In the last Session, a Committee sat "to examine into the present state of the silk trade, and to inquire what effects have been produced by the changes of the laws relating to it, since the year 1824, and whether any and what legislative measures, compatible with the general interests of the country, may be advisable in order to promote it, or to check smuggling in silk manufactures."

This Committee examined witnesses, whose evidence occupies more than a thousand pages; but, as very often happens, the inquiry lasted so long as to leave no time for discussion or report. We cannot go through this huge mass of questions and answers, in which there is much of irrelevancy and repetition. We have had the good fortune to meet with a paper, prepared, we believe, by the members of the silk trade, and submitted to the Committee as the basis of a Report. We give a faithful abstract of this paper, which may be presumed to show the full extent of the case, as set forth by the warm partisans of one side.

"The last reduction," it is stated, "of duty upon thrown silk, in 1829, was followed by a reduction of wages, and great distress. The importation of fine silks having declined, more coarse is worked, which gives less employment.

"On the admission of manufactured silks in 1826, labour fell 20 per cent., and, on the reduction of duty in 1829, 20 per cent. more. This reduction of wages has enabled the manufacturer to compete with the foreigner in the plain branch, as it respects the lower and middling qualities of such silks; but the higher description of plain silks, and the rich fancy and figured branches

are now almost entirely furnished by the foreigner; and out of 4,000 looms, which were (at some time not mentioned) at work in Spitalfields upon figured and fancy silks, there are not at present 300.

"This loss of the rich trade in broad silks in Spitalfields, and of the superior class of ribbons in Coventry, has thrown thousands of people out of employ, and increased the poor-rates.

"The large silk trade carried on at Manchester has been increased since 1826. It consists of silks of a peculiar fabric, generally of a lower price, and not so directly interfered with by the continental manufacturers.

"The export trade has been greatly relieved by the drawback of 1829.

"While the silk trade has been distressed in England, it has been prosperous in France; France has great advantages, in the possession of the raw material, and in a low rate of wages, and in an export trade. These circumstances make it exceedingly difficult for the British manufacturer to preserve his trade; and, unless greater protection can be afforded to him, the rich and valuable part of the silk trade, both in broad silks and ribbons, especially in the figured and fancy gauze ribbons, which for upwards of fifty years has flourished in this country, will be lost.

"Smuggling has been carried on to a much greater extent since 1826 than it was under the prohibition. The reduction of duties in 1829, for the purpose of diminishing smuggling, has failed in its object."

These are the statements of the silk manufacturer; and they are valuable as containing *all*, or very nearly all, that has been adduced in the shape of specific allegation of injury or evil consequence against "Free Trade."

These statements are followed by fifteen distinct propositions; among which we have the only suggestions which have been offered for an alteration of the law. We give these propositions at length, with our remarks:—

"1. That the preservation and promotion of the throwing trade are essential to the welfare of the silk manufacture of this country.

"2. That it is of paramount importance to obtain a large supply of the best raw silk, and that our laws should be framed with a view to induce the French and Italians to make this country a mart for their raw silk.

"3. That in all cases in which good raw silk is made use of, the silk thrown in this country is equal to any thrown in Italy, and is suited to the manufacture of every description of silk goods.

"4. That the reduction of duties on foreign thrown silks, in 1829, has had an injurious effect on the throwing trade of this country.

" 5. That it is expedient that the duty on foreign thrown organzine be restored to 5s. per pound, and that on foreign thrown tram to 3s. per pound."

It will be seen that, in this paper, the throwsters and the weavers unite; formerly, the weavers called for a reduction of duty on thrown silk, the material of their manufacture. If the present union have any other reason, than that of forming a more extended combination against free trade, it seems to show that the weavers cannot depend upon an import of thrown silk sufficient for their work. If this import be not enough to supply the weavers, it cannot be enough to ruin the throwsters. But the working throwsters, it is said, are injured, because less of their finer material is imported, and the coarser affords less employment. Supposing this to be true, it must be owing to the diminished demand for it by the weavers;—this may be valid as an illustration of the weaver's case, but is a questionable reason for making him pay a higher tax for that material when imported. It is clear that if the manufacture of these finer silks has declined, the remedy is, rather, in a reduction of the duty on the part-manufactured material. Parliament acted fairly in reducing the protection on both branches simultaneously. If the wages of throwsters fell upon the reduction, we apprehend that, after a restoration of the higher duty, the weavers would soon have to complain of an increased price of thrown silk; and their distress might operate again upon the throwsters.

Between the throwster and the weaver, it is not a question of free trade or restriction. It is a nice question of adjustment, between two manufacturing interests, which must occur, under a restrictive system, and from which there is no escape but in a system perfectly free. We proceed with the resolutions.

" 6. That the effect of the present system in the silk trade has been a great change in the character of the goods manufactured in this country; the making of goods of a low price, and of a coarse texture, having been substituted for the fine, rich, and fancy goods formerly made.

" 7. That it is essential to the prosperity of the silk manufacture in this country, to preserve the higher branches, especially the figured and fancy branches of the trade.

" 8. That under the present system, it seems unlikely that the manufacture of figured and fancy silk goods can be continued in this country.

" 9. That there has been sufficient evidence of the ability of the English manufacturers and artisans to produce every article of taste, equal *intrinsically* to those produced in France.

" 10. That in order to preserve these valuable branches of the British silk manufacture, it is expedient that no figured and fancy silk goods or ribbons of foreign manufacture be allowed to be imported into this country for home consumption."

These propositions contain nearly the whole of the case of the silk trade. The French compete with us successfully in fine, rich, and, above all, in *fancy* goods. This we are prepared to admit; we will not say that there is in France altogether more of that refined feeling, and quick perception, which constitute *taste*; but we do fear that there is more of that description of taste, which is conversant in dress, and in all the lighter ornaments. We believe that the legal admission of French silks has augmented the demand for goods of this description; but we do not admit that the demand is supplied entirely by foreigners, or that there is not an equal consumption of fancy articles, made at home. The whole is enormously increased, and probably the increase of consumption is greater than the increase of importation.

But, admitting that we have not read all the evidence upon this subject, we will concede the 6th and 8th propositions; and admit that the "figured and fancy trade" is in great distress, and in danger of destruction.

To the 7th we demur.

That the silk manufacture is not entirely prosperous if an important branch be destroyed, is a truism. But it does not necessarily follow, from the loss of that branch, that there is not on the whole, as much or more of work upon silk, than before. The increased importation, and use, of the raw material, from two millions to four millions of pounds,* is undenied and undeniable. At first, there were allegations of stocks previously low, occasional stimulus, unsuccessful speculation, and so forth; but it is now quite certain, that "Free Trade" has been followed by a largely increased use of silk in our manufactories. The proposed Report takes no notice whatever of this undoubted fact; but we know that the usual allegation is, that this enormous quantity of silk is used, either in plain and coarse goods, or in goods compounded of silk and cotton, or silk and sheep's wool; manufactures which the silkmen disclaim. No man who wears a waistcoat can doubt, that new varieties of manufacture have been introduced.

A manufacturer of pure silk may treat these with contempt, but if they are in themselves very useful and comfortable, and afford employment to thousands, the country has no reason to complain, nor has the silkman, more than any other man, the button-maker for instance, who suffers from a change of fashion. Could we pursue details, we could show that in this very article of a waistcoat, the cotton interest had been injured by the woolen, and afterwards both by the silk; there is surely no cause for

* See p. 146, *ante*.

lamentation, if ingenuity has devised a fabric, in which these rival stuffs unite in harmony.

The ninth proposition affirms, that Englishmen can produce every article of taste, equal, *intrinsically*, to the French. What is meant by the intrinsic goodness of an article of taste? Is it meant that the English make gauze ribbons, which answer the purpose of gauze ribbons, as well as those made in France, though they are not so pretty? Is it intended to distinguish between the useful and the ornamental purpose? Is it meant that English ribbons will hold as fast, and are really as pretty as the French, though Englishwomen will not think so? Is it seriously intended to affirm that there is an *intrinsic* beauty of colour or pattern, independent of fashion, caprice, or fancy? We contend for the right of our countrywomen to judge for themselves. If the taste of a Lyonesse manufacturer, or a Parisian milliner, happens to suit their fancy, though it be not *intrinsically* better, they have a right to gratify themselves, paying honestly; and the legislature has no more right or reason of interference than it would have, to prescribe, in lieu of ribbands made from a foreign material, leathern thongs made of English hides, or list made of English wool.

This brings us to the tenth proposition, which is valuable, as being, after all that has been written, and said, and petitioned, concerning free trade, and the revival of the ancient and wholesome statutes, a departure from which has brought ruin upon the country,—the one only distinct suggestion of an alteration of the law. As a cure for all this distress, it is proposed to prohibit all fancy and figured silks!

Then comes the 11th resolution:—

“That this Committee are of opinion, that the plain silk goods made in England may be protected by a duty of 30 per cent. ; 10 per cent. of which should be levied *ad valorem*, and the remainder by the pound weight.”

This, which suggests an alteration, not very extensive, in the rate and form of the duty, does not require particular comment. Then come two, for giving effect to the suggestions of prohibition and higher protection, namely,

“12. That all silk goods imported into this country be stamped.

“13. That all extensive violations of the Revenue Laws, as it respects silk manufactures, be punishable by imprisonment and hard labour, in addition to such pecuniary penalties as the parties guilty of such violations are now liable to.”

We trust that the warmest advocate of the old system will require a strong case to be made out before he consents to enact vexations and penalties like these! We own, that we would have no mercy upon the smuggler in high life; but it is surely no in-

considerable objection to a system, that it requires to be enforced by additional and severe punishments, affecting perhaps persons who are tempted to crime by those who ought to have taught them morality and obedience to the laws. The suggestion itself illustrates the difficulty of enforcing the prohibition. The increased difficulty of procuring the French silks would, there is no doubt, increase the desire to possess them : and the temptation to evade the law would be proportionably greater. We know that the stamp has been often considered, and rejected as inefficient. After all, then, it is very doubtful, whether the makers of fancy goods in England would obtain any advantage from the vexatious and penal regulations which are proposed. Is it then worth while, for the sake of a very questionable benefit to one branch of one trade, to give new and increased vexatiousness to a commercial system, which fiscal reasons already make so burdensome? We say, without hesitation, that it would be much better to lose this particular branch of manufacture, of which it surely cannot be said, that it is so exclusive and singular, that those who are engaged in it cannot earn their livelihood in any other way. Perhaps, indeed, by giving even more of facility to the produce of French taste, we might at once diminish the preference now given to it, and improve our own manufacture.

The 14th* resolution contains a suggestion of "Reciprocity:"—

"14. That in the case of any country producing raw silk, and not allowing its free exportation to England, the silk manufactured goods of that country be prohibited."

This has assuredly more of reason in it than most of the suggestions of reciprocity, because, in both its parts, it affects the same interest. It is not, like the mutual interchange of woollens and silks, with razors and ribbons, an absurd thing to be asked ; and if it were probable that the French would be induced, by our prohibition of their manufactures, to permit the exportation of the raw silk, it might not be unreasonable or impolitic to be granted. But the difficulty of enforcing the prohibition would probably be increased, when applied to the goods of one country in particular. It is open, too, to all the objections of a war of restrictions. Still, we do not deny that the suggestion is a fit subject for the pending discussion with the French government.

The petition from Lyons can hardly fail to forward the objects of this negotiation. A mutual and amicable arrangement of interests is therein strongly recommended ; and the abandonment of those prohibitions which have the appearance of hostility, is

* The 15th resolution is applicable to a matter of detail, concerning handkerchiefs from India.

particularly urged. Although we retain our objections to detailed stipulations, and cannot pretend that a general prohibition to export raw silk from France can be viewed as a hostile measure, we do think that when such sentiments prevail at Lyons, our easy admission of manufactured goods may be usefully contrasted with the French refusal of their raw material; and if any retributory measure can be devised, that shall be good in practice, there is nothing in our theory to condemn it.

Our observations and conclusions concerning silk certainly bear a small proportion to the bulk of the evidence offered to the committee. But we have done full justice to the manufacturers, because we have taken for granted all that they have put forward as the result of the inquiry, and the ground of their suggestions. We are not at all satisfied, that even the limited case which is supposed to be made out, may not be overturned; but as ours is not a particular discussion of the silk trade, but a general inquiry into the consequences of the late measures, we are quite content to admit all that the impugners of those measures have alleged; namely,—for this is the whole and sole answer to the challenge thrown out to them,—that, in one branch of one manufacture, some loss has been occasioned, through the importation of foreign goods.

We undertook* to show, that even in the few branches which have suffered by competition, it is doubtful whether British industry, even in those particular branches, has not been enlarged by the change. If we consider the “figured and fancy silks” as a branch of manufacture by themselves, we are not prepared to say that the loss in Spitalfields has been compensated elsewhere; but, taking all sorts of work upon silk together, it has been amply shown, that there has been a considerable enlargement: and, in fact, it is to this enlargement of the domestic manufacture, and the transfer of it from one to another position, more than to any importations from abroad, that the distresses of the silk weavers, in those places in which they have suffered more than other manufacturers, are justly to be ascribed.

We are aware that those who framed the measures regarding silk, did not avow, as we have done, the probability of injury accruing to the domestic manufacture. Their anticipations rather dwelt upon an improvement in the manufacture, leading to an extended export, and they regarded the duty which they substituted for prohibition, and which they estimated at 30 per cent.,

* Vol. x. p. 102.

as not only the highest which the smuggler would allow to be collected, but a "fair" protection against foreign competition. It is to be inferred, that they considered the duty equal to the difference of the cost, at which English and French silks, respectively, could meet in the English market.

There are even passages in the speeches of former ministers, and especially of Lord Goderich, in which an expectation was expressed, of a successful competition in continental markets.

Although the degree in which the competition of foreigners has been successful in the home market is a matter of dispute, it is quite clear that this sanguine anticipation of foreign markets has not been realized.

There may be here, and in other points, a good argument *ad hominem*, against some of the authors of the silk laws ; we defend measures, not men.

Those who ascribe extensive consequences to "Free Trade," ought to ask themselves, what "Free Trade," or rather, the acts of Parliament to which they are pleased to give that designation, *can* have done ? It has caused, they say, a fall in prices, profits, and wages. *Can* it have produced these consequences, in respect of any commodities, other than those in which there has been a competition with foreigners ? We should answer, Certainly not, in other goods than those brought from abroad, or in goods for which the imported articles have been substituted ; unless, indeed, the number of workmen discharged in consequence of the introduction of the foreign goods has been so great as to occasion a superabundance of hands, and a general fall of wages ; and in that case, though the condition of the workmen would be deteriorated, that of the manufacturer, dealer, or consumer,—one, or all of them, must be ameliorated.

Thus, admitting for the moment, that the foreign silks have superseded the use of English silks, and injured every branch of that trade, and all concerned in it, it is *possible*, that the French silks might have also superseded the English cottons ; all persons engaged upon cotton would thus have partaken of the misfortunes of the silkman ; and it is also *possible*, that so many silk-weavers and cotton-spinners might have been turned off, as to lower wages in the woollen manufactories, or even in less kindred employments ; though it is not very easy to imagine that iron-workers, cutlers, sugar-bakers, or printers, would have been much affected by these occurrences in the silk, cotton, or wool trades.

Now, will any man say, first, that there has been an increased competition in any article except silks ; or, secondly, that (excepting the first which we admit for the present) any one of these,

the utmost consequences that *could* follow, have followed upon the importation of silk? Is it pretended that silks have superseded cottons? Have not, on the contrary, cottons increased so much, as to have, with much greater probability, occasioned the losses of the silk-weavers? Will it be said that any one man has been turned out of a cotton-mill, in consequence of the importation of silk? By what process, then, is it assumed—by what process is it possible—that the importation of silk has affected manufactures generally?

We do not want an answer in the terms of political economy; we want a plain answer by a man who has never read Adam Smith. When one tells us, by removing prohibition, or reducing duties, you make French silks cheaper than English; and a lady who used to buy gowns made in Spitalfields, now buys gowns made at Lyons; and the Spitalfields people thus lose their employment, and their subsistence, we understand him. We may deny the fact; we may say that there is compensation, in this way or that; we may say that he ought to suffer for the good of the community, but we cannot say that his averment is not intelligible, possible, and probable. But when he tells us that this lady's purchase of the French gown from Messrs. Leaf and Coles, brings distress upon Alderman Thompson's Iron Works at Merthyr-Tydvil, we are puzzled. This gentleman, we say, must be a great theorist, a man of extensive, if not of extravagant, speculation, a professor of some abstruse science, an abstract reasoner, a *philosopher*.

We contend, that it neither has been shown nor can be shown, that any *general* declension has taken place in the commerce of the country, still less that any reduction which has occurred in its profits, or in the condition or number of workmen employed, is attributable to the new measures.

It may be admitted that an importation of a foreign commodity much too small to diminish materially the native industry employed upon the same article, may, nevertheless, have a considerable effect upon its price. And we will not, in this place, deny that the price of some, a very few, British commodities, has been lowered in consequence of the actual, or apprehended competition of foreign commodities.

But our present concern is with the alleged reduction of profits and wages, and consequent general distress in all the branches of industry;—many of which are not at all affected by foreign importation. When we see that, on the whole, there is a great augmentation of quantity, indicated by the increased import of the raw article, and an increased export of the manufactures: when we see this result evident in the most extensive of all our manufactures, and one of which the material is

exclusively foreign, while there is not the shadow of foreign competition in the manufactured article, how is it possible to ascribe the lowness of profit and wages (which is admitted) to any cause connected with foreign importation?

It is not at all certain, nor indeed is it probable, that those articles which have experienced an extension of quantity, and a diminution of value, would have obtained the one without the other. This is, no doubt, true in regard to home consumption, but it is more undeniably true in respect of exportation. Can it be believed that we should continue to compete successfully with the continental manufacturers, to whom peace has restored so great facilities, without the aid of a great reduction of price?

These are great palliations of the evil, (if it be one,) of low profits and wages; but, whatever may be the extent or intensity of the evil, it cannot be traced to the new measures. It has been said often, but must be repeated here, that the very allegation of universality negatives the partial cause. We have seen already, in how very inconsiderable a proportion, the measures which have facilitated importation, can possibly have affected industry in the aggregate; we have seen, too, how very slightly the importation can have affected the very few particular articles which can have directly felt any effect at all from it. And can we, with the slightest appearance of truth or probability, ascribe to the importation of a few articles, not amounting to one thirty-seventh part of our whole importation, the general effect of a reduction of profits, wages, and prices among all branches of industry; not those alone which have been exposed to increased competition, but those also which date from the same measures, augmented facilities of fabrication and exportation?

We hear, at present, even more of the pauperism of our agricultural labourers, than of the distress of our manufacturers; is *this* owing to free trade: are the farmers and their labourers, producers of protected corn, poorer because all manufactures are cheaper?

We might add, that it is well known that there is great and similar distress in *other countries* in those very branches of industry which we allege to be suffering from the competition of those very countries.

The extent, however, or the origin, of the general distress, is not our subject; it is enough for our purpose to have shown that the reduction of duty upon certain articles, which reduction has acquired the name of "Free Trade"—is not the cause of that distress, be it more or less extensive.

The partial evil of which we have admitted the existence, is an almost unavoidable consequence of the transition from restriction

to freedom in our commercial system. Neither capital nor industry is readily transferred from one mode of employment to another; and even though it be true that, on the whole, and eventually, the new system furnishes a more profitable employment of capital, and still more, a more extensive demand for labour, it is possible that these effects will not be felt immediately; nor will the compensation afforded by the new channels be enjoyed by the individuals who suffer through the loss of the old. In considering then the way in which the transition has, in our case, been managed, we hold that no degree of artificial management, no departure from systematic policy, can be reprehensible, which is intended to mitigate the severity of the transition; always provided, that, however slowly, we are moving towards our end.

But our difficulty consists in this; all that we do to avoid a harsh operation of our improvements, operates as a stimulus. While we intend only to let capital be gradually withdrawn, and labour transferred by degrees, we are actually giving a bounty to the more extensive application of both, in the direction from which we desire to divert it.

This, we apprehend, has happened to the silk manufacture. And it is questionable whether a more rapid and effectual withdrawal of protection would not have occasioned less of injury to those engaged in it, than the gradual process which has been adopted.

Perhaps, where there has been a prohibition, the fairest course to take in the first instance, is, to impose *the highest duty which can be collected*; that is, generally, a duty exceeding by a little, (perhaps five per cent) the rate at which the goods can be imported in contraband trade. But it is obvious, that if the article so taxed be one also produced in this country, perhaps, if there be here an article which may be substituted for it,—and that article is not subject to a corresponding tax,—we must not retain this tax permanently; if we do not lower the duty it still remains *a protective duty*, obnoxious to the objections urged against the restrictive system. And if the article be one, as many are, which from its form, or fabric, is not liable to be smuggled, our duty, kept at the highest rate, will be *prohibitory*, and equal in its effects to an absolute prohibition.

On such articles, therefore, and indeed, on all articles, looking to considerations of revenue merely, we should impose, not the highest rate of duty which can be collected, but the rate of duty which will produce the largest amount of revenue; which is often, as we very well know, increased more by a moderate than by a high duty. If we thus regulate our tariff by considerations of revenue, our imposts upon foreign articles, will, or will not, be

protective of our native industry, according to a variety of incidental circumstances. Suppose the foreign article to be one whereof the consumption here can be greatly extended, and which is made better and cheaper than our native production; financial motives will induce us to fix the duty at the point of greatest productiveness: which point may, probably, be too low for protection against the superior cheapness of the foreign article.

On the other hand, if the commodity be one which, from whatever causes, can be more cheaply produced in England, the lowest duty will be a protection; or rather, the article will protect itself, without any duty.

And, according to the principles which we have endeavoured to maintain, there is in this state of the matter, and in these various effects of the same revenue system, nothing inconsistent with sound policy; or with the principles and prayer of the merchants' petition.

But, in effecting the transition to this policy, from a system of prohibition and restriction, it may be allowable, not at once to reduce the duties to the point at which they will be most productive. To the point at which they will destroy the profits of the smuggler, they must be reduced, in regard as well to the interests of the domestic producer, as to the revenue. This was the principle upon which the silk duties were lowered in 1829, when Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald and Mr. Courtenay were at the Board of Trade. But we may fairly pause, and proceed gradually, in reducing the duties to that lower point at which the enlarged consumption will produce a greater revenue. This gradual abatement of duty is all that we can do, by way of lightening the harshness of the operation, upon domestic producers, of the transition from the one system to the other. The main point to be attended to, in the management of this gradual process is, to make it clearly understood that the regard which we pay to the principle of protection is only *temporary*, and that any more lasting effect which our financial measures may have in protecting domestic productions, is accidental, and furnishes no claim for the continuance of protection.

But here is another difficulty! so far as the profits of the capitalists are concerned, we may fairly say, you knew what you were about; you had fair warning; if our measures diminish your profits you have no more right to complain than have other merchants, or manufacturers, on any other of the numerous occasions in which they suffer from change of circumstances. But the situation of the artisans and labourers who may be thrown out of employ is not exactly the same with that of their masters. These poor persons could not be expected to calculate, for themselves, the effects of political measures; and moreover,

if, as is probable, there is not merely a tolerable diminution, but an entire loss of wages, they are involved in misery, and become, by our law technically and avowedly, but really and in truth by the law of every state, and by the nature of things, burthensome upon the community at large. Our feelings of humanity, and a consideration of our own interests and of the public peace, would therefore deter us from reducing them to this extremity.

We do not mention this consideration as justifying a departure from the rule of proceeding gradually, but still proceeding, from the restrictive to the free system; but it assuredly increases greatly the difficulty of the transition; because it displays a manifest and a palpable evil, to be balanced against a speculative and less apparent good. This is what the opponents of free trade mean, when they insist upon practice as opposed to theory.

We are not prepared to say that the transition can be effected, without producing an actual increase of distress somewhere; or even, that there will not be, for a time, an increase on the whole: but we have shown that in the present case, the distress occasioned by the change of system, cannot have extended beyond a number of persons comparatively small, relative to those from whom the general extension of employment which has followed that change must have averted it.

When to these considerations is added the conviction, that the free system is, on the whole, beneficial to the people, that every individual partakes, in his degree, of that general benefit, and that, although each man's share of each separate benefit is scarcely perceptible, his share of the whole is considerable, we cannot doubt of the propriety of extending the system cautiously, and by degrees, to all commodities not connected with subsistence or security,* notwithstanding the local and temporary pressure which even the most gradual application of it may possibly occasion.

It may be remarked here, that embarrassments similar to those which attend the transition from a restricted to a free system are liable to arise in every case in which duties operate, though unintentionally and inadvertently, as a protection to native industry.

The opposers of free trade, as well as its advocates, are apt to object to our present system, that it is not perfectly free trade. There are still protecting duties not only upon corn, but upon manufactures. Corn, we repeat, stands, and ought to stand, by itself; but so much of the duty upon foreign manufactures as is collected for any other purpose than revenue, we admit to be

* It will be seen, that these exceptions are made, because corn and shipping have been put aside from the present discussion.

inconsistent with the principles which we have laid down; and trust that we shall at no distant period be enabled to say, that no duties or regulations exist which are not essential to the revenue.

It is not fair to say, that there is not free trade, because certain articles are taxed on importation. If the tax, whether on importation or home manufacture, be only such as to produce the largest revenue, it can no more be condemned as a restraint upon commerce, than assessed taxes are restraints upon building, and employing horses, carriages, or servants. Revenue, however raised, must produce restraint or inconvenience somewhere; it is enough for the principle of free trade, that such restriction is not the object of the tax; and that its amount is not enhanced with any other than a fiscal intention. An import duty is, strictly speaking, a commercial and not a fiscal tax, when the article to which it is attached, or the corresponding article, if there be one, is duty-free, when grown or made at home. Sometimes, however, even in this case, the motive may be financial, as when a tax is laid on importation, as an easy mode of raising revenue; such a tax being less vexatious in the collection than a tax upon internal production or consumption. To preserve the true principle in such cases, it is only necessary to fix the duty at the point of greatest productiveness.

Upon these grounds we think that our tariff still requires amendment; and that the silk duties, in particular, which are so high as to encourage smuggling, ought still to be lowered.

This suggestion does not imply an opinion, that "the transition has not been prudently managed."* We have no fault to find in this respect with Mr. Huskisson or his successors: the step in the march of true principle may properly be slow, if it be steady and straightforward.

Probably, the effects of what has been done already have not been so operative, either for good or evil, as is on either side pretended. We trust that we have shown that the evil *cannot* be very great, and that, except in general assertion, even the *alleged* evil is small. We have shown that, whether in consequence of the new measures, or in spite of them, our commerce and navigation have been greatly extended; that there has been more of employment for the people engaged in trade and manufacture.

And if there be much in the situation of our farmers, and their labourers, and of our manufacturers, tradesmen, and artizans, which vexes the statesman, and puzzles the philosopher, the prejudiced and the sophist alone can ascribe it to "Free Trade."

- ART. VII.—1. *Un Elezione di Membri del Parlamento in Inghilterra*, del Signor Giuseppe Pecchio. Lugano, 1826. sm. 8vo.
 2. *Osservazioni semi-serie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra*. Lugano, 1831. 8vo.

ENGLAND has perhaps incurred more than its share of the misrepresentation which every civilized country must expect to receive at the hands of foreign travellers. Nor is it difficult to discern the reason. The habits and institutions of England are essentially different from those of the continent. We differ from other European nations in the externals of life, in those points which fall first under the observation of the traveller, more than any of those nations differ from each other; and the master-key which would unlock the knowledge of many peculiarities on the other side of the channel, is comparatively useless on this. We are a reserved people—we unbosom ourselves little to each other—and still less to those who are of another country. We are not a demonstrative people—the drama of life is not acted by us as if it were a drama—is not acted as if we sought observation and applause, and least of all, the applause of foreigners. Our characteristic is the pride which locks up its feelings and motives—not the vanity which would lay them open. We are a domestic people—our lives are comparatively little before the public—but we enclose ourselves in that sanctuary “home,” into which the stranger cannot come; and if he thinks he has entered and viewed this sanctuary, he is probably mistaken.

But besides all this, there is perhaps no country which sets speculation more at defiance—no country more calculated to perplex the theorizer, who might visit it, not with a patient spirit of careful inquiry, but with a disposition to draw extensive inferences from a few prominent facts, and to accommodate results to what, by very legitimate rules of reasoning, he might have demonstrated they ought to be. In a country which acknowledges so largely the dominion of reason, the foreign semi-philosopher will be surprised to find so much, for which, by the application of logical rules, he cannot account. It is not a country in which the traveller can say with certainty: “thus it is in this case, and thus, therefore, must it be in that.” There is little here of rule and compass; little that looks regular upon paper, and can easily be embodied in a systematic classification. It is a land of anomalies. We are, it is true, a methodical and a reasoning people, but we show our reason, not in forming regular and novel systems, but in engrafting our novelties upon a stock which is old. In our institutions and customs, we have some things that

are feudal; some things that may have arisen from accident, rather than from design,—whose origin is obscure, and which have outlived the circumstances that gave them birth; and all these we retain, and *wisely*, because we are used to them, and because we would apply the cementing force of habit, to give that union of strength and pliability which the best devised novelty can seldom possess in an equal degree.

If England is calculated to perplex the philosophic traveller, it is perhaps still less suitable for the superficial sketcher, the butterfly flutterer from pleasure to pleasure, the play-going, picture-seeking, rout-frequenting tourist.

"England," says Count Pecchio, "is formed rather for our study than for our amusement. It is a vast book of science. Its theatres are the arsenals of Deptford and Portsmouth; or the East and West India docks; its pictures are the manufactures of Glasgow, of Manchester, of Leeds, of Halifax; its Coliseum, its arches, and arenas, are the smoking forges and workshops, with which whole districts are covered; its *Champs Elysées* are its mines of iron in Wales, of tin in Devonshire, and of coal at Newcastle. England is not the enchanted isle of Alcina, where men pass their days in song and laughter, only in the end to vegetate or become brutes. The English are the *men* of Europe; they laugh little, perhaps too little, but in its stead they think how to render life least unhappy, and to soften and educate the grosser qualities of human nature.

Among those who have misrepresented England, the majority, strange to say, have belonged to that nation which may justly be considered one of the most acute and enlightened in the world. There is scarcely in modern times a more faulty and ridiculous body of literature than that of French works upon England, from the commencement of the eighteenth century to about ten years ago. Even the genius and acuteness of Voltaire seemed to become obscured and feeble, when he attempted to treat of the manners, institutions and literature of this island; and as for the inferior fry of French writers on England, the Grosleys, Mezliacs, Levises and Pillets, if they do not irritate us by their libels, it is because we are rather moved to laughter by their absurdities. But latterly the French have cast aside that Chinese veil of ignorant presumption which so long impeded the free exercise of their natural intelligence, and led them to estimate everything by a narrow standard of their own; and they have also, we trust, laid aside that unworthy jealousy which once caused them to feel a pleasure in the wilful depreciation of England. A better spirit has arisen, and France has amply redeemed its credit. We do not class among French works on England, (although in that language); that of M. Simond, one of the most candid and obser-

vant of travellers—for his extraction we believe was Swiss, and he had lived many years in the United States of North America. The works to which we would principally allude, are those of Baron de Staël, Charles Dupin and Cottu, which are no less monuments to the honour of England than to the candour, research and penetration of the writers.

Of inferior pretensions, and less depth and extent of research, but fully equal in candour, and perhaps also in the clearness and correctness of observation which they display, are the two pleasing little volumes of the Italian author before us. Count Pecchio, who is already favourably known as the biographer of Foscolo, has given us rather unconnectedly, but at the same time sensibly and agreeably, the results of his experience during a residence of many years in this country. He appears to have come hither (a refugee from political causes) in 1823; to have resided successively in London, Nottingham and York, supporting himself during part of that time by teaching the Italian language, and mixing much with various classes, and observing with an attentive eye many varieties of English life. In his "*Osservazioni di un Esule*," which he tells us in his modest preface, is like a Spanish *olla podrida*, he discourses on our houses—ten gardens—sailors—parliaments—roads—fairs—education—country sports—assizes—dissenters, and lunatic asylums. These heterogeneous subjects are here enumerated in the order in which they occur, from whence it will be evident that methodical arrangement does not constitute one of the merits of this work. At the same time it must be said, that they are all treated with good sense, and in a spirit of candour and sincere desire to do justice to the various themes. We are much struck too with the prepossessing tone of amiability and good humour which pervades this volume. There is in it nothing cynical or caustic—no crabbed exercise of discernment in the detection of blots; no evidence of the low ambition of saying smart things at the expense of truth. The sunshine of life is preferred to the shade, and whenever there is a slight departure from perfect correctness of representation, it is almost invariably on the favourable side. The author's misfortunes have not soured him, nor, as might have been feared in one so circumstanced, does he speak with bitterness of the errors of Italy, or with envy of the prosperity of England. Of this country he speaks admiringly and gratefully, perhaps in some instances gives us more credit than we deserve, and is altogether one of the most flattering pourtrayers we have ever known. In his politics he is liberal, and at the same time temperate, to a degree which was perhaps hardly to be expected in one who entertained so deep a sense of Italian misgovernment,

and whom indignation might probably have driven into violent and extreme opinions. He thus describes the motley assemblage of *liberaux*, unfortunate like himself, who about the same time sought refuge in England.

"In 1823 London was peopled with exiles of every kind and of every country. Constitutionalists advocating a single legislative chamber—constitutionalists advocating two chambers—constitutionalists on the French model—others on the Spanish model—others on the American—generals, dismissed presidents of republics, presidents of parliaments dissolved at the point of the bayonet, presidents of Cortes dispersed by cannon, the widow of the black king Christophe, with two princesses her daughters, sablests of negresses of the legitimate blood-royal; Iturbide, dethroned emperor of Mexico, and a swarm of journalists, poets, and men of letters. London was the Elysium (a satirist would say the Botany Bay) of illustrious men, and heroes *manqués*. To whoever might have seen the parliament of Naples, the hall of the cortes of Madrid, or the cortes of Lisbon, what must have been the surprise to find himself at the Italian opera, in London, with general Pepe, general Mina, the orators Arguelles and Galiano, the president Isturiz, Moura. &c., jostling in the crowd against the ambassadors from governments which had denounced them! It was in truth a kind of magic spectacle, worthy of Merlin. Many times the opera-house in London put me in mind of that enchanted palace in Ariosto, where so many knights friendly and hostile, ran past each other up and down the stairs without the power either of escape or combat."

Many of these exiles became in their turn what are called "lions" in London society; and our author seems thoroughly to appreciate the value and durability of the homage which they received in that capacity.

"Soon curiosity passed away; and the *Lions* were buried in oblivion. There is no other such vast tomb as London for swallowing up illustrious names. It is an all-devouring ocean. The celebrity of a man in London sparkles and vanishes like a fire work. There are great throngings round him, great invitations, great eulogiums, great exaggerations for a few days, and afterwards a perpetual silence. The names of Paoli and Dumourier, which at their first appearance were powerful as the thunder, made at their death no more sound than a falling leaf. General Mina, when he disembarked at Plymouth, was carried in triumph to the hotel, and deafened with applause at the theatre, and in London for a whole month he was more famous than the lion of Nemea. But what was the result? He sunk soon into oblivion, and the tomb closed upon his name."

Count Pecchio's life in this country does not appear to have been one of idleness. He assumed for his support the occupation of an Italian teacher; and describes pleasantly his first visit to the house of an English clergyman in that capacity. The insight which he thus obtained into the domestic interior of

English life seems to have inspired him with much respect for the household virtues of this land; and, without endowing us with the unsuitable romantic attributes which our foreign admirers are sometimes willing to ascribe, he speaks of us in a discriminating tone of praise, creditable alike to the eulogist and his subject. His occupation as teacher naturally directed his attention a good deal to the subject of education, and the observations which he makes upon this extensive topic are, with few exceptions, sound and judicious.

He admires the well-constituted intercourse and happy terms which so frequently subsist between parents and children—the mild consideration of the former, and the respectful freedom of the latter—the care bestowed upon the disposition, the repression of ebullitions of temper, and the wholesome lives of temperance and activity which young people are caused to lead. Count Pecchio is alluding only to *home* education, and, we presume, knows little of our public schools, or the tenor of his remarks would probably have been less eulogistic. There is much well-expressed truth in the following :

“ Liberty is the mistress of every thing in England. The restrictions employed are few, and such only as are indispensable. Their trees are rarely pollarded, or distorted, or clipped, but grow luxuriantly, spreading in the parks and fields as nature prompts; their pleasure-grounds are not made symmetrical, but in imitation of nature; their houses are not constructed with a view to architectural ornament at the expense of internal convenience; but whatever may be the irregularities of the outward design, they are almost always well arranged and commodious within. Their horses are not fretted or cramped with useless exercises and artificial paces, but are strong, spirited, and very swift. Here, finally, education is rather a rule, a guide, than a system of coercive modelling. The English are, of all highly civilized people, those who depart least from nature.”

Count Pecchio, in order to prove that he is not a blind admirer of anything that is done in this country, then tells us there are two things in our system of education of which he cannot approve;—one of these is “excess of reading,” especially at an early age. The other may excite a smile of surprise in those who are not prepared for the very extensive meaning which Count Pecchio is inclined to attach to the word “education.” It is “the prevalence of tight-lacing with females.” Though we cannot admit that a reprehension of this practice finds its place very naturally in the midst of strictures on education, we will say, that we believe the physical evils he complains of, as resulting from it, are pretty generally acknowledged; but that it is no longer necessary to denounce a custom which comparatively prevails so little. With

respect to "reading," we concur with him in much that he says. We believe it is too much the practice of English parents and teachers to *force* the mind at an early age. "The intellectual education," as he says, "is made to begin at three years old;" and though there may be little harm in its *beginning* then, it should assuredly be prosecuted with peculiar gentleness and moderation. It is better, while children are very young, to bestow attention upon the cultivation of their moral than of their intellectual qualities, to improve the disposition rather than to load the memory with knowledge which is not yet convertible. The infrequency of early prodigies retaining their intellectual superiority, and producing much good fruit in mature life, is a practical illustration of the impolicy of the forcing system, even where it has seemed most successful. It is, moreover, the published opinion of an eminent physician, that extreme cultivation of the intellectual faculties, previous to the age of *seven*, is injurious both to mind and body, and may even be regarded as a proximate cause of the increased prevalence of insanity. Count Pecchio's objections to excessive reading among adults are not very serious, nor particularly valid. He says,

"When Rousseau wrote his *Emile*, in England they read very little, and perhaps too little. But now they read too much. There is such an inundation of poetry, novels, romances, and periodicals, that many intellects must be quite smothered under them. . . . The mind has not time to digest this incessant feast. The romance of this week makes one forget that of the preceding, as one wave obliterates another. It happened to me several times to ask one youth or another, what was the plot of a romance he had read a few months before. He had scarcely more than a faint recollection of it, as if it had been a dream. A more certain inconvenience, resulting from this assiduous reading, is the weakness of sight, which is very common in England. I don't know if this opinion of mine is correct; because English education, especially that of the mind, has undergone an alteration within the last twenty years. The effects, whether good or bad, of this assiduous and irregular reading cannot hitherto have rendered themselves visible. We shall require twenty years more in order to judge with accuracy whether, with regard to solidity of judgment and vigour of body, the consequence has been gain or loss."

We willingly acknowledge the justice of the last two sentences. As for the alleged alteration in the system of English education, within the last twenty years, we do not know to what he alludes. That "certain" inconvenient result—"weakness of sight," which he says is "very common in England," is much more common in France and Germany. His instances of forgetfulness of the plot of a romance are not powerfully conclusive. He does not tell us that this forgetfulness is to be attributed solely to the vast deal that had been read subsequently; and he must not be too sure that it is not feigned. There are many who would plead forget-

fulness, rather than undergo the trouble of giving an account of what they had been reading. Besides, in the case of mere light reading—reading undertaken for amusement, and not for information, it may be doubted whether the alleged forgetfulness be an evil at all. If the romance is a good one, the benefit it can afford will consist, not in impressing on the memory of the reader the useless, imaginary facts of a fictitious narrative, but in infusing, almost imperceptibly, such general impressions as will conduce to the confirmation of his principles and the refinement of his taste. We wish there was the slightest ground for fearing that the minds of young Englishmen are in danger of being overwhelmed with excess of general information. Few, at the time they go to the university, are, in this respect, on an equality with their sisters; and this land has not yet begun to groan under the infliction of over-educated females.

Count Pecchio's mind seems much alive to inquiry into the sources of the wealth and civilization of England. Among the elements which conduce to these results, he has not omitted to notice the excellence of our means of internal communication. At the same time, he explains, very sensibly, an apparent anomaly which has struck some foolish travellers with wonder, namely, that while so solicitous to expedite communication as much as possible, we should have roads much less straight than many that are to be found on the continent. He says,

“Straight roads, and symmetrical cities, suppose the existence of a despotic power, little regardful of the rights of property. The straight line is like the sword of Alexander, which cut the gordian knot instead of untying it. The two most symmetrical cities in Europe, Turin and Berlin, sprung up under two military monarchies. Who does not see in the interminable straight roads of France and Poland a despotic hand that has traced them so? On the contrary, in England, that ancient land of liberty, the roads are winding, with frequent turns, and many of its cities are clusters of habitations, the chance result of caprice or need, instead of being composed of rows of houses, drawn up in rank like so many battalions of soldiers. Nevertheless, the English love order, expedition, and economy of every thing: true; but more than all, they appear to have esteemed the rights of property.

“The footpaths, which line every street in their towns, and frequently even the roads through the country, show that the people are and can make themselves respected. The traders have their canals, travellers in carriages have the middle of the street, the foot passengers have the side path. The footpath is the triumph of democracy. The common people are not, as elsewhere, entirely set aside. They have their rights, humble in truth, but inviolable. On the continent, on the other hand, the roads seem made only for the wealthy and for horses.”

He then enters sensibly into the question (on which opposite

opinions are maintained by Verri and Adam Smith,) whether the money requisite for the support of roads should be levied by tolls or a general impost, and supports, for the most part, the opinion of the great Scotch political economist against that of his own countryman.

The following remarks on our practice of recruiting are graphic and pointed, and as such we quote them, though we cannot entirely concur with the sentiments of the author.

"It is known that the English army is in a great measure raised by recruiting. There is not yet any conscription in England. The conscription, it is true, is a tax of blood; the more grievous when it is paid to a tyrannical government, or to a foreign government, which oppresses the conquered by means of the conquered themselves. But under every circumstance I prefer the conscription to recruiting. Even under a spurious government it is less shameful to serve by compulsion than by choice. Besides, recruiting is a contract between a knave and a fool. About three in the afternoon, just when the fair is most crowded, one hears the sound of four or five drums and a few fifes; one sees a party of soldiers, with ornaments dangling to their watches, ribbons in their helmets, and faces sleek and chubby, (as if war was *le pays de cocagne*,) better in dress and appearance than other soldiers, in order that they may more easily seduce and deceive; one sees, I say, this recruiting party leading into the midst of the fair, and showing in triumph to the crowd, two or three youths, who for three or four guineas have sold their lives, and know not whether to their country, their king, or their love of idleness. They have their hats ornamented with silk ribbons, just as in ancient times they decked with garlands the horns of the rams that were destined to be sacrificed. This simulated pomp, this false gaiety, seem to me similar to that festival which used to accompany the vow of chastity and perpetual seclusion which girls pronounced when they took the veil. The English speak with horror of the slave trade. Where is the difference between an African, who sells himself, as frequently happens, deceived by a slave merchant, and a man who, heated with wine and delusive promises, sells himself for a few guineas to a lying corporal?"

If Count Pecchio had often indulged in such flights of futile exaggeration, we should not have thought his work worth notice. The information he gives respecting the mild methods of bribery and persuasion so often employed by the African slave merchants, is new to us. Relying too confidently on all other authorities, we had feared the case was different. "The English," he says, "speak with horror of the slave trade." True; but they speak with no horror of the practice of recruiting, and yet they are as jealous of their own liberty as of the liberty of other people. Is it then possible that there can be so strong an analogy between recruiting and the slave trade? If he had asked himself this question, he would probably not have framed the absurdity we have quoted. It is not clear upon what plea he prefers the conscription to

recruiting. The latter has plainly the advantage of being voluntary, while the former is a system of compulsion. But deceit, according to our author, is as bad as compulsion: and "recruiting is a contract between a knave and a fool." This is too sweeping an assertion. The contract *may* be such as he describes, and so may any contract between the employer and the employed; but it is not necessarily such. The military ardour of inexperienced youth, though it may lead to a measure at which prudent friends will shake their heads, does not deserve to be so severely stigmatized; and any one who will compare the condition of the soldier with that of the distressed mechanic or the ill paid day-labourer of the south of England, will come to the conclusion, that enlistment may often be adopted, not by a fool at the suggestion of a knave, but by a well-judging poor man upon a calm and prudential view of comparative advantages; and such we know is frequently the case.

The little tract entitled "*Un' Elezione di Membri del Parlamento in Inghilterra*," is pleasingly and judiciously written, and without having much pretensions to profundity of thought, or extensiveness of research, is well calculated to give the author's countrymen a tolerably accurate notion of the mode in which elections used to be conducted in this country. Count Pecchio is one of that commendable class of travellers, who, without abstaining from a due admixture of inferences and speculations, do not exhibit them to the exclusion of facts, but give us pictures as well as essays. Instead, therefore, of quoting Blackstone and Delolme, he has given, as specimens of the workings of our system, a vivid description of what he witnessed in two English elections in 1826; one for the county of Nottingham, the other, a severe contest of ten days' duration for the county town.

"In describing to my countrymen the forms and incidents of an election such as I myself witnessed, I have not pretended to present to them a perfect model. Whoever studies the art of government, knows that numerous defects are contained both in the national representation of England, and in the conduct of its elections."

We are glad to think that since the appearance of this little work so many of those defects have been removed; and that those portions of his description which are least flattering to our country are but the history of a system which no longer exists. Whatever doubts may exist with respect to the working of the Reform Bill (and doubts must exist with respect to every untried measure) we think it cannot be otherwise than cause for congratulation among well meaning men of every party, that we shall be no longer liable to a whole fortnight's continuance of such disgraceful incidents as the following.

"The evening presented a scene worthy of the pen of Tassoni. The streets were strewed, not with the dead, but with the dead-drunk. Both the successful and the beaten party passed the night in uproar, amidst clouds of tobacco smoke, foaming tankards of ale, and spirits, It was a complete bacchanal."

Here, too, are tactics on the part of candidates and electors, which we trust can never be repeated.

"It is important to have a number of electors ready in order to gain a superiority in the first few days. Success in the outset frequently decides the victory. But it is nevertheless necessary to distribute the number so as to keep the poll open, and also to bring forward first the doubtful votes, and to keep the sure ones in reserve.

"When there is a contested election, the voters during the contest come, sometimes, a distance of three or four hundred miles. Virtue is ever mingled with vice. Many electors boast that they are invincible by threats, incorruptible by money. Some prefer to lose their employment, to be displaced by the government, turned off by their employer, abandoned by their client, or their patron, rather than vote against their conscience. It is certainly true that, for the most part, when any elector is the victim of his integrity, the party for whom he has voted comes to his assistance, repairs the loss he has suffered, and secures him from injury; but a great number yield to seduction, or to threats, and prefer to rectitude an attention to the interests of the moment. A less numerous, but more crafty and corrupt class, feign indecision at first, that they may gain time and sell their votes dearer at the last moment. When an election is obstinately contested, the victory is frequently decided by a few votes out of several thousands; the last are, consequently, bought at a very high price. In the last election for the county of York, two voters who were in Wales, were paid two hundred guineas, besides their expenses. In this election at Nottingham, two electors asked thirty guineas each for their vote, but while they were bargaining the poll was closed, and they remained without their money."

This calculating spirit of corruption, this base practice of weighing the exigencies of a candidate, and making the price of a voter's conscience depend, like the rise and fall of stocks, upon the result of each day's poll, is, we trust, effectually counteracted by the present limitation of elections to two days. There is much good sense in the following comparison of the systems of direct and indirect election.

"Political writers have already inquired which is to be preferred, direct or indirect election. If I were to judge by what I have seen in Spain and in England, I should adopt the opinion of those who think that direct election includes, on the whole, more advantages. The Spanish constitution prescribed three grades of election, the first parochial, the second of districts, the third, the actual election of the deputies. In 1821 I saw one of these elections at Madrid. I remember that it was cold and insipid. There was no concourse, no contention, no enthusiasm ;

nor could the names of Riego, Arguelles, Galiano, and many other illustrious patriots, warm the people. These were not elected directly by the people, but by electors chosen by the people. The people cannot feel a lively interest in parochial elections, in which is nominated a number of electors, who are to choose a still smaller number of other electors, who are, finally, to elect the deputy. Under such a system the people do not know the candidates; their election is to the people a chance or lottery. The candidates distant from the people, separated from them by two ranks of electors, make no profession of principles contract no obligation, are not indebted to the people for their election, and, consequently, do not take so much pains either to cultivate or to assist them. These elections by progressive steps, it is true, avoid the conflict of passions, and certain tumults and disorders, perhaps also are less subject to corruption, perhaps also are more especially expedient among people of a warm and excitable character. But they are, on the other hand, devoid of that emulation, that fire, that interest which are the life of free existence. Hardly any one in Spain knew that an election was going on, while in England it is a general convulsion, it is a species of patriotic phrenzy which invades every class, every city, every village. In direct elections the people re-assumes the sovereignty in all its power, is the judge of individuals, the awarder of prizes, and the arbiter of fame. The English system of election moreover, thanks to the custom that the candidates should be proposed by some of the most respectable of the electors, has also this advantage over election by progressive steps, that it tends to direct and enlighten the people in the choice of their representatives."

In conclusion, we willingly express the satisfaction with which (with some slight exceptions) we have read these pleasing and unpretending works. We should be glad to see more from the same pen, and on the same great subject, England. There is a very wide field on which Count Pecchio has not yet entered, many interesting features to which he has not yet adverted; and if his means of observation have been sufficient, we should gladly see him offer to his countrymen, and the world at large, other sketches drawn in the same spirit of charitable candour which characterizes those before us.

ART. VIII.—1. *Paris, ou le Livre des Cent et Un*. Tomes IV. V. VI. VII. VIII. Paris, 1832. 8vo.

2. *Oeuvres de Charles Nodier*. Paris, 1832. 5 Tomes. 8vo.

In noticing the first three volumes of this Parisian Album on a great scale, we had occasion to make some observations on the prevailing tone of the literature of France at the present day; to indicate slightly some of those perilous and mistaken directions to which it appeared to be tending;—the exaggeration of painting,

the moral cynicism, the revolting nature of its subjects, the utter absence of sound feeling and pervading morality which characterized most of those works which in the course of the last two or three years had attained popularity; and without entering minutely into the causes of this aspect of Literature, to express our conviction that the general instability of opinion and removal of the accustomed land marks in morals and legislation, in the science of government, and in the candour of criticism, were exercising, in the first instance at least, a degrading and unfavourable influence on Literature in general. The perusal of the volumes prefixed to this article has tended to confirm these views, both by the direct corroborative testimony which some of their ablest and most impartial contributors bear to the truth of the opinions we then ventured to express, and by the indirect but not less convincing evidence which others of them afford of the very errors against which our observations were directed.

No elevated or profound Literature in truth can ever be expected, when it is regarded, not as an end, but as a means; considered in this light, its practice is no higher than that of any other trade or profession. When it is regarded as a step to employment, as the necessary tenure of office, or a useful engine for obtaining that notoriety or influence which, in the present omnipotence of the press in France, is the passport to wealth or power, it naturally stoops its flight to the level of its aim, and accommodates its inspiration and its morality to the scenes and the principles with which it is conversant. The only fervent and unsullied worship which is paid to Literature, is the devotion of the wilderness, the closet, and the cell; half of those who surround its public altars at the present day are false priests, who seek to live only by the things of the altar, or to make their profession of faith a stepping-stone to their worldly advancement. When we laugh at the labours of the schoolman, the midnight oil of the anchorite, the researches of the metaphysician;—their time spent, their toil wasted, apparently without return,—would it not be well to recollect that all the “fancies chaste and noble” which have vivified or elevated humanity have owed their existence to this very principle of self sacrifice? Doubtless it is no light effort which enables the poet or the philosopher to contemplate with calmness the necessity of overlooking the present, of passing over the only beings with whom he is ever likely to mingle on earth, in order to shake his distant posterity by the hand: to live only in the memory of those who are yet unborn, to cast what might have been his bread upon the waters, in the hope that he should see it again after many days! Yet such, we think, must be the case if ever Literature is to assert its old supremacy:—if ever

we are again to see a Galileo delineating in spite of inquisitors the motions of our planet on the walls of his dungeon, a Cervantes old and miserably poor, yet bating no jot of heart or hope, and brightening the gloom of poverty and imprisonment with the steady ray of hope and genial humour; a Tasso, a Camoens, labouring for immortality: while the one is praying his cat to lend him her lustrous eyes, perhaps to pen those immortal stanzas which describe the flight of Ermina, or the death of Clorinda, and the other, wounded and neglected, subsisting on the alms which his faithful negro could gather; a noble Milton, whose mental eye as well as that of the body, is shut upon the scene around him, but open to higher prospects, and more distant views; if ever, we say, Literature is likely in France to reascend "self-raised and repossess its native seat," it must be pursued in a very different spirit, and with very different aims, from those in which it is at present prosecuted.

The absence of any exalted or wide reaching views in Literature soon manifests itself, not only in the slavish submission to the opinions or vices of the time, but in the minuter details of composition, and the general canons of criticism and taste. Wherever Literature follows, instead of leading; imitates, instead of creating; flatters, instead of opposing or reproving; wherever nature is treated like the magazine of a magic lantern, in which beings the most beautiful or grotesque, angels or demons, fairy forms, or hideous contorsions, are all equally admissible, provided they make the spectator stare, and awaken the curiosity of that grown child the public; wherever, we say, such is the state of things, a coarse, sketchy, and affected vivacity, without true depth or real feeling, a cynical hardihood both in the materials of Literature and in their application, are generally the result. But the influence of these principles on modern French Literature is stated with more force and knowledge of the subject than we can pretend to, by one who justly describes himself as an "old friend of Letters and Liberty;" but to whom the only consoling view in regard to the present situation seems to be that it has reached that point, in which any possible change must be for the better. In an able and eloquent paper entitled "*Les Gens de lettres d'aujourd'hui*," M. Keratry observes:—

"How strange is the contradiction which exists in our manners? How just is the cause of apprehension it affords? Cynicism has been banished from the domestic roof, from the most familiar intercourse, but only to take refuge in our writings, in our books, in our journals, in our pleadings, in our theatres! It is expelled from private life, it reigns supreme in public. The men of letters have contributed to this irregularity; they have hastened it; they have with their own hands broke

down the barriers which the good sense of the public has erected against license in every nation which boasts a constituted society. They seem to have received from the Genius of Evil the sad mission of granting a bill of indemnity to all that is perverse and ungovernable in our nature. One would almost be tempted to believe that after transporting them to the pinnacle of the temple, and showing them all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, the Spirit of Evil had said to them—'all these will I give to you if ye will fall down and worship me!'

"Our writers have in fact created a new morality, adapted to the use of the present generation. It is they who, disenchanting the scenes about us, will no longer permit our tears to flow for innocence in danger, or misfortune contending with an unmerited destiny; it is they who seek in public to associate us with emotions which we should be ashamed to confess in the bosom of our families, or to interest us in the triumph of what, in a well regulated community, would justly come under the lash of the law. Let us confess the truth. Is it not the same principle in literature which at this moment invests the doctrines of an anti-social sect* with a majesty borrowed from the Sacred Writings, and after giving a religious varnish to irreligion, an appearance of morality to immorality the most profound, labours at last to give the charm of decent voluptuousness to promiscuous intercourse?

"We are not ignorant that the general feeling revolts against these profanations; but is it not to be dreaded that what is openly avowed must at last come to have a practical influence on our morals? A degeneracy of taste in literature has consequences more serious than are suspected: it will soon re-act with evil influence upon our domestic habits and civil relations. Thought cannot be sullied, nor the course of human sentiment perverted, with impunity. Immoral writers, like blind guides, must lead society astray. Beware, then, legislators! All the world reads the morning papers, the romances of the day; all the world goes to the theatre; and the taint, descending to the lower classes, becomes incurable, when for the love of labour and the sentiments of religion we have substituted the longing after happiness which it is not in their power to attain.

"Neither let us suppose authors themselves are above those violent and irregular passions of which they render themselves the organs. The rich will abuse their fortune; the poor will be jealous of that of others. Glory must be ready to wait on their call with all its laurels, with all its rewards, and without any of its reverses. If it deceives their expectation, the remedy is in their own hand. High priests of that nothingness which they have so often invoked, after having conducted too credulous worshippers to its altars, they owe it one last victim; nor have they far to search for him! They touch the cup of life with their lips, and feeling it bitter, they dash down its liquor. We have seen and shuddered at such scenes but lately, when two presumptuous young men, thinking to obtain in a moment the result of long years and persevering labour, and disappointed in that hope, would not wait the slow arrival of that

* The St. Simonians.

fame which results from talent ripened by experience, and which flatterers had promised to their earliest essays; and to conceal themselves from an obscurity which was their torment, shutting their eyes to the sun, and plunging into a night more profound than that from which they were struggling to emancipate themselves!*

"And how should it be otherwise? *Literature is now cultivated without faith and without a creed.* Look at our historians; they admit a political fatalism. Why should we any longer weave garlands for virtue, or erect (at least in thought) scaffolds for crime? If Maximilian Robespierre and Lamoignon de Malesherbes, though contemporaries, each appeared in their proper time: if the triumph of the one, insulting heaven with his homage, was written by the same hand which traced the condemnation of the other, without appeal from either sentence, what should men struggle for on this accursed earth, placed as they are under the stroke of an inflexible destiny? But no! Such is not the destiny of man. Actors in the great drama which evolves itself before our eyes, co-operating towards its conclusion, each of us is yet called on to modify its incidents. It is from individual efforts that general movements result, and though events enter beforehand into the views of a higher intelligence, it remains for each successive generation to prepare them in the plenitude of its free will! . . .

"Since the talent of writing has become a necessary qualification for almost every employment, and, perhaps to too great an extent, an integral part of education, we may conclude that till our fabric of social order has settled on its base, we shall no longer see Letters a separate profession. We are under the influence of an agitation which impoverishes the field of literature, while it increases the number of the labourers in the vineyard.

"The Bar and the Theatre perhaps it might be thought would be on the advance: not so; we have rather to regret their visible decline.

"The license of the French stage has become its ruin; morality is as little respected as authority. One arrogates to himself the title of a man of letters, because, without regard to history, he has rendered into dialogue some historical fact, where the characters are false, where government is systematically degraded, where an established religion is exposed to ridicule; where names, dear to families, are dragged through the dirt; and in which, with a scandalous cynicism, the veil which protects domestic life and the nuptial bed, sanctuaries formerly impenetrable to a licentious curiosity, is drawn aside. Their pretended dramatic works have, by their very facility, fallen into the rank of common-place; and it is not at the theatre we should go to seek for the true man of letters. A mother can no longer carry her daughter there—at least we should not be the person to advise it. They would be far safer at the opera—the only one of our spectacles which has preserved some remains of decency. Could this have been foretold to our ancestors, it would have been heard with a smile of pity, or the paleness of terror.

* The writer alludes to the recent death of Escousse and Le Bras, two young men of some literary talent, who, from a feeling of impatience at the supposed neglect of the public, committed suicide together by appointment.

"Our Bar, in the course of the last eighteen months, has been almost entirely changed. Names hitherto unknown are now aspiring to fame, and anticipating the success of their predecessors. Men seem to have forgotten that that success was preceded by long labours; no matter, they must force their way and shine at all hazards, and storm the bar in order to gain the seat within, and lay the foundation of new revolutions, that the next step may advance them to the bench. With this noble design, the execution of which admits of no adjournment, they give themselves no trouble about matters of ordinary pecuniary interest—that would be too great a diversion from their end; besides, who would confide his interest in a patrimonial case to these beardless orators.

"No—Political causes are *their* field, with the certainty of having the Journals, now the fourth power in the State, and perhaps the most influential of all, upon their side. How have the debates of the bar changed their nature! The advocate, the defender of the accused *à l'outrance*, sometimes by the misfortune of the time their accomplice, espouses their quarrel, imbues himself with their passions, conspires with them against that tutelary authority, beneath the shadow of which he himself enjoys the advantages of social order; in his ingratitude he is not even content with assailing those severe but protecting forms, which, while they permitted every thing to be said, imposed upon his predecessors the task of surveying their thoughts and the expressions in which they were to be conveyed. Audacity is his talent, insolence his reply; courage has gone to seek its place elsewhere; it has taken its seat upon the bench of the magistracy, among juries unjustly assailed with menace and reproach. No, it is not at the bar that the man of letters will now be found; till another order of things arise, it is not there we need go in search of him!

"There was a time, we admit, when a literary man might have paved the way to fame by his co-operation in the daily press. The Lemontey, Hoffmanns, Dussaults and Malte-Bruns among the dead, the Jouys, the Etiennes, the Feletz, the Jays, among the living, spread a charm of instruction over those fleeting pages: for them the task was one not without glory. Then, in fact, the object was to establish some *principle* of morality or literature, to throw light upon some point of history, to give stability to some character formerly equivocal, or seen in a false light, and to give point to sound criticism by the aid of a lively but always delicate pleasantry. These things are no longer the order of the day; they have been richly replaced by the contempt of all superiority, the forgetfulness of wakeful nights consecrated to the public good, by insults to old age, by violent declamations almost always based upon doubtful facts. . . . In vain would this crowd of youths, who guide the pen of journalism, seek to invest themselves with the dignity of men of letters. The title belongs not to them, they have done nothing to earn it; we could not accord it to them without profanation.

"We grieve to say it; with a few exceptions, the persons who are employed in the public papers have poisoned the most grievous wounds of the social body; their permanent tribunal has perverted that of the Elec-

tive Chamber. The latter has descended to contend with them in violence; in order not to appear pale beside them, the picture has been overloaded with colour; for a second time, in the course of the last forty years, has the accusation of moderation been an object of terror!

"It is by facts that the impartial observer must judge of the epochs of history, and above all, of those which are contemporary. When examined as to his profession, a person accused lately answered, that he was a *revolt-maker*, (*emeutier*). The word requires no commentary; it speaks as intelligibly as a newspaper; it indicates, it denounces the origin of ill. Not till this delirious fever shall cease, will the true men of letters re-appear and re-assume their honours. To make the legislative tribune what it should be, it must not be sought in the streets. Above all, those who hope to make a lodgment beneath its roof, must not be the first to set the walls on fire! May our Opposition, within and without, literary and political, profit by the advice given to it by an old friend both of literature and liberty!"

We will not deny that there are some of the views stated in this long extract (which we could not have abridged without injustice to the eloquent author) which may probably be overcharged. The "*laudator temporis acti*"—the man who, accustomed to certain habitudes and established rules, both in literature and government, feels galled by the strange changes and new men whom a new state of things has called into existence—perhaps appears too prominently in the passages above quoted. Yet the views, we are satisfied, are in the main correct; the picture, though a little highly coloured, is in its leading outlines true; the existing evils of French literature and some of their main causes, are correctly indicated. It embodies, in fact, though with more force and brilliancy of illustration, the very same views which the perusal of the three former volumes of this collection had impressed upon our minds. The inspiration of French literature at present is, in short, a low, a temporary, and interested inspiration—with some brilliant exceptions, doubtless—but exceptions which only illustrate, by the force and distinctness of their peculiarities, the truth of the general proposition. If a Chateaubriand soars into a loftier field of thought and speculation, and brightens his views with a more cheering philosophy; if a La Martine imbues his pathetic verses with a pervading spirit of religion, with images and thoughts re-ascending to that heaven from which they had their birth; if these men are beyond all question at the head of the respective empires of prose and poetry in France; they are so, only because they have steadily resisted the influence of those vulgar aims, and mercenary motives, and passing prejudices, which the mass of their brethren have bowed down to worship; that in the midst of so much political vacillation, and party intrigues and struggles, "their souls have been as stars, and dwelt apart;" that

the one, almost banished from court during the days of the Restoration, because his liberality of views stood in the way of the men of the Restoration, stood forward its ablest and most eloquent advocate, when the sudden convulsion of July 1831, shook its representative from the throne : and that the other, self-concentrated, intrepid, and calm, beneath the dynasty of both branches of the Bourbons, as under the iron grasp of Napoleon, has continued to pour forth his touching and majestic strains, as careless of the petty interests that fluttered near, as Spenser's shepherd, when he tuned his pipe, at even-tide, amidst the hum of the gnats and grasshoppers that rustled around him.

Of Chateaubriand we have spoken at length in our last Number ; of La Martine it is now too late in the day to say much. Of all those who at present lay claim to the title of poet in France, La Martine is, by the consent of all parties, admitted to have the most indisputable pretensions to the name. Amidst the utter want of principle and deadness of feeling which characterize so much of the poetry of the day, it is he who keeps awake the moral sense, and like some vestal of Rome, preserves in his imperishable lines the sacred fire which elsewhere seems extinct. The altars on which it once blazed are thrown down ; the domestic hearths which it cheered and illumined are forsaken ; the sentiments of respect for religion, of reverence for established institutions, of devoted and disinterested attachment, which served as its fuel, are almost extinct ; but, in the noble verses of La Martine, there lives a spark of that older and purer flame, which may yet communicate to other hearts, and brighten the prospects of feeling and poetry with a more genial and lambent glow. Instead of tempestuous flashes of passion, succeeded by the deeper darkness of impiety or immorality, we may yet hope, from strains like those of La Martine in Poetry, and of Chateaubriand in Prose, which is truly poetry, the advent of a calmer and better day for the literature of France. Till the days of La Martine, the French could scarcely say they knew what lyric poetry was, with the exception of a few of the chorusses in the *Athalie* ; the solemnity, the religious fervour, the vagueness, the intensity of the ode, they knew for the first time in the *Meditations* and *Harmonies* of La Martine.

Let us rather endeavour, therefore, to afford our readers some portion of that gratification which we have ourselves enjoyed in the perusal of the last poem which he wrote in Europe, and which forms the gem of the volumes at the head of our article ;—his parting address to the Academy of Marseilles, before sailing with his wife and child to the Holy Land ; to which, attracted on the one hand by religious and poetical associations, and sick on the other of the anarchy which reigned at home, he has for the present

directed his steps. Of all his late writings, this appears to us the most touching and impressive. It has his early elevation and intensity, with less of his vagueness ; the majestic movement of Rousseau's Odes, with a more vivid infusion of personal feeling.

TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

If to the fluttering folds of the quick sail
My all of peace and comfort I impart,
If to the treacherous tide and wav'ring gale
My wife and child I lend, my soul's best part ;
If on the seas, the sands, the clouds, I cast
Fond hopes, and beating hearts I leave behind,
With no returning pledge beyond a mast,
That bends with every blast of wind ;

'Tis not the paltry thirst of gold could fire
A heart that ever glow'd with holier flame,
Nor glory tempt me with the vain desire
To gild my memory with a fleeting fame.
I go not like the Florentine of old,
The bitter bread of banishment to eat ;
No wave of faction in its wildest roar
Broke on my calm paternal seat.

Weeping I leave on yonder valley's side
Trees thick with shade, a home, a noiseless plain,
Peopled with warm regrets, and dim descried
Even here by wistful eyes across the main ;
Deep in the leafy woods a lone abode,
Beyond the reach of faction's loud annoy,
Whose echoes, even while tempests groaned abroad,
Were sounds of blessing, songs of joy.

There sits a sire, who sees our imaged forms,
When through the battlements the breezes sweep,
And prays to Him who stirs or lays the storms
To make his winds glide gentler o'er the deep ;
There friends and servants masterless are trying
To trace our latest footprints on the sward,
And my poor dog, beneath my window lying,
Howls when my well-known name is heard.

There sisters dwell, from the same bosom fed,
Boughs which the wind should rock on the same tree ;
There friends, the soul's relations dwell, that read
My eye, and knew each thought that dawned in me ;
And hearts unknown that list the muses call,
Mysterious friends that know me in my strain—
Like viewless echoes scattered over all
To render back its tones again.

But in the soul's unfathomable wells,
 Unknown, inexplicable longings sleep;
 Like that strange instinct which the bird impels
 In search of other food athwart the deep.
 What from those orient climes have they to gain?
 Have they not nests as mossy in our eaves,
 And for their callow progeny, the grain
 Dropt from a thousand golden sheaves?

I too, like them, could find my portion here,
 Enjoy the mountain slope, the river's foam;
 My humble wishes seek no loftier sphere,
 And yet like them I go—like them I come.
 Dim longings draw me on and point my path
 To Eastern sands, to Shem's deserted shore,
 The cradle of the world, where God in wrath
 Hardened the human heart of yore.

I have not yet felt on the sea of sand
 The slumberous rocking of the desert bark,
 Nor quenched my thirst at eve with quivering hand
 By Hebron's well, beneath the palm-trees dark;
 Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread,
 Nor laid me in the dust where Job hath lain,
 Nor, while the canvas murmured overhead,
 Dreamt Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages one is yet unread :—
 How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky,
 With what a sense of nothingness we tread,
 How the heart beats when God appears so nigh ;—
 How on the soul, beside some column lone,
 The shadows of old days descend and hover,—
 How the grass speaks, the earth sends out its moan,
 And the breeze wails that wanders over.

I have not heard in the tall cedar-top
 The cries of nations echo to and fro ;
 Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
 On Tyre's deep-buried palaces below :
 I have not laid my head upon the ground
 Where Tadmor's temples in the dust decay,
 Nor startled, with my footfall's dreary sound,
 The waste, where Memnon's empire lay.

I have not stretched where Jordan's current flows,
 Heard how the loud-lamenting river weeps,
 With moans and cries sublimer even than those
 With which the mournful Prophet * stirred its deeps ;

Nor felt the transports which the soul inspire
In the deep grot, where he, the bard of kings,
Felt, at the dead of night, a hand of flame

Seize on his harp, and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered o'er the plain, whereon,
Beneath the olive tree, THE SAVIOUR wept ;
Nor traced his tears the hallowed trees upon,
Which jealous angels have not all outswapt ;
Nor, in the garden, watched through nights sublime,
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and our crime

Rung in one listening ear alone.

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
Where His ascending footstep pressed the clay,
Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn grot,
Where, in his mother's tears embalmed, he lay ;
Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain head,
Where, even in death, conqu'ring the powers of air,
His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,

And bowed his head, to bless it there.

For these I leave my home ; for these I stake
My little span of useless years below ;
What matters it, *where* winter-winds may shake
The trunk that yields nor fruit nor foliage now !
Fool ! says the crowd.—Their's is the foolish part !
Not in one spot can the soul's food be found,—
No !—to the poet *thought is bread*—his heart
Lives on his Maker's works around.

Farewell, my sire, my sisters dear, again !
Farewell, my walnut shaded place of birth !
Farewell, my steed, now loitering o'er the plain !
Farewell, my dog, now lonely on the hearth !
Your image haunts me like the shade of bliss,
Your voices lure me with their fond recall ;
Soon, may the hour arise, less dark than this,
The hour that reunites us all !

And thou, my country, tossed by winds and seas,
Like this frail bark on which my lot is cast,
Big with the world's yet unborn destinies,—
Adieu, thy shores glide from my vision past !
O ! that some ray would pierce the cloud that broods
O'er throne and temple, liberty and thee,
And kindle brighter, o'er the restless floods,
Thy beacon-light of immortality !

And thou, Marseilles, at France's portals placed,
With thy white arms the coming guest to greet,
Whose haven, gleaming o'er the ocean's breast,
Spreads like a nest, each winged mast to meet ;

Where many a hand, beloved, now presses mine,
 Where my foot lingers still as loth to flee—
 Thine be my last departing accents—thine
 My first returning greeting be !”

Our next extract shall be short and in a gayer strain. It is from a paper entitled *Un Café de Vaudevillistes en 1831*, by Felix Pyat, a name with which we were hitherto unacquainted. It paints, though with that tinge of exaggeration which, as M. Keratry remarks, pervades even the papers in this collection, the manners of that peculiar people, who cater for the public amusement ; who, living by jokes and puns, are always on the watch to turn a stanza, or catch an absurdity which may be woven into their next vaudeville :—grave, earnest as death in the midst of their comic employment, thinking every laugh wasted, every good thing thrown away, that is not turned into *argent comptant* on the stage.

“ Siberia, or a Painting Academy, are not more inhospitable than a Coffee Room of Vaudevillists.

“ If you have neither been guilty of romance, memoir, or couplet, in the course of your life ;—if your letters, at least, are not addressed ‘ *Homme de lettres*,’ I advise you not to enter a spot where every one knows every one, as at a village ale-house. You will be observed, annoyed, by the glances of all, awkward as a little girl the first day of her new stays.

“ The waiter who wears mustachios and reads his favourite journal, will be in no hurry to hand you your *café sucré* ;—you must pay down, you who are neither author nor journalist, nor any name whatever, three times you must call out, before the lady at the table will tingle her bell : all are listening to the author who speaks and gesticulates, and yet does not utter a word of politics. There will you see neither Warsaw, nor Lyons, the ministry, nor the cholera morbus, but only the forthcoming vaudeville of the evening.

Some of the established inmates of the place, who have observed your entry, will approach your table, and surround you with all the inveterate espionage and vigilance of a robber or a police officer. Happy will it be for you if you do not happen to possess a comical figure, or a whimsical name ;—or if you do, if you should have the misfortune to subscribe yourself Bonnichon, or Rejolard, take care, I advise you, that no friend, with a loud voice, give utterance to the mirth making sound ! They will rob you of your very name ! They will draw closer round you like a swell mob. Imprudent wretch, be silent ! Button up your mind to the chin, clap a stopper on your mouth, tighten the cord of your tongue ; don’t let an expression be drawn out of you ; pocket your words, pocket yourself, if possible ; for here you are in danger ; they will make quick conveyance here with your conversation, steal your talk, your dress, your figure, lay hold of you alive and bodily, from head to foot. You know not the artifices of these villains. They will flatter you, they will set you a talking, they will ask you what

o'clock it is, they will put you through your paces, they will ask you to repeat your last joke, while they call to the waiter—waiter, a glass of rum, and—barkye—bring a pencil. There you are, stowed away in the literary larder, amidst sketches, fag ends of couplets and bon-mots, purchased, picked up, or stolen during the day, all ticketed, numbered, each in its own drawer and division; so that if a bon-mot on the subject of love, or a couplet on glory, is wanted, the vaudevillist has but to turn up the proper paper, and there he finds it cut and dry to his hand.

“Though smoking is not allowed, the air is heavy and difficult to breathe; charged, as it is, with the nauseous odour of the theatre: the mistress of the Café is invariably ugly, a dealer in tickets for the theatre at half price; the son cracks jokes, and the husband runs into debt. In this gloomy abode all the inhabitants are dingy and dirty. You have, perhaps, figured to yourself Momus, with a broad grin on his mouth, his teeth white, his cheeks plump and ruddy, his temper gay, frank, lively,—the Momus, in short, that figures in the scenes of the theatre. Not so here. In the midst of that dark group who are playing there at dominos, observe that old and sallow forehead wrinkled up like a bank note; that half bald head, supported by a body somewhat resembling in shape a triumphal arch; well, that being is the most influential of the votaries of Momus; that silent ugly old fellow, exuding, as it were, disgust and ennui at every pore of his skin, is the representative of French gaiety, the first buffoon of his day; a man who has kept men laughing for the last century, who has survived the Reign of Terror, and laughed the Restoration out of countenance; who has made as much money by the Hundred Days as an army commissary, and, in short, turned all our glories and all our miseries to a theatrical and pecuniary account.

“Round him are gathered the apprentices, the novices, the collaborators, who are paid, and the collaborators who pay. The rich, for instance, who are determined, at any price, to be men of letters, and who purchase the honour of affixing their names to the production of some well known stager. The ordinary conversation on the subject of the new piece or the new actress is interrupted by the usual quarrel of two intimate friends, disputing their claims to a joke stolen by the one from the other, scolding like prostitutes, and bandying about abusive epithets from one to the other as if they were playing at rackets. Dull folks would cut one another's throats for one half of what these disputants bestow upon each other; but these practised performers play on their game of Billingsgate, with all the imperturbable coldness in the world; while the rest never trouble their heads about them.

“The Café is always full of strolling players; every literary bird of passage takes up his temporary residence round its marble table; they live in the Café; some opposite the bar, some near, the others by the windows; they give you their address there—unless you happen to be their bootmaker or their tailor; they eat, work, and sleep there—it is their domicile, their exchange, where the theatrical stock is disposed of; where the materials of a vaudeville are put up to sale, purchased, and

paid for; where a *plot* may be had for a *poulet truffé* or a glass of lemonade, according to the rise or fall of the dramatic funds.

"The more noisy inmates of the *Café* are the mere amateurs; the retailers of news; persons who know the stars of the place by name, and are hand in glove with the waiter; who think genius may be caught by contact with men of talent, and scarcely venture to wash their hands on the day when they have enjoyed the honour of shaking hands with them.

"The amateurs supply the fuel and do the honours of the fire-place; they scatter their ideas about for any one who chooses to pick them up; for the authors, on whom the task of providing for the gaiety of the public devolves, are silent and gloomy as Mohammedan priests. Their only reply is a laugh; if they must answer, they are brief and laconic as a bank note, or a regimental order. It is worth while to observe their mutual apprehensions; they never make each other laugh gratis, that would be mere labour lost; wit and gaiety constitute their stock in hand, and why should they be wasted? Accordingly, nothing can be more dull, more barren than their ordinary conversation or correspondence; with the exception of the clown of the theatre off the stage, there is not a more melancholy animal in existence than a vaudevillist."

Our readers will recollect the forcible paper of Leon Gozlan, entitled the *Morgue*; a striking illustration of that taste for physical horrors which, at present, characterizes the modern literature of France; which covers its delineations with hues of blood, spreads around us the loathsome atmosphere of the charnel-house, and the pest-house. In the maritime romances of Eugène Sue, each vessel represents a floating hell, where the decks are slippery with blood, and the cabins ring with the groans of murderous conflict, or the roar of a hideous bacchanalian orgy. In the last production of the Bibliophile Jacob, *La Danse Marabre*, the aid of pestilence, in all its hideous details, is called in, in conjunction with sorcery and murder, to produce an impression on the almost blunted nerves of the Parisian public. And the author introduces his work with the assurance, that the coincidence of its appearance with that of the cholera morbus was purely accidental. The secrets of the dissecting room and the hospital have taken the place of the exhibition of sentiment, or the analysis of character. In this state of the public sympathies, no wonder if the keeper of the *Morgue*, or the executioner of Paris, becomes an object of interest, a study for essay writers and romancers; nor need we be surprised if among the other notables of Paris, we find a paper by J. Rousseau, devoted to the latter ill-omened personage who, in common with the Archbishop, bears the odd title of Monsieur de Paris. The sketch however, though somewhat dressed up *en beau*, is interesting and well written, and we regret that we have not room for it.

It has often struck us as one of the profoundest mysteries of modern times, how any man can submit to be a member of parliament; how a person in the enjoyment of ease, opulence, leisure, amusement, surrounded with every thing at home which can render life agreeable, can exchange these for the thankless toils of St. Stephen's, the nights of debate, and days of committee work, which during the sittings of parliament, now everlasting as those of Theseus himself, his flesh must be heir to; —and that in many, nay in most cases, without even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. By the few who take a lead in debate, and flatter themselves that they can command the applause of listening senates, this drudgery work may be submitted to; it is the price to be paid for the prize of popularity, or place; but there is really something quite touching in the disinterested toils of a member, working away night and day, amidst all the seductive attractions of London society, without the prospect of either the one or the other, and able whenever he pleases, to exchange the stir, and smoke, and fret of town for the “fresh woods and pastures new” of some ancestral domain, where in the simple and more agreeable character of a country gentleman he might combine utility with pleasure. We can hardly say they manage these things better in France. The life of a “deputy” seems to bear a very close resemblance to that of a “member of parliament,” as the following extracts from a paper by M. Viennet will show.

“There is no day of rest for the deputy. The labourer, the merchant, the clerk, all have their Sunday. For the man of the people there is no Sunday; the recess of the chamber is only to him an additional misfortune. For six days in the week, his duties as a legislator save him from the worse inconvenience of having solicitations to make or to parry: but on Sunday he is left without defence; he is only allowed to breathe at dinner time, provided he dines in town, for otherwise his door is closed in vain. His dining room is near his antechamber, if he has one: he can overhear every word—the refusal of the servant, the complaints, the perseverance of the solicitor; with his napkin in his hand, his meat in his mouth, must he receive the petition, examine it, docket it, and then return to his cold dinner, and all to gratify the urgency and impatience of those who had dined comfortably a quarter of an hour before. The theatres, the promenade, are to him forbidden places. It is not to enjoy pleasures he was sent to Paris. Those pleasures, too, are not to be had for nothing; he can no more obtain credit at the theatre than at the post office: besides, his constituents would never forgive him an hour of relaxation.

“Annoyances of another kind await him on his arrival at the capital. The veterans of the chamber, the drill sergeants of the line, beset him, sound him, and watch him on all sides. A letter comes sealed with the ministerial seal: it is an invitation to dinner. Shall he go? Why not?

One may differ from a minister, yet eat his dinners. And after all, who pays for it? The public purse. His excellency did not receive his 100,000 francs for his private economy. He must *represent*: and in France to represent is to assemble at table some fifty guests, all equally tiresome and tired, each obliged to converse with the neighbour whom chance has given him, and who separate with delight as soon as they have swallowed their *Amphitryon's* coffee. A deputy is an indispensable personage in this singular *representation*. Besides, why should he affect a repugnance to authority? That would be a ridiculous affectation. He knows he will find many colleagues there to support him. The opposition itself does not disdain to take its seat at the table of the minister whom it attacks.

"The very day after the diligence has dropt in the *Cour des Messageries* the deputy of the province, from the moment his person and trunks are fairly housed, his clothes and portfolio properly arranged, he has to make the round of the offices of seven or eight ministers, where the numerous petitions with which he is loaded have to be deposited. His first reception by the porter, clerk, or officer, is grave, disdainful, sometimes repulsive. Every agent of government is apt to give himself airs, and the humblest not always the least. But he hastens to pronounce the cabalistic word—the title of deputy is launched against the cerberus of the office, and the scene shifts as by enchantment. The officer lays aside the folder he was turning in his hands; he rises with marked precipitation, stands in an attitude of respect, his arm directed towards the door opposite to that of the antechamber; his wrinkles unbend; his eyes beam with the anxiety to be useful. The key turns, the door is opened boldly. "Monsieur is a member of the Chamber," he exclaims, with the boldness of an inferior who does not fear the bad humour of a superior. At the word the great man lays down his pen, presents a chair, and smiles affectionately on the privileged solicitor of the district, who empties his pockets on the table. The petitions shall be examined with scrupulous care; the recommendations of the deputy shall be attended to; and he is politely reconducted to the door, which is not closed till the sound of the outer one has been heard.

"The same scene is renewed ten times a day. It recommences the next day—and the next—and as long as the session lasts, or the stay of the deputy in the capital, the fountain-head of grace and favour. At last the answer of the minister arrives—no places, but abundance of vague promises. These are transmitted to the constituency; and in exchange the deputy receives thanks, mingled with protestations and new supplications. He must see the ministers, urge them, give them no rest. Every applicant thinks his success certain the moment he learns that the deputy has spoken on his behalf to the minister or the king. Tell them that the post is, after all, a surer mode of conveyance;—that a petition delivered with one's own hand, and deposited in his excellency's pocket, runs a greater risk of being forgotten than if transmitted to the Secretary-General, whose duty it is to attend to it: add, that nothing is done without a preliminary report; that in this report the claims of twenty candidates perhaps have to be weighed, and each recommended by in-

fluence at least as powerful as that of a deputy—it is all in vain, the petitioners never can be made to understand this sort of arithmetic—his representation is at once set down as negligent; one who thinks of himself alone, and not of his fellow citizens. He has his personal protégés, his family leanings, his connexions of friendship. If a place be obtained, the unsuccessful candidates* tear him in pieces. He has been unjust, partial;—he who has received it, forgets the service in the course of a month. A place so bestowed frequently only makes one ungrateful man, and twenty enemies.

“Another obligation on the deputy is that of answering the communications of all the world. The official solicitor of the district receives on an average fifty letters a day. Three hours are spent in reading them, three in receiving his clients and their friends, three more in making the rounds of the offices in ‘rain, hail, or shine;’ he rises before day-light, and sweats blood and water in labouring to satisfy them all. But all in vain; from head quarters he is assailed by petitions, complaints, reproaches; and while he is wasting time, health, and money in their service in the capital, his enemies are busily undermining him in his province. They are only waiting for the day of re-election to revenge themselves for what they call his want of faith.*

* As a contrast, or rather as a *pendant* to this graphic picture of the “Miseries of a Deputy” in France, we think our readers will be amused with a similar description of the “Miseries of an English M.P.” for a popular constituency, and that member a minister, which has been given us in one of his late *Registers* by another newly elected M. P.,—we mean Mr. Cobbett. In point of facetiousness and racy humour, the English composition will not suffer by comparison with the French.

“The Lord have mercy upon poor Poulett Thomson! There will be Baxter horing him with his pompous inanity; there will be the Potters with their broad shoulders and broad simper, pestering him for measures to save the kingdom by enlarging the ‘improved system of banking,’ and ‘cotton buying,’ carried on at the ‘three golden balls;’ there will be that remorseless Yankee, Dyer, plaguing him to death with his carding-machines and his patents, and swearing, in the usual Connecticut twang, that to make the kingdom perfectly secure, there is nothing like giving him a share of the profits of the Bank of England; and there will be Shuttleworth, offed and scoffed and coughed out of Manchester, hurrying away to London, and rapping everlastingly at his door, calling upon him for the ‘extension of trade,’ and the limitation in the breeding on the part of the women. Poor Mr Thomson will have to muffle his shodder, and to lay straw in the street opposite his door. He will have to listen to all the eulogiums on their sons and relations; and to hear them pointed out as persons extremely capable, and also extremely desirous, to assist in saving the kingdom. His house will be besieged by them; the instructions which Pope gave to his porter, ‘say I am sick; I am dead,’ will not avail poor Thomson. Shuttleworth and Dyer will insist on seeing the body, which, they now, at this moment, look upon as their property, as much as the man in the fable looked upon his wooden god as his property. If I were Thomson, I would have these fellows painted—tell them that he had a desire to have their likenesses, on account of their grand achievement. Painter never performed an easier task; for a group to resemble them, human nature has not provided. Having their pictures, I would hang them up in my hall, and then take the porter, and say to him,—‘I here! you see those fine pictures, and if you let in over the sill of my door any one of the fellows whom those pictures resemble, not a whole bone shall be left in your skin in one hour after that.’ They will try to catch him in the street; they will hunt him to his country seat, if he be not as wily as a hare is in taking her term. As to their letters, of which he will soon have half a dozen volumes,—as long as there is fire in the world, there is a remedy for them. Dyer said, in one of his published

"There are some who, in order to escape this reproach, devote a part of the sittings of the Chambers to the task of correspondence. The debates go on amidst a scratching accompaniment of pens, transmitting to the constituents at a distance the answers of ministers or official men. Scarcely twenty deputies rise when the voice of the president calls for their opinion. Important resolutions pass by a majority of twelve to eight. The affairs of state are left to go on as they best may; enough that the constituent receives his letter, and can boast of having got his answer. The deputy has not done the business of the state, but he has settled the affair of his constituents; he has acquired a reputation for being obliging and exact, which he preserves only until the bestowal of some post renews the clamours of every disappointed candidate.

"That public opinion which is frequently merely the opinion of the journalist,—that queen of the world which frequently has but the stones of the pavé for a throne, and an alehouse for a palace, rules tyrannically over the deputies and the people. The official controllers of the acts of ministry are themselves submitted to the daily despotism of the newspapers of the capital and the province. Within the Chamber itself, and fronting the president, is a seat filled by about twenty young *redacteurs*, whose employment it is to collect the words, the gestures, the interruptions of the deputies, to transmit to their subscribers the physiognomy of the legislative pandemonium; from that quarter are derived those parliamentary reputations, which every man fashions as he pleases according to the views of the paper of which he is the organ. Among these each party has its instruments, or its confidants; to them are transmitted the manuscripts of authors, whom heaven has not endowed with the power of extemporising, or to whom the struggles of the bar or the practice of the professor's chair have not yet taught the habit; or who do not take the trouble of getting their speeches by heart, in order to recite them from memory, and give them out as extempore; and as there are not in the chamber more than about one hundred and fifty advocates and ten professors, the consequence is, that there are about three hundred deputies, who are under the necessity of writing what they are to speak on the morrow. Their manuscripts pass from hand to hand. Each *redacteur* takes from them what he likes. He cuts them in pieces, distorts them, changes their very nature, and, as there are but few subscribers whose courage is equal to the perusal of the immense *Moniteur*, which is under the dreary obligation of admitting every thing, they judge the orator according to what he is made to say, not what he has said. Yet these interpreters are men who think they have a conscience; they will prove it to you sword in hand; only as the accounts of twenty journals are all contradictory, as it is physically impossible that a deputy could say black and white at the same

paper, that Manchester stood in need of a minister for one of its members, that well-informed persons in the town might be in constant communication with him! Dreadful intimation! However, forewarned, forearmed, I daresay that Thomson, who is not destitute of common sense, whatever whims he may have about emigration and surplus population, has already begun to think of the means by which he shall protect himself against the impertinent babble, written, as well as verbal, of this group of vulgar and conceited men.

time, it is plain that some of those journals must have perverted the truth ; and as there is no *juste milieu* between truth and falsehood, it is equally plain that some, at least, of the said journalists have no conscience.

"The deputies of the opposition have some advantages over their adversaries. The opposition is in fashion ; it was always so in France, because there is in it more of wit than reason. Men the most pacific, the most devoted to power, have no objection to listen to the abuse of the great men of the earth. They do not deny to themselves the pleasure of laughing at an epigram, even while they pity its object. Parliamentary opposition is naturally bitter ; it requires the use of every weapon in order to overturn those who are in possession of that authority which it aspires to ; and its attacks are always more spirited than the replies of the defenders of established power, or of the ruling opinion. This it is that explains the number and the popularity of the opposition journals, and the great disadvantages of those deputies who do not belong to this party. The government journals deal but little in eulogy ; not because they belong to the ministry, but because they are mere journalists. They never become extatic over the speech of a friend, or expire with admiration at the eloquence of an orator who lends them his support. But it is the interest of the opposition journals to be extatic. It is not enough for their purpose to declare that the ministers are incapable or unfaithful ; they have to demonstrate to France the ability, the knowledge, the integrity of those who are anxious to replace them ; and hyperboles and superlatives, both in praise and censure, are the necessary commodities in which they deal."

Many a legislator in our own country, who, as he takes up his *Times* or *Morning Post*, sees himself figuring as a Demosthenes, or denounced as a Cataline ;—now quoted as a model of absolute wisdom, now written down an ass, for the self same measure or speech, will recognize the correctness of the above picture. We only wish that M. Viennet, who paints the miseries of a deputy so minutely, had suggested some means of mitigating them. If poor Mr. Martin had taken the House of Commons under the protection of the Cruelty to Animals Bill, he would probably have been more popular in St. Stephen's than ever he was in Smithfield.

We have but little to say in regard to the other work, the title of which we have prefixed to this article,—the collected edition, now first published, of the *Novels, Tales, and Essays* of Charles Nodier. Nodier is undoubtedly a man of warm and sensitive imagination, and master of a passionate and eloquent style, which gives a certain charm even to the merest trifle from his hand. But we cannot persuade ourselves that he is a man of that commanding talent which would justify the encomiums which have been lavished upon him by some friendly critics in France.

The truth is, that his mind, though plastic, and readily adapting itself to seize, re-embody or modify the ideas of others, has little of originality. Give him a hint, and he works it up with much taste and effect; but there is a want of solidity and self-reliance about all that he has written, which will prevent his name from ever being a favourite with the next generation.

This imitative turn pervades almost all his works of imagination. The Werther of Goethe strikes the first chord on his youthful fancy; and the passionate energy and wild complaints of the German are immediately reproduced in that which to us appears, after all, the most successful of his works. *Therese Aubert*. The dynasty of Goethe, now grown more tranquil and self-balanced, like a long established monarchy, is succeeded by the more stormy rule of Byron;—and the spirit of the Corsair and Lara passes by a new metempsychosis into the bandit *Jean Sbujar*. This romance, not without invention and force, would perhaps have appeared to more advantage, had not a long succession of such monsters, “with one virtue and a thousand crimes,” made the public think with absolute loathing on them and their authors. From Byron he flies to Scott—but alas, his *Tilby, ou le Lutin d’Argail*, is a strange failure. Sir Walter’s White Lady, with her material bodkin, was a whimsical conception, but Nodier’s spirit Tilby is ten times worse. In his *Smarra*, a Thessalian story, in the manner of the sorceries and diableries of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, he is more at home; he certainly does contrive to produce an unpleasant night-mare effect,—a cloud of misty phantoms, and murky and loathsome forms, moving before us in a ghastly dance, which produces the effect of an indigestion or an uneasy dream. But in this walk he must hide his diminished head beside the modern masters of the terrible, Messrs. Balzac, Janin, and Sue, the chiefs of the epileptic and anatomical school.

We really are very much disposed therefore to agree with Nodier himself, that the public would not have been great sufferers, if his works had never reached a second edition. Some of them are powerfully, and others gracefully, written, and as an essayist he is frequently very successful, but we have looked through them in vain for an ably or consistently drawn character; or an ingenious novel of incident.

- ART. IX.—1. *Le Duc de Reichstadt*. Par M. de Montbel, Ancien Ministre du Roi Charles X. Paris. 1832. 8vo.
2. *Lettre à M. * * *, sur le Duc de Reichstadt*. Par un de ses Amis. Traduite de l'Allemand. Par Gerson Hesse. Paris. 1832. 8vo.

By a strange fatality, one of the ministers of the dethroned Charles X. was driven to Vienna for shelter, where he arrived in good time to gather up the remains of the *ancien Roi de Rome*: one of the last ministers of the banished restoration occupies his exile with the latest souvenirs of the abdicated Empire. But a Frenchman is always a Frenchman, and no matter to what party he belongs, or by what party he has suffered—in foreign countries, *la patrie*, and *la gloire*, invariably attaching to it, are always ideas which with him sanctify every thing connected with them. Who could have expected to find an ultra-royalist minister of the Restoration occupying his leisure—or rather his time, for it is all leisure with him—with the recollections of the last of the Imperial dynasty? and yet so it is, that with pious hands and reverent feelings, M. de Montbel has taken upon himself the task of recording, for the benefit of the historical world, all that he could discover of the life and character of the son of the most illegitimate of rulers. Let his politics or policy be what they may, we owe his piety grateful thanks for having undertaken the duty, and are happy to say, that the manner in which it is executed is highly creditable both to his feelings as a man, and his abilities as an author. It redounds to the praise of M. de Montbel, that he has been so well able to divest himself of the narrow prejudices of party, and at once, as regards the interesting subject of his biography, place himself in a position of perfect impartiality, and in a most favourable point of view, for recording all that must necessarily interest the world and posterity in the history of this extraordinary graft on the ancient stock of Austrian legitimacy.

The Life, as given by M. de Montbel from the best sources, and frequently in the very words of the only persons qualified to speak, will long be a favourite text both for moralists and politicians. The influence of hereditary disposition, the effect of education generally, and the peculiar character of this youth's education, are fruitful sources of reflection and instruction; while his anomalous position, the chances of his future life, and the probable effect it might have had on France and Europe at large, are not less likely to stimulate the disquisitive faculties of historical writers. M. de Montbel's book has also the recommendation of complete novelty. The life of the son of Napoleon, since he fell into Austrian hands when an infant, has been a perfect mys-

tery; the people were scarcely kept in more complete ignorance of the daily life of the man with the Iron Mask: his death was almost the first certain news of his continued existence. Now that there is no motive for farther concealment, we are let into all the details of his short career, down even to the most trivial actions of hourly existence; not without some reservation certainly, produced by a perpetual consciousness of the position of the writer—a dependant of the Court of Vienna—but still with a sufficient abundance of particulars, flowing from the mouths of his friends, tutors, and household, to satisfy us altogether as to the character and disposition of a remarkable and most interesting personage.

Many unworthy suspicions have been entertained of the Court of Austria respecting the treatment of this young man: these suspicions will at once vanish before the perusal of this book, while the truth of the intentions of the Emperor, or at least of his minister, will appear with tolerable plainness. It was resolved, first, that the young King of Rome should be made a German Prince;—next, that as every man who has passions and talents must have a pursuit, it was deemed safest, and perhaps most beneficial, that he should be indulged in his enthusiasm for the military profession. The example of Prince Eugene was set before him as the one they would most desire him to follow. Prince Eugene was neither imperial nor alien, and yet one of their most valuable Generals, and in no way a dangerous subject, while he gained glory enough to satisfy the most ambitious of men. These calculations would probably have answered, had not the natural been a more complex machine than the political, and as such even beyond the ingenious management of M. de Metternich. The youth was in a moral prison, and his soul pined. It was deemed necessary that he should be cut off from all communication with the agitators and adventurers of France. To effect this object, he was kept in utter solitude; surrounded certainly by attendants and instructors, but still, in a social sense, buried in utter solitude. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase; but for all that the soul or the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner. This might be practicable to some extent with an Austrian archduke; but with a child in whose veins the quick blood of the Corsican Conqueror flowed, it was a species of lingering moral torture. To outward appearance, he was like Rasselas in the Happy Valley; but, like him, he was wearying for all that was beyond the range of the mountains that separated him from his fellow-men: in the one case, these mountains were physical obstacles; in the other,

moral ones. The spirit chafed against the prison bars: the victim, bruised and care-worn, refused its food, lost its substance, grew emaciated, and died. The mind all the while was developed, and grew apace, while the body became debilitated, nay, aged: the truth being, that intellectual food may always be found in prison, but moral and social isolation prey upon the physical state; the creature grows up a sapless weed, with the suspicions and distrust of long experience, and the reflection and calm profundity of thought peculiar to unclouded age. After his death, young Napoleon presented in his body the same anomaly he had done in his lifetime: his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy stretched into unnatural length, while his vital organs bore the schirrous and flaccid appearance of extreme old age: there was no part healthy or natural but the brain, which was wonderfully fine, with the exception, that it was more compact, and of firmer substance than is usually found. So it was in life. This boy had all the enthusiasm and passion of youth in extreme force, alternating with a distrust, a caution, and a rapidity in fathoming the character and appreciating the talents of the persons with whom he was necessarily brought into contact, which are the usual qualities of age. His intellect chiefly exhibited itself in mastering the history of his father in all its voluminousness, in the soundness and acuteness of his criticism on the several authors he had read, and in the facility with which he acquired the theory of war, and all the studies which conduce to it. He seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere eunuch of the palace, and from the earliest age he took the deepest interest in every thing that partook of military movement. It was not, however, thought safe to intrust him abroad till he was nearly grown up; he felt that his entrance into a regiment was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the practical duties of a soldier and a chief officer, with an ardour which quickly devoured the pigmy body that had been frittered away and shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. The word pigmy must, however, be taken in the sense of feeble: in its sense of diminutive, it is wholly inapplicable; for the young Napoleon, in that respect, taking rather after the Austrian than the Corsican race, had shot up in his sunless nursery to the height of the tallest man. No story was ever replete with more painful interest than the account of the obstinate struggle which this unhappy youth kept up against physical decay; he never complained, never even would admit that he was ill; finding his voice fail him in manœuvring his corps, he would, after the exertion of a review, go and hide his weakness, fainting and sinking upon some secret

sofa. He was terrified, poor fellow ! lest he should be, on the very threshold of the world, driven back into his solitary splendour. At length, however, on the representation of a physician, whom he never would consult, he was sent to Schönbrunn, where he died. He had, however, nearly rallied, and if the disease had not advanced to the extent of producing severe organic change, would perhaps have recovered by a proposed tour to Naples, and other parts of Italy. The effect on the mind of the moral prisoner was electric, and to his dying hour, this journey was his chief hope and prospect in the world.

Before the little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, of course no regular attempt had been made to educate him ; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a pregnant existence as his, were left without numerous and deep impressions. His was far from a communicative disposition, and consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. They sank in the mind of the forlorn boy, and if ever they were permitted to see the light, it was in some little moment of excitement. One day, when he was playing with the imperial family, one of the archdukes showed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honour of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism : his bust was upon it. He was asked, do you know who this represents ? “ *C'est moi,*” answered he, without hesitation, “ *quand j'étais Roi de Rome.*” Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor, M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. Other impressions were not less deep ; he had a love of truth which made him utterly intolerant even of fable, and probably contributed to his subsequent distaste for poetry. The word *vrai* he used to pronounce, when a perfect child, with a solemnity and a movement of the hand, which showed that it had to him all the sacred character of an asseveration. And yet, child as he was, he had that force of character, or rather that sensitiveness mixed with vigour, that, on being ridiculed unintentionally for its use, he never again repeated the word. On occasion of his mother's birth-day, some of the little court, soon after the dethronement, made these verses, in order to be repeated to Maria-Louisa by her child :—

*Autant que moi, pe sont-ils à ma chère Maman,
Ne doit tenir ce jour prospère ;
Vrai, ne lui dois-je pas le bonheur si touchant,
Et si doux à mon cœur, de vous nommer ma mère ?*

He soon learned the stanza, and was afterwards told why the

word *vrai* was introduced ; he said nothing : when admitted to his mother, he showed a great deal of affection and amiability, but never pronounced the quatrain, and never more used the word.

The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance : not one word of German would he pronounce, and even resisted the endeavours to teach him as an insult and an injury ; for his age he kept up this resolution a long time ; when it was conquered by the mildness and persuasion of his teachers, he learned the language with a prodigious facility, and soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves. Not only the rapidity with which he acquired this difficult tongue, but even his mistakes and misconceptions indicated a superior logical faculty, for they were generally founded on fancied analogies, and little etymological observations. M. Foresti, whose duty it was to teach him to read, found the difficulty insurmountable, until he introduced a rival and a fellow-pupil. The son of one of the valets de chambre of the Empress was procured, and in company with him the young Napoleon quickly devoured his task. Such was the being destined to be brought up in nearly a perfect state of isolation.

"From the very first," says his tutor, M. Foresti, and he was with him full sixteen years, nearly the entire of the poor youth's Austrian life, "he exhibited the marked characteristics of his disposition. He was good-natured to his inferiors, friendly to his tutor, without any lively expressions of his feelings ; he only obeyed on conviction, and always began with resistance. He loved to produce an effect, and generally it was evident that he thought a great deal more than he said : the difficulty then was to prevent this habit from growing into dissimulation."

Begging the excellent M. Foresti's pardon, such a character as he describes was by no means likely to be guilty of the mean vice of dissimulation, which is the result of a base fear, and is the last fault to taint the character of a child, the first movement of whose mind is to resist, and who only yields on good reason being shown. Other traits are equally inconsistent with this apprehension.

"He always received our reprimands with firmness, and however annoyed he might have been by them, he never retained any rancorous feeling : he ended always by allowing the justice of the representations that had been made to him. When any mutual coldness had taken place in the course of the day, owing to some severe lecture, in the evening, on taking leave of us, he was always the first to hold out a friendly hand, at the same time requesting that we would pardon his faults, and overlook the wrong he had done."

"He gave me," says M. Foresti, "many proofs of the command he had over himself. Amongst others, this :—up to the time of Maria-

Louisa's departure for her State of Parma, there was about him a person who had treated him with the greatest possible affection and attention. This was Mme. Marchand, the mother of the first valet de chambre of the Emperor: she remained with him all night, and every morning was the object of his warm infantine caresses. She was always present at his rising, and had the care of dressing him. On the departure of Maria-Louisa, Mme. Marchand returned to France at the same time with M. de Bausset,* who also had a great affection for the Prince. Henceforward I slept in his room at night. The first night I dreaded, lest in the morning he would give way to grief on finding that his affectionate nurse was no longer there. On waking, however, he spoke to me without hesitation, and, with a calmness astonishing for his age, said, 'M. Foresti, I wish to rise.'"

One of the youth's governors was a M. Collin, a poet and dramatist of Vienna of some celebrity. This gentleman could not help feeling that the young Napoleon's abhorrence of fiction was a sort of censure on his profession, and it is not to be wondered at that he endeavoured to dress up fiction in the garb likely to be most agreeable to the taste of the imperial pupil. In resorting to Robinson Crusoe for aid, may be perceived a tacit compliment to the youth's acuteness, for, assuredly, no other fiction was ever more like truth.

"The poetical genius of Collin," says M. Foresti, "appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be true in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which overlook Schönbrunn, on the right of the elegant arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, may be found a spot, altogether shut out from a view of Vienna, by deep thickets, and an impervious mass of wood; a spot, from which nothing can be viewed save the cheerful but solitary aspect of mountain tops, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of the summits of the Schneeberg. Here there is a hut constructed after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, whence it is called the Tyrol's House. In this rustic abode and its neighbourhood nothing there is to remind the spectator of the vicinity of the capital. To this wild and quiet spot Collin would often bring the young Duke. He there told him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child warmed to the tale. Solitude and silence completed the illusion: he fancied himself in a desert, and Collin suggested that he should set himself to fabricate the utensils that would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence in a similar spot. He acquitted himself of the task with much handiness. A collection has been made of these things; they are placed in the pavilion, which still goes by the name of the House of the Duke de Reichstadt. The governor and his

* Author of *Mémoires sur l'Intérieur du Palais*. See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. 1, p. 400; vol. 3, p. 657.

pupil, by uniting their efforts and their industry, succeeded in scooping out a cavern resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his desert island."

Such is the immortality of genius. The creation of Defoe, the persecuted and unhappy, imagined in some garret, whether in Bristol or Whitechapel, becomes the factitious stimulus of a Prince's education; and that Prince the son of a banished ruler of France, far greater than the Grand Monarque, who in Defoe's day, seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly grandeur.

"During the first period of the young Napoleon's instruction at Schönbrunn, his tutors were sadly perplexed by his extreme curiosity respecting his father, as to what had become of him, the causes of his fall, &c. : evasive answers did not satisfy him :—

"It was," says M. Foresti, "for us a species of torture. Happily the Emperor came at length; we hastened to inform him of the perpetual questions that were put to us, and to request his instructions on this point. The Emperor answered :—' Truth should be the basis of the education of the Prince; answer all his questions freely; it is the best, indeed the only mode of calming his imagination, and of inspiring him with confidence, which will be necessary for you, who have to guide him.'

"At first, he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. Finding that we were authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the Emperor had foreseen came to pass. After a few days, he seemed satiated with this conversation, and thenceforward became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connection with it. Later in life, we saw that he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never on any occasion alluded.

"The news of his father's death was brought to Vienna by one of the couriers of MM. de Rothschild. At this moment the Comte de Dietrichstein (the superior governor) was absent from Vienna, and the Emperor charged me to communicate to the young Prince the melancholy intelligence. He was then just turned ten years of age. It was the 22d July, at Schönbrunn: in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sadness endured for several days. 'M. de Foresti,' said he to me, one day, 'my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.'

The youth alluded to an anecdote which the tutor had told him of his own career. M. Foresti had been taken prisoner by the French, and, on being sent to head-quarters, treated with some harshness by the Emperor.

Every pains were taken with the Duke's education. The dead languages he was taught by M. Collin, and afterwards, when Collin died, by M. Obenaus, who had been classical preceptor to half the imperial family. To these instructions, however he inclined but an indifferent ear; and, of all his Latin books, took heartily only to Cæsar's Commentaries. His military studies took the alternate days with his classical ones, and to them he gave himself up with all possible ardour. By way of a check upon the apathy of private instructions, the Emperor directed that from time to time a Commission should proceed to inquire into the Prince's progress. These investigations were sedulously made, and greatly contributed to excite his attention and stimulate his ambition. Before these Commissions the boy showed an extraordinary aptitude for learning, more particularly such learning as chiefly turned upon military pursuits.

"Being myself acquainted with geographical studies, and the arts connected with design," says M. Foresti, "I was able to form an opinion of his performances. I consider them as lively proofs of the talents that have just been extinguished; so much so, indeed, that I have thought it my duty to recommend that they should be collected and placed in the imperial archives, as memorials of his remarkable genius."

Among the voluminous papers written in Italian by the Prince, M. Foresti showed M. de Montbel a sketch of the life of Prince Schwarzenberg, in which there were various passages respecting Napoleon: they were written in a calm and candid tone. From the time that he attained his fifteenth year he had access to every book, without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French Revolution. He read them with avidity, and is said to have been a more perfect master of every thing that has been written on these subjects than any of the persons about him. His collections in French on history, chronology, and travels, are said to be immense. His military enthusiasm showed itself in the ardour with which he pursued every thing which had any connection with the accomplishments necessary to the soldier. "I wish him to have the education of a superior officer," said the emperor; but this was only seconding the taste he had demonstrated from his earliest years. At the age of seven, he was indulged with the uniform of a private;—after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he received the marks of the grade of sergeant, and his delight knew no bounds. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in the minutest details. In his rank of private soldier, he used to stand sentinel at the door of the apartments of the Emperor. Whenever a member of the Court passed—if a man—he used to present arms with the utmost gravity; but never if a

woman. Some one rallied him on the subject : his answer was much more French than German :—"I am ready," he answered, with much liveliness, to present to the ladies—every thing but my arms." His respect for every thing military was remarkable. One day, when admitted to dine in company with the Emperor on a public day, he retreated from the place he usually occupied next to the Archdukes, and attempted to sit at the lower end of the table : when asked the reason, "I see generals here," said he ; "they ought to precede me." The Empress one day at a *fête* wished him to sit among the ladies. He declined, saying, with the utmost gravity, "my place is among men." It was remarked by the people about him that he never was a child : he had scarcely ever associated with children, and had adopted the reflective manners of those about him. Without being any thing extraordinary as a child, his intelligence was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious ; he expressed himself with precision and exactness, and with great elegance of phrase. He was a perfect master of the theory of the French and German languages, and wrote them with remarkable purity.

Up to a certain age, the young Prince had been permitted to store his memory with facts, and to interpret them according to his own judgment. At length, however, it was deemed right that the Austrian version of the European story should be made known to the young Prince. No fitter person could be found for the due execution of this task than the Prince de Metternich, who, under the name of lectures on history, gave him at length, and in a series of interviews, the whole theory of imperial politics. The leading views are given by M. de Montbel : they are very ingenious. Under the pretence of a sketch of his father's history, he points out to the young man the danger of rising above the station in which he is placed, and proves, in fact, that the very qualities which enable an individual to rise are precisely those which must afterwards ensure his fall. These lectures are described as having had the happiest results. The young Napoleon, or François, as he had been re-christened, eagerly accepted Metternich's instructions, and, in cases of any difficulty or doubt, always resorted to him for their solution. Both the Emperor and his minister, in short, seem to have succeeded in thoroughly winning the entire confidence of the youth : the practical result of which was, that no communication was ever made to him that he did not feel it a point of duty instantly to communicate. This was very convenient ; and, if any proof were wanting, would prove the skill and true jesuitical dexterity of the Austrian minister. The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Metternich :—"The essential object of my life ought to be to

make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer." This was of course the point desired. It is said the young Prince was surrounded with intrigues, and the utmost vigilance, which he knew and approved of, was necessary to protect him from attempts to draw him into them.

One of the very few friends whom the Duke of Reischstadt made for himself (it was probably, however, arranged by the Metternich policy,) was a very deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, who had distinguished himself by his travels in the East, and several military publications. From him M. de Montbel gained much interesting information. The manner in which the acquaintance was formed is thus described by M. Prokesch :—

"After my long travels and my numerous missions, I had gone to visit my family at Gratz. The Emperor, who at that time was traversing Styria, stopped at this town. Pleased with my conduct, and the documents I had been able to lay before him, his Majesty testified his satisfaction by inviting me to his table. I found myself placed next the Duke of Reichstadt, whom I had often regarded with the interest generally inspired by him; but up to that moment I had never spoken to him, or heard him speak.

" 'I have known you long,' said he to me; 'I have been taken up a great deal by you.'

" 'How, Monseigneur,' said I, 'have I acquired this distinction?'

" 'I have read, I have studied your work on the Battle of Waterloo, and I have been so pleased with it, that I have translated it into both French and Italian.'

This was the commencement of an intimacy which appears to have afforded the young prince a vast source of consolation in his peculiar circumstances. To have a friend, not of his suite, appeared as if he were putting one foot at least in the world. In the first interview the Prince seemed deeply interested about the East. He multiplied questions on the actual state of those countries, the character of the inhabitants, and particularly of the men who were likely to influence their future condition. This subject led to his father's Egyptian campaigns: to the causes which stopped his progress before St. Jean d'Acre; he grew warm and enthusiastic in speaking of the possibilities which would have followed the capture of that important place, and on the immense results which the large and active mind of his father would have

drawn from it. He evidently took a grand and extensive view of the subject.

"While we were both animated with all the fire of this subject, M. de N***, was announced; the visit greatly annoyed him: I got up to leave him. Stay, said he, the general will prove but a transient evil. In fact he very soon departed, and we recommenced our conversation with fresh vigour. The manner and voice of the duke indicated the deep and lively interest he took in the subject; his tone was that of a lively attachment, a passionate admiration of the memory of his parent; he grew animated in talking of his achievements, which he knew in their minutest details, as well as in their general effect, and in thanking me for the justice I had done him in my work on Waterloo, he testified a strong desire to re-read it with me, and enjoined me to visit him often during his sojourn at Gratz, where he had some days still to remain. I very gratefully accepted this favour, and took care not to break my promise. From that time I have taken a very exact note in my journal of all the circumstances that struck me during my habits of intimacy with this young prince."

The epoch of the revolution of July may be supposed to have produced a startling effect on the mind of a young prince, so deeply interested in the fortunes of his father, and so devoured himself with military ambition. All that we are told on this subject, and, perhaps, all that he expressed, is of a description that comes upon us, at least, with some surprise. "I wish that the emperor would permit me to march with his troops to the succour of Charles X." Poor boy! he seems to have proved an apt pupil of the political pope—Metternich. Nevertheless, one who knew him well, the author of the "*Lettre sur le Duc de Reichstadt*," (who is said to be M. Prokesch himself,) tells us that his hope and aim was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared: he as it were slept in his arms. He read all the journals and the pamphlets attentively, watched the play of parties, and shrewdly predicted their duration. We are not told how much he was indebted to M. de Metternich for lights on these intricate subjects. It was about this time that he was agitated by an attempt on the part of the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Bacciocchi, and consequently his cousin, married to a wealthy Italian noble, to involve him in a correspondence. A letter of hers is given, written in a style of considerable exaltation, with the view of exciting his ambition, and

probably urging him to some movement respecting France. The letter was laid on his table by some secret agency. One evening, in disguise, she laid wait for him on entering the Imperial Palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Othenaus, the duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time, the duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this sort of equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters enlightened him on the subject. Napoleone Camerata is a lady whose personal and mental traits are said more nearly to resemble those of Napoleon than any other member of her family. She is remarkable for her resolution, her energy, and, say the reports, the incredible activity of her imagination: her tastes for horsemanship and the use of arms are points that might be more useful to her, had nature kindly bestowed on her the sex, as well as the character of her uncle.

The French revolution, and the prospect of war which it opened upon the different armies of Europe, added fresh excitement to the duke's military studies. He took M. Prokesch for his fellow student and friendly instructor. "We read, at this epoch, with much application, Vaudoncourt, Ségur, Norvins, the aphorisms of Montécuculli, the memoirs of Prince Eugène of Savoy, and the voluminous works of Jomini: all these works were in succession compared, discussed: they are covered with the prince's marks and marginal notes." About this time, also, he put into M. Prokesch's hands a manuscript of singular interest.

"It was a course of conduct traced by himself, in which he laid down the line prescribed to him by his duty. In this composition, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria, he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding these dangers, the influences to which his mind was subject, and by which it could be regulated, how his defects might be supplied, his ambition moderated, its movements governed, and in what way useful results might be extracted from tendencies which, if left to themselves, might be mischievous—to, in short, prepare for an honourable life, such as accorded with the rank in which he had been placed by providence. Particular circumstances, which gave to this memoir a remarkable character, induced the prince to destroy it a few days after he had shown it to me. I now deeply regret it; it would have been a document of lasting interest. He had formed a judgment of himself of extreme sagacity: it was a portrait of an exact moral likeness, in which he had forgot neither his faults nor his good qualities."—*Montbet*, p. 256.

This intense self-occupation is not healthy : it is, however, frequently the morbidness of genius. The young Napoleon was, however, in a false position : there was no natural vent by which such diseased action might be carried off. This was the moral poison which made his countenance

“ ————— éclatant de paleur :
On dirait que la vie à la mort s’y mélange.”

The first appearance of the young man in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. He was exceedingly struck with the strange mixture of remarkable persons, the representatives of the various changes that have lately taken place in Europe.

“ How painful and wearisome,” he said to a friend the next morning, “ are parties of this sort to me. What striking contrasts were assembled in the same apartment ! I saw about me (himself by the way, a monument of political change) two princes of the House of Bourbon, Baron de Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X., Maréchal Maison, the ambassador of Louis Philip, the Prince Gustavus Vasa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheilm, minister of Charles John. For the first time, I spoke with Maréchal Marmont : my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation correspond with this character. I am to receive him to day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen. I do not wish to remain absolutely unknown in France, or that so many erroneous ideas respecting my situation should continue to be entertained there.”

This interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father’s early aide-de-camps, had for some time been passionately desired by him. Metternich’s permission was obtained : the marshal and his ancient master’s son were mutually pleased. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont is a man of education, agreeable conversation, and quite capable of giving all the advantage of language and expression to his experience. It ended in Marmont being engaged to give the duke a whole course of military lectures ; the text being Napoleon’s campaigns. They were continued until the subject was exhausted, or until, as is not improbable, their frequency had begun to give umbrage. Marmont retired, promising, at least, to see his pupil every fortnight.

The 15th June, 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, then in garrison at Vienna. His exertions in the discharge of his new duties, in addition to his previous occupations, appear to have made the progress of his malady, which had till now pro-

ceeded secretly, visible both in his appearance and in his inability to bear fatigue. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever; he had shot up to a prodigious height, and his appearance bore many marks of the germs of the terrible phthisis, now breaking out into activity.

"Frequently," says his physician, Dr. Malfatti, "I have surprised him in the barracks in a state of dreadful lassitude. One day, amongst others, I found him stretched on a sofa, exhausted, powerless, and almost fainting. Not being able to conceal the wretched state in which I found him, he said, 'I abominate this wretched body that sinks under my will in this manner.' 'It is indeed provoking,' I answered, 'that your Highness cannot change your person, as you do your horses when they are tired; but permit me, Monseigneur, I conjure you, to remember, that you have set a will of iron in a body of glass, and that the indulgence of your will cannot prove otherwise than fatal.'

"His life was, in fact, at that time undergoing a process of combustion; he slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he required a great quantity of sleep; he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the manège and the different kinds of military exercises; he was, in fact, never at rest: he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became thoroughly livid. To all my questions he answered, 'I am perfectly well.'

Malfatti at length considered it necessary to present a representation to the Emperor on the state of the Duke's health. Both the patient and the physician were summoned to the imperial presence. Malfatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, "You have heard Dr. Malfatti; you will repair immediately to Schönbrunn." The Duke bowed respectfully, and, as he was raising his head, he gave Malfatti a glance of excessive indignation. "It is you, then, that have put me under arrest," he said to him in an angry tone, and hurried away. He was placable, however, and soon forgave his amiable physician. The air and quiet of Schönbrunn were extremely beneficial; he began again to sleep and to eat; the first return of vigour was the signal for exertion. He commenced hunting, as the next best thing to war, in all weathers, and with a recklessness that, joined to similar exposure in visiting neighbouring military stations, soon re-established the malady. Phthisis assumed all its horrible power; he gradually sank, and, after dreadful suffering, and all the rallying and resistance which a strong will can sometimes effect against disease, he fell a victim to it on the 22d July, 1832, at Schönbrunn, on the same bed, in the same apartment that his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.

His mother was present during his latter days, and seems to have suffered all a mother's pains. The emperor, whom all agree

in describing as an excellent and amiable old man, was greatly affected; a very strong affection subsisted between them; and, on the part of the Duke, it was evident, that the honest, straightforward character of the Emperor, joined with his paternal kindness and evidently honest intentions, had made a profound impression on the mind and heart of his grandson. On the opening of the body, the opinions of the Duke's physicians were fully confirmed; one lobe of the lungs was nearly gone; and, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepid age.

As he laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father, that resemblance so striking in the cradle, became once more remarkable. It might have been detected in life, but the flowing *blond* hair of his Austrian mother, and his tall form, would naturally mask the resemblance. His manner was graceful and elegant—the expression of his countenance somewhat sad; he was reserved till he fancied he had found a friend, when he became confidential, communicative, and even enthusiastic. He appears to have been universally beloved: no one can recollect an offence—much less an injury; he was full of kindness and consideration for every one about him. But one passion appears to have been developed—that of military ambition. The present with him was but a preparation; in fact, he lived in a future, which for him was never to arrive.

Looking at the interests of Europe, it is impossible to regret his death; looking at himself, it is impossible not to feel a great interest in his life; had, in truth, his various qualities and dispositions been more generally known during his youth, it is very probable, that the popular feeling of France would have more deeply sympathized in his fate. He was never regarded otherwise than as *LE FILS DE L'HOMME*, and as such let him rest—a last victim to the turbulent ambition of his own father.

CORRIGENDA.

In the article on Jäkel's *German Origin of the Latin Language*, in our last number, the reader is requested to make the following corrections.

In p. 372, note †, for Anglo-Saxon *harja*, read *hæarra*, *ri* being equal to *rr*.

385, note, for שָׁחַד, read שָׁחַד, *disponit*; שָׁחַד, *exaltatus est*, has also been supposed to be the root of the word, which, if this be true, would run parallel to Anglo-Saxon *heofon*.

408, Jäkel's false paradigm of the Old High Dutch article, should have been corrected thus: *der, des, demu, den*.

ART. X.—*Le Roi s'Amuse, Drame*, par Victor Hugo. Paris, 1832. 8vo.

THE "Roi s'Amuse" has more than one claim upon attention: it is from the pen of Victor Hugo, and it has been prohibited after one representation, *par ordre*. The minor question of the particular drama is sunk in the far greater one of the freedom of dramatic literature.

The drama is a representation of a few supposed scenes of the life of Francis I. and a picture of his court and courtiers, their morals and manners; in the description of which, we believe, the drama deviates very slightly in fact, and not at all in spirit, from the truth. The amusement of Francis I., as is well known, was debauchery, carried on, however, like the debauchery of our Charles II., with so much gaiety and magnificence, that it was rather admired than censured in his day, and has always been very leniently dealt with by historians, who preferred to dwell upon the brilliant points of his character, his valour, his generosity, his patronage of the arts and letters, and his noble bearing as a knight and man of honour. It is now understood, that the due support of these royal qualities is dreadfully expensive to a people, and very much interferes with good government. The drama has ordinarily been as kind to these heroes as the historians: a scene, an exploit, an anecdote, has been selected from the lives of different hero-kings, originally, perhaps, invented by some court-newsman, at that time enjoying high office and proud title, though occupied by menial duties, and has been expanded into a grand and solemn fable, adorned with the loftiest sentiments, and enacted by players on stilts, in whose mouths a sentence of ordinary life would sound a gross absurdity. Historians, as we have said, have changed their tone on this subject, and why should not dramatists? Here is M. Hugo, who has put the king and his courtiers in a tolerably true light, as viewed with reference to the general good. The amusement in which he has exhibited his majesty and the gentlemen of his court as engaged, is such as has not been uncommon in high places, though, probably, an elegant selection of such scenes was never made before for the purposes of the drama. The morals of many of the most brilliant courts of Europe may be classed under two heads: (1) the infamy of *cocuage*; (2) the glory of *concubinage*. Like the French *petit-maitre*, repairing to the country with a thorough distaste for country pleasures, who tells his host that he proposes to give himself wholly to "seduction;" this seems to have been the business of most courts—especially French courts—and the memoirs and biographies of the times overflow with proofs. But there arises a question, whether that which has been told in books, and conversed of by all people for many years, is a fit subject for the drama—for exhibition in short? If there were now any good object in depreciating royalty, in exhibiting the atrocities of a tyrannical aristocracy, the exhibition might be justified; but if circumstances are such, that the popular danger is less—that royalty and aristocracy are already depreciated far below their true par, then such publication is at least not recommendable. But who is to be the judge? Certainly not royalty itself—not the aristocracy. It is the fact of their having so long had the entire sway over publications of all kinds, that has so long permitted abuse to reign without dispute—or at least with the *Bastille* or *Bicêtre* for alternative.

The charge of immorality has been put forth against *Le Roi s'Amuse*. The effect of the play is moral in the extreme: it disgusts the auditor with brilliant seduction, it shows the wretchedness of buffoonery, the misery of sinful revenge. If debauchery be exhibited, it is without one single attribute of delusion. The king revels throughout as a sort of licensed freebooter—the destroying prey-seeker of his own forest—attended by a crowd of jackalls, more than half afraid of their own flesh and blood. In order to gratify a base appetite, he visits his lust upon the purest and most virtuous of mankind: he outrages the noble spirit of a Saint Vallier, who a thousand times over preferred death to dishonour: he debauches even the daughter of his fool, a bright spot of purity and beauty in the midst of deformity and vice; he, by another gross and degrading indulgence, draws down the physical destruction of the victim whom he had already morally destroyed; and drives the poor tool of his leisure, his ribald fool, to madness and despair. For jesters were men, and had their homes and their children, and, like *bourreaux*, could be loved and respected in a circle of their own, where the man is loved for his manliness, and without regard to the artificial distinctions of society.

To give our own opinion of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, we would say, that, as a scenic affair, it is very poor; its dramatic points are not striking, with few exceptions; at the same time, there are in it many eloquent passages, possessing that extraordinary mixture of force, fancy, and finesse, peculiar to Victor Hugo. There is, however, much of the melodramatic, and no finer scene of the horrible kind was ever imagined than the one in which the rancorous jester has got, as he fancies, the corpse of the monarch in a sack, and is gloating over his remains, when he hears in the distance the familiar voice of the king, chaunting one of his ordinary *refrains*.—It is he! it is the king. Whom then has he got in his sack, what corpse is he about to hurl into the filthy river? it is dark—he fumbles over the features, a horrible suspicion comes across him: he knows his revenge is disappointed, but how—a storm rages, he is in the midst of the raging elements, and at last a friendly flash of lightning comes to his aid, and discloses the features—of his own daughter—the violated, injured Bertha, the only object on earth he regarded, for whom the volcano of vengeance had raged in his breast, for whom it had burst forth in destructive violence.

We have some difficulty in conjecturing what could be the motive of the arbitrary act of the ministry in forbidding the representation of this play: it is scarcely possible to attribute it to the verse which has been quoted in the French papers, supposed to allude to a female branch of the Orleans' family, cotemporary with the latter days of Louis XIV. and the Regency. The same reasons would induce the suppression of half the memoirs of the country, independent of the fact, that the allusion is as applicable to almost any other aristocratic family. No: we apprehend that the true reason is a general one—the tendency, as our lawyers say, of the drama to bring kings into contempt. The arguments against any proceeding so absurd have been urged in all their force in one of Erskine's speeches, in which he eloquently defends what was considered a libel on King John. Subjects bear with kings in their time, but the historians and dramatists of posterity must really be permitted to deal with them as they think proper.

ART. XI.—*Di varie Società e Istituzioni di Beneficenza in Londra.*
1828. 1832. 2 vols. 12mo. Lugano.

HERE is another Italian traveller, of whom it is impossible to speak in terms less favourable than the one who forms the subject of a preceding article. Signor Arrivabene, of Milan (whom we have already had occasion to introduce to our readers in No. XIX. p. 261), is understood to be the author of these unpretending, though very valuable volumes, in which he has laid before his Italian countrymen a clear, judicious, and well written account of the numerous charitable and other benevolent institutions, which the English metropolis can boast of above any other city in the world. Our object in noticing this work more at length than we did the other, is to make our English readers acquainted with some of the observations which this intelligent foreigner has made concerning several of our philanthropic institutions. It is well, at times, to know what an unbiased visiter, wholly removed from the sphere of local connexions and predilections, thinks of such matters.

The first volume treats more especially of institutions for educating the poor, and also for preventing distress and degradation among them. The second volume treats of those which come directly to their assistance when reduced to a state of actual want: "in this distribution," says M. A. "I have endeavoured to follow the order of charity herself, who takes, as it were, the infant man in her arms from his very birth, watches his progress through life, and never leaves him until infirmities or old age have laid him in the grave."

Of the infant schools, of which Pestalozzi had the first idea in Switzerland, and which are now spread over this kingdom, our author speaks with unqualified approbation. After treating of the Charity, the National, and the Sunday Schools, he observes that all these are still insufficient for the great number of poor children, and he wishes that parochial schools were established upon the system peculiar to Scotland, "where" he says "they have proved the greatest blessing that Providence could bestow on the country. It is chiefly through their agency that the Scotch people, once semi-barbarous, turbulent, and rapacious, have become the humane, peaceable, and industrious race they now are." —p. 36.

To us, who have been often disgusted with the offensive display of irreligious principles in the writings of many a continental liberal, the total absence in M. Arrivabene's work of any thing like sneers or malevolent reflections against either the established church or any of the religious communities which exist in this country, has been peculiarly gratifying. Here is a *liberal*, but in the honourable sense of the word, a native of a Catholic country, an emigrant from Italy, who speaks of religion as the great means of improvement of mankind, who sneers not at our observance of the Sabbath-day, so dull and insufferable to the eyes of many a witty and free-thinking visiter to these shores, who speaks with respect of our clergy, and praises the zeal of missionaries of every Christian persuasion who labour to spread the light of the Gospel over the world, and the exertions of the Bible Society for the same purpose. The benevolence of our author is pure; he thankfully acknowledges all the good that has

been done, and while he suggests more yet to be done, he does not rail at any one for not having done it before. We have seldom, if ever, read a book written by a foreign traveller, so perfectly honest, so temperate and sober, so totally unmingled with the bitterness of party feeling, religious or political. In speaking of the unavoidable changes which the economy of society undergoes at different epochs,

"Either," he says, "we must make of social communities so many monasteries, or by leaving men free to manage their own affairs, we must submit to the inconveniences which will at times result from their management. It has been neither caprice nor perversity of feeling that has caused the small farmers and cottagers almost to disappear from the face of England, but the new economical forms which the nation has assumed. The landholders of former times were probably neither more nor less humane than the present ones, but they found their interest in dividing their property into small tenements, which then corresponded with the general system of society; the present landed proprietors divide their estates into large farms, from motives of a similar nature."—vol. i. p. 132.

And after accounting for the causes that have produced the change, he adds—

"Undoubtedly distress among the workmen in the cities is at times very great; undoubtedly there is often great distress also among the labourers in the country; but we must guard against exaggeration, we must look more to facts, and not give way to imagination. A foreigner who comes to England, with his mind full of the tales he has heard and read, of the extreme misery of a very great portion of the English people, and of the alarming increase of the poor, not meeting in his rambles with any considerable number of miserable looking objects, naturally asks, where are the crowds of paupers I have heard so much of? He will probably be shewn in the country neat cottages, their walls covered with fruit trees and flowers, with glazed windows, and in the inside of them beds with curtains, not unfrequently a clock, a piece of carpet, and sufficient furniture; the men warmly clad, wearing shoes and stockings, and eating fine wheaten bread at their meals. These men, he will be told, receive parish allowance,—they form a considerable number of the English poor."—p. 141.

And certainly, to one who is familiar with the habits and mode of living of the corresponding class in most parts of the continent, the lot of the persons above described cannot appear, at first sight, so very deplorable. Our author discusses at great length the system of the English poor laws, and the manner in which they are administered; he reprobates the abuses in the latter, especially that of paying labourers' wages out of the poor rates, and that of encouraging marriages between paupers. He observes that the whole of the rates levied by the parish on the housekeepers, are generally mistaken by foreigners as one and the same thing as the poor rates, whereas the latter often do not constitute much above one-half of the whole amount, the remainder being for the paving, lighting and repairing of streets and roads, for the watching or police, for the building of churches, &c. After fairly stating the various arguments for and against the system of workhouses, he adds—

"England is the only nation in Europe where the law gives the poor a right to support at the public expense, but several other governments having declared that begging was a crime, have been obliged in consequence to open depôts of

mendicity; in other words, workhouses for the destitute. In many countries however, even in those where it is acknowledged that all men have certain rights, there has been as yet a culpable propensity to treat beggars as men having no rights or will of their own. There has been a mania for general systems, for placing all relief to the poor under the direction of government. And yet the depôts have not answered the expectations formed of them; they have not extirpated mendicity, as any one travelling over the continent may perceive. After we have examined the interior of some of these depôts, it is some consolation to know that many mendicants succeed in evading their confinement."

"In fact, the mortality in these houses is often frightful; M. Arrivabene doubts very much of the justice of making the act of begging a punishable offence in itself; and he quotes MM. Duchatel, Guizot, and Lucas, in support of his doubts.—vol. ii. p. 127.

"Much may be done to diminish mendicity, more still to prevent fraud and imposture, but beyond a certain point, especially in our densely-inhabited cities, I fear we must resign ourselves to the sight of a certain number of beggars, for whose wants private compassion, generally more discriminating than public charity, must be left to provide."

Of the Mechanics' Institutions, our author observes, that at the beginning of their establishment they awakened the fears of many and the exaggerated hopes of others.

"But there were persons more dispassionate, who, without either fearing or hoping too much from those institutions, considered that they would tend to improve the arts, and to refine the manners of the artizans, and who trusted for the continuance of social order to the powerful stimulus of necessity, which will ever oblige man to work, and to the inequality of men's minds for the preservation of social inequality. The truth of this has already been shown in London, where most workmen bore the distresses of 1826 with exemplary patience, and censured the conduct of those of their brethren who broke the machines. Mechanics will become persuaded of the necessity of being temperate and provident, of saving something out of their wages for times of distress, and they will learn to understand better the relative principles of capital and labour, of profits and wages, and their inseparable connection."

And on the subject of the co-operative societies, he says:

"It is much easier to see and to lament that the working classes are, all over the world, doomed to toil and privations, than to devise means of changing a state of things, which seems inherent in society and in human nature itself. But there are some men who imagine that, if their nostrums were adopted, poverty and distress would disappear from the face of the earth. Foremost among these men in Great Britain stands Mr. Owen."

After speaking favourably of his intentions and charitably of his eccentricities, after relating the vicissitudes of his schemes both here and in America, and their ill success, he adds—

"Such is the fate of all those vast projects which aim at changing all at once the condition of mankind, without being grafted on the present state of society, and on the habits of men."

And after mentioning the schemes of community of labour, community of goods, and the common education of children, &c., and

noticing the weekly meetings of the London Co-operative Society in his time, he makes the following sensible reflections.

"It is quite sufficient to any person of but moderate judgment to have attended one of those meetings, in which questions of political science are debated, in order to estimate them as they deserve. The speeches consist chiefly of invectives against the rights of property, and against what they are pleased to call *the monopoly of the lands* by the actual owners; to which causes, and to the whole present social order, they attribute the miseries of the greater part of the human race, miseries for which they see in the co-operative societies the only, the universal panacea. That poor mechanics should think and say such things need not be matter of wonder, but that men in a higher rank, and who have received a better education, should flatter and delude their uninformed brethren by such sophistries, is subject enough of surprise; for they cannot but know that it was the establishment and the security afforded by the laws to the rights of property, that began to diminish the mass of individual misery all over the world."—vol. i. p. 162.

And again, about the absurd outcry against "the tyranny of capital,"

"When a workman receives, in the shape of wages, a part of the produce, in the creation of which he participates, and this by a voluntary convention between him and the master, or capitalist, where is the tyranny, where the robbery? Tyranny and robbery occurred in former ages, when many men were *obliged* to work for one who gave them whatever pittance he pleased, a state of servitude from which they were not allowed to emerge. But in the present condition of society no man is forced to work in a particular spot for a particular master. Talent, good conduct, good luck make workmen rise to be masters, while capitalists and masters, from opposite causes, frequently descend to the condition of workmen. Instances of the former are more rare, it is true, because it is easier for a rich man to become poor than for a poor man to become rich, and because good qualities are scarcer than bad ones; yet the number of successful workmen is increasing, and may still further increase through the advancement of their moral powers. But to strive to impress upon workmen a false notion of the mechanism of society, to instil into their minds the poison of envy and hatred against those who happen to be better favoured by fortune, are certainly not the best means of improving their condition or making them happy."—vol. ii. p. 352.

This was written some years since; what would our author say were he to attend *now* the debates of the society at King's Cross, another and a more recent foundation of Mr. Owen, at which debates the belief in revelation, and the hopes and fears of a future state, are openly stigmatized as obstacles to the developement of the faculties and to human happiness; and this before hundreds of mechanics and their wives, who cannot possibly have the information required for the rational investigation of such questions, and who, dissatisfied with their present condition, are ready to adopt any wild solution of the problem which sophistry can devise?

If unemployed artizans can be benefited by exchange of goods and labour notes, so much the better; but where is the necessity of making infidels of them? Will infidelity improve their condition? We speak not of moral responsibility, of the awful denunciations against those who give scandal to their brethren; these are written in a book, which to them is of no authority.

222 Arrivabene—*The Charitable, &c. Institutions of England.*

Our author speaks with approbation of the friendly societies and savings' banks, as being, next to the schools, the institutions best calculated to raise and to "improve the condition of the poor classes." He gives us some information on the *sociétés de prévoyance*, which answer the same purpose in France. In Paris there are two hundred of these societies, of which 19,000 workmen are members, and their savings amounted last year to 1,300,000 francs. The regulations to maintain order and decency at their meetings are worthy of attention: in the savings' banks of the same city there were, at the beginning of 1830, eleven years after their first institution, thirty-five millions of francs.

M. Arrivabene treats at great length of the societies for the improvement of Prison Discipline, and gives many statistical details on similar institutions in France and elsewhere. The society for the Promotion of Permanent Peace gives occasion to the following reflections:—

"War encourages, for the moment, certain branches of industry, while it stops others; when peace comes, the first cease immediately, whilst the latter revive but slowly. War gives rise to a few rapid fortunes, made Heaven knows how, and we meet, therefore, with minds base enough to invoke war in the hope of being among the favoured few. There are also minds of a higher stamp, who will approve of war for national interests. But the morals of men, in general, are not improved by war, which is besides decidedly opposed to the precepts of Christianity. The Society of 'Christian Morality' in France and that 'for Universal Peace,' at Geneva, co-operate with those in England to diffuse anti-warlike principles. The President of the Geneva Society, M. Sellon, received last year a letter from the King of Prussia, expressing the interest that monarch takes in the proceedings of the society, and his intention to favour its object by his external policy. The society received similar communications from the King of the French, and from the late M. Perier. It is painful, however, to reflect that many obstacles will yet interfere between these wishes and their fulfilment."—vol. ii. p. 253.

And here we must take leave of M. Arrivabene, recommending his work as full of interesting information, useful to English as well as foreign readers. Whilst the latter will be enabled by the attentive perusal of these two small volumes to form a more correct estimate of the English nation, than they would derive from a dozen of books of travels; the former will see in them reasons for being better satisfied with their own country, and for cherishing its institutions, which bear in them the germ of further improvement.

ART. XII.—*Briefe eines Lebenden.* Herausgegeben von F. F. (Letters by one of the Living. Edited by F. F.) 2 vols. 12mo. Berlin. 1831.

HOWEVER critical opinion may be divided touching his Puckler Muskau Highness's account of England and English society, there can be little doubt but that Germans are, generally speaking, the individuals best adapted to achieve and record travels in such lands of enchantment, of almost holy associations, as Greece and Italy. Free alike from French vanity and from English superciliousness, Germans surrender themselves with frank *bonhomie* to the impressions of the moment; and even their

peculiar *subjectiveness*,* by flinging the colour of the traveller's own mind over what he sees, only serves to give greater vivacity to his descriptions. Their impassioned imaginations, swayed by their *aesthetic* * philosophy, dispose them to kindle into enthusiastic rapture alike at the splendid remains of classic genius, at the brilliant revival of the fine arts in Italy during the middle ages, at the really admirable creations of modern talent, and even to contemplate with satisfaction the rude, stiff, imperfect, and half-faded attempts of second-rate or uncultivated powers; whilst a genial joviality of temperament, curiously blended with these more ethereal qualities, by equally disposing them always to delight in sunshine, good wine, and female beauty, (without detriment to their eternal and inviolable fidelity to the "beloved one"—*die geliebte*—left at home,) maintains their spiritual part in a constant state of complacency, favourable to the birth of generous admiration. All this we knew long before the "Letters of one of the Living," written during a journey to and in Italy, met our eyes, and should have said as much, probably, in answer to any inquirer who might have questioned us touching German fitness for picturesque travelling. Yet so weary, so heart-sick, are we of Italian tours, with their eternal admeasurements of standing churches and fallen temples, with their *cognoscente* cant and technical slang-crammed descriptions of pictures and staties, that with a loathing reluctance, subdued only by a sense of duty, did we open these little volumes.

Virtue was here, as usual, its own reward. We found no more of such description than was indispensable from a professed *ästhetiker* and *kunst-freund* (friend of the arts), the letter-writer avowing a conviction, as complete as our own, of the impossibility of conveying by words any idea whatsoever of the merits of a picture or a statue, or of the effect of a building; and in lieu of all this we have a more lively portraiture than we at this moment recollect having before met with of Italy, animate and inanimate. Amongst other points, the remarkable beauty of form of the Italian hills, the amphitheatrical or terrace arrangement of the towns built up a mountain side by the sea coast, such as Genoa and Naples, the vegetable wealth displayed in the wild luxuriance of oranges, lemons, myrtles, and an hundred plants that we are accustomed to see laboriously reared and preserved by horticultural skill and care, and the rich tints of a southern sea and sky, are presented to us with an intensity of delight, which, even more than the graphic truth of the descriptions, places the scenes before the reader's eye. But we seem actually transplanted amongst them when the traveller vivifies these scenes with the fervid Italian life, so unlike all his and our northern habits; when he exhibits to us the streets of Florence swarming with rival mountebanks eloquently haranguing, with story-tellers, &c. &c.; when he leads us through the silence of the desert *Campagna* to the Eternal City, or to

* Can it be necessary at this time of day to explain that, in modern German, *subjective* describes the character of mind which stamps external objects with its own feelings and opinions—*objective*, that which is vividly impressed by them as they are? or that—*aesthetic*—which being taken from the Greek word *αἰσθητικὴ*, literally means perceptive—philosophy, signifies in the same creative and somewhat fanciful language, the philosophy of the sublime and beautiful—the theory of the fine arts and of poetry?

Naples, through a clamour, a hurry, and an uproar, that alarm him with fears of having arrived at the very out-breaking of an insurrection. We incline to translate part of his visit to Mount Vesuvius, as combining specimens of his descriptive style in both kinds. We must premise that our letter-writer was associated with a party of German artists.

"Scarcely had the carriage stopped when we were surrounded, and ere we could put out a foot, already were we torn to pieces within it; a rabble springing upon us from all sides, who grasped us by the head and the collar, by the coat-skirts and the legs, dragged us out, and, like so many bales of merchandize to be forwarded, packed us upon donkeys. Vainly we protested with hand and foot against such forwarding; vainly we clamoured for our intended guide, Signor Salvator, who had been recommended to us as the only rational being in Resina; every one screamed to us that he was either the brother or the cousin of Salvator, or Salvator himself. As our destiny seemed irrevocably fixed, we now begged as a favour to be led to an inn, where we might leave our baggage and take some refreshment. This was granted; those who had got possession of us, shoved us, with their donkeys, into a narrow, dirty yard, and fastened the gates behind us, to cut off further competition of other donkey men. Four or five of these worthies only were now with us, and, perceiving our advantage, I asked which was Salvator. One of the most impudent instantly stepped forward, assured us by all the saints that he was Salvator, and rudely pressed us to enter his house. I seized him by the throat, and said very loudly and distinctly, 'Thou liar and cheat! I know Salvator, and thou art not he! But whichever of you will fetch me Salvator shall have these two *carlini*.' This conduct, and the offered reward, staggered the whole pack; even without, the silver sound of the *carlini* had been heard, and it was not long ere the gates were thrown open: we found ourselves again at large, and saw the rout shrinking back before a stately man, distinguished from the rest not so much by his dress as by his port and behaviour. He said, 'You would place yourselves under the protection of Salvator, and Salvator will take care that you are treated with respect. You other folks begone, and let none of you cross my threshold.' The crowd dispersed, raving and railing indeed, but we were free."

Under the conduct of this stately guide the party ascend the hill, attended by a donkey loaded with provisions, that they may not be obliged to visit a hermit, called by Salvator "a rogue, who sells sour wine for its weight in gold." The arrangement appears to have been fortunate, inasmuch as the hermitage, which this strange sort of hermit vehemently urged them to enter as they passed, was occupied by a singing and dancing company of officers half-sea-sick, and of damsels no better than they should be.

"Higher up, vegetation suddenly ceases, and we find ourselves upon the field of death, upon the territory of utter desolation. . . . Amongst the *glaciers* and ice-fields of the Alps a shiver seizes us, but there we see how a kindly sunbeam steals a tear from the hard mass: we hear, rushing underneath, the streams by which they fertilize the valley far below; and amidst the crystal of the ice and snow, rays of light sport in a varying, moving, glitter of colours; whilst amid these black lava-clods, these petrified billows of mud, dwells no hope of light or life, and those fearful verses inscribed by Dante over the eternal gates of hell would be here in their proper place. Laboriously and cautiously does the mule climb over the *scoria*, through which a new path is gradually trodden. . . . We first breathed freely as we reached the foot of the ash-cone inclosing the crater. We dismounted, and, surrounded by the

great blocks of basalt with which Vesuvius has here diced, we emptied a few bottles of tears (the celebrated wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*), and cast a consolatory glance over the sea and the happy landscape in the valley. Before us now lay the cone-shaped summit, formed of masses of pumice-stone and of lava, and of loose ashes: no path, no way leads upwards; every forward step buries the trace of its predecessor; and one often climbs without moving, as the advanced foot slides back again."

Up this pleasant hill they run a race, and our friend, the living letter-writer, first reaches the ridge of the crater.

"Fearfully it thundered beneath me; storm-winds roared as though the hurricane were passing; a double pillar of flame burst upwards, and with a fearful explosion the dread hell-jaws in the deep below vomited a red-hot stone-hail, which, like unparalleled fire-works, flung thousands of balls of light and of rockets far above our heads. . . . Over the inside of the crater is poured out a sulphur-slime, cracked in many places by the heat underneath, and which exhibits not only the usual sulphur-yellow, but ever-changing tints of green, blue, red and orange; and as metallic colours notoriously surpass all others in brilliancy, we saw outspread before us, so long as the sun shone, a wonderously glittering carpet; which, however, despite the magnificence that charmed the eye, had something of the horror of a gaily variegated serpent-skin. The colours gain especial vivacity from the contrast of the black hill in the middle. The process of the eruption appears to have a very regular course. A subterraneous thunder is first heard, then follows a tempest of wind, flames burst out of the black hill through the double-mouthed crater, and thereupon follows a threefold discharge of stones: the whole process lasted uniformly from eight to ten minutes. * * * A more kindly and soothing spectacle drew us to the highest height of the ridge; this was the setting of the sun, that sank into the sea behind Ischia, and parted from the world with a glowing kiss. The green islands swam in the purple flood of ocean, and the waves broke in golden foam on the garlanded shore."

This grows longer than we had intended, and we must needs leave Mount Vesuvius abruptly, omitting even Signor Salvator's manifold virtues and confidence in German travellers, because there is another passage which, with little reference to the living traveller himself, we are bent upon extracting. At Rome the letter-writer met with Thorvaldsen, and as we flatter ourselves that the Danish Life of the great artist, reviewed in our last number but one, may have even increased the interest our readers would naturally feel in so extraordinary a man, we shall translate what is here said of him. The traveller is quitting the Roman *Teatro Argentino*, disgusted with the performance.

"In the lobby I met Thorvaldsen, who, with much friendliness, recollected our former meetings at Berlin and Dresden. Late at night he accompanied me to my villa, and invited me to seek him in his workshop the next morning. Since this visit I have seen the dear Thorvaldsen almost daily, either at his residence, adorned with the paintings of living artists, whom he patronizes more beneficially than many a prince, or in his workshop. We often visit the Vatican together, yet oftener some one of the taverns, where, mingling with his youthful countrymen, unaffectedly discarding high thoughts, and enjoying life, he smokes his cigar and empties his *foglietta* (an Italian measure of wine.) In his *studio* are casts of all the statues and *bas-reliefs* that he has completed during the three-and-thirty years he has lived in Rome. There too are a crowd of great works which, aided by numerous assistants, he still has in hand. To

the little wooden out-house in which he wrought his first statue, a Jason, he has built on a second and a third larger room; and at length, the world of gods and heroes that he has collected requiring a complete Olympus, he has filled the lower story of the Barberini palace with them. With each of his productions some interesting moment of the artist's life is connected, and these he readily communicates to his friends in his simple, one might say childish, manner."

This ready communicativeness does not quite agree with Professor Thiele's account of the difficulty of obtaining information from Thorvaldsen touching himself, and, truth to tell, we place more confidence in the Dane, wholly engrossed with his illustrious countryman, and who avouches his statements with his name, than in our anonymous living traveller, whom, well as we like him, we suspect of some little colouring for effect. We trust him in essentials, but we doubt he embellishes common-place incidents, sometimes into romance, sometimes, when he stumbles upon English tourists, into farce; at least we can no otherwise understand his stories of English lords and ladies, unless, indeed, he may chance to have now and then taken a Cheapside haberdasher for a British peer. Upon the present occasion the story he tells, as from Thorvaldsen's own mouth, is that of the Jason, and varies from Thiele's version of it only in minor details, thus confirming our opinion of our letter-writer's kind of veracity. Having so recently narrated this anecdote, we shall not repeat it. Our letter-writer thus proceeds;

"Since then (Mr. Hope's visit) Thorvaldsen is become a rich, celebrated, and, in every sense, a great man: he is worth, perhaps, half a million of dollars; he is President of the Academy; he has been decorated with ribbons and stars by all the princes of Europe; and, what is thought much more of here, Pope Leo XII. has visited him, the Protestant, in his workshop, where Thorvaldsen, in his working dress, chisel and hammer in hand, received the Holy Father standing, whilst all the company knelt around. And how little store does Thorvaldsen set by all these distinctions, how plain and simple is his nature, how entirely does he belong to Art and Artist-life! But this artist-life distinguishes Rome from every other place, for here only do artists really enjoy their existence; since here they hold faithfully together in cheerful association. Of this artist-life Thorvaldsen is the heart and soul. He does not shut himself up, grandee like; he thanks God when princes and princesses, bankers and ambassadors, let him alone, for infinitely does he prefer spending a joyous evening, in a smoke-blackened tavern, with his young kinsmen in Art. . . . Every artist, whatever be his station or country, is certain of a cordial reception from Thorvaldsen; and never does it occur to him that he can let himself down, because, gladsomely mingling with young men as though they were his equals, he gives himself a jovial day amidst wine and song."

How far our readers may agree with the German traveller in admiring this preference of smoking and drinking with the mad youth of Germany, over associating with good company, we leave to themselves; and were about to conclude, when the words "wine and song" reminded us that we had said nothing of our living letter-writer's poetry. In fact poetry is now, we believe, nearly as common as reading and writing in Germany; and it would be more requisite to mention, of any given author so circumstanced, that he is not, than of all the rest that they are, poetical. With respect to the verses thickly scattered through these two

volumes, they are for the most part given as hasty effusions, when not as *improvisations*; and we must say, that those we read appeared to us so thoroughly in that light—moreover, something less poetical than the prose descriptions—that the idea of translating any of them never crossed our brain.

ART. XIII.—*A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue, with a Praxis*. By Erasmus Rask, Professor of Literary History in, and Librarian to, the University of Copenhagen, &c. &c. A New Edition, enlarged and improved by the Author. Translated from the Danish by B. Thorpe. Copenhagen. 1830. 8vo. pp. 224.

THE appearance of the present volume supplies what has long been a desideratum in English literature. It has been a cause of complaint to all who have investigated our early vernacular remains, that there have been no guides to direct them, and that each student had to form a Grammar and a Dictionary of Saxon for himself. It is no less surprising than distressing to notice the blunders into which Hickes has fallen, and in which Elstob, Lye, Manning, and, indeed, all who have written upon the subject, have followed him most religiously.

We are much indebted to the distinguished foreign scholar who has at length freed us, to a certain degree, from this lamentable state of things by the publication of his Saxon Grammar. In its arrangement he has taken the liberty of thinking for himself, and by doing so has shown us the errors which have originated from a superstitious adherence to the dogmas of his predecessors. An extensive acquaintance with the early languages of the north has enabled him to explore with greater safety the intricacies of our own, and by the aid of this species of comparative anatomy he has, in several instances, detected the springs which direct and influence certain peculiarities of formation, the principle of which would have probably been hidden from one who had directed his attention solely to the study of the Anglo-Saxon language.

The limits within which we are necessarily limited prevent us from offering to our readers more than a very general outline of the work. We would, however, direct the attention of the student to the important light which Rask has thrown upon the principles of the language, by what he has advanced regarding accentuation. The darkness in which this radical organization of the Saxon has hitherto lain is marvellous, the more especially when we notice its adoption in early manuscripts, and how essential a knowledge of it is towards a comprehension of the elements of the tongue. A pretty extensive examination of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, in which lie the proofs of the truth or the incorrectness of Mr. Rask's system, enables us to say that these manuscripts fully support the soundness of his views, and that the few instances of misapprehension and omission discoverable in his Grammar only leave the more room for us to wonder at their paucity. The division of nouns into simple and complex, of adjectives into definite and indefinite, are new to us in England; and the clearness of this arrangement forms an admirable contrast to the endless subdivisious, exceptions, and annotations,

which perplex the unhappy wight who has been labouring under the guidance of Hickes. But it is in the investigation of the verbs that Rask appears to the greatest advantage, and his classification of them is simple and obvious: of its accuracy there cannot be a better proof than the order and perfect regularity which it enables us to discover in numerous formations previously considered as irregular. His observations upon prefixes and postfixes are written with less care than the previous portion of the Grammar, probably from his not considering the subject as one meriting a deeper discussion. The same excuse cannot be urged for the slighting manner in which he has treated another branch—that of Syntax; in this part, although all the more prominent rules are exhibited, those more deeply hidden and nicer peculiarities, of which we cannot suppose him to be ignorant, are passed over without notice. This portion of the work therefore appears to great disadvantage when compared with the manner in which he has treated the verbs. The chapter upon the laws of Saxon poetry is excellent, and Rask displays a decided superiority over the dogmas of Hickes, Conybeare and W. Grimm. The volume concludes with a very good praxis, by the aid of which, and the other helps which this Grammar affords to the student, the labour of acquiring a tolerable knowledge of the language has been materially shortened and facilitated. It would be unjust to withhold our thanks from the gentleman who has conferred such a benefit upon English scholars as that of introducing to them, in an English dress, a publication upon which all subsequent investigations into the history and formation of the language of our forefathers must be mainly founded.

The preceding observations were committed to paper some months since: in the interval which has elapsed between their coming before us in types, the melancholy tidings have arrived that the distinguished author is now beyond the reach of our praise or censure—Erasmus Rask is no more!

In the Literary Intelligence of the present number, under the head of Denmark, will be found such particulars of the life and literary labours of this remarkable scholar and linguist as we have been able to collect together.

ART. XIV.—*La Ville de Refuge; Réve philanthropique*. Paris. Ladvocat. 1832. 8vo.

THIS is a publication to which it is not necessary to devote more than a few words, nor, indeed, would it be worth noticing at all, if it were not of that class of books which form a sort of index to the state of opinion in France in regard to social morality, and the present wants of society in general. The motto of the book is "*prier, travailler, s'instruire*," and it is appended to a vignette representing emblems of religion, implements of industry, and books and other sources of instruction. This motto expresses briefly the whole contents of the book, which amount to this—that governments ought to labour to make their subjects pious, industrious, and intelligent.

The visitor is introduced into a temple in which the inscription "Love one another" appears prominent, as the basis of the faith of the worshippers. One of these, an old man, is made to say of the ceremonies of the temple:—

"Each of us professes here freely his own worship; but each of us believes in the faith which he embraces, and conforms thereto, without deviation, his conduct and manners. As for me, whose age has whitened my hair and wrinkled my forehead, and whose experience, though perhaps too slow, has ripened my reason and rectified my mind, I say with a pious bishop long since dead (Gregory of Blois), and whose tomb must have been the seal of many sorrows, "*What is religion to man, if it is a mere theory, without influence upon his conduct? Of what consequence is the theory of a free government, if it is, in practice, despotic? Of what use are the fine theories of a magistrate upon justice, if he turns the balance in favour of iniquity?*"

It would be a libel upon the intelligent and well-educated portion of the French community, to say that they are still imbued with the sceptical philosophy of the last century, or that they are indifferent, or hostile, to the substance of religion. Those who know any thing of the state of mind of enlightened persons in Paris, must be aware that a better philosophy is rapidly taking the place of the materialism of the eighteenth century, and that France is passing through a philosophical transition, which affords promise of a result highly favourable to the most important interests of her people. It is our firm belief that the day is coming when the main truths of Christianity will, in no country, be more firmly established than in France, and, what is more, that those truths will be put into practice. The public veneration for empty ceremonies and fantastic shows may have died away—the taste for polemical discussion may have grown languid—the superstitious reverence for ecclesiastical dogmas may have abated—but if all this is found to lead, not to the destruction of religion itself, but to its propagation and strengthening, and to the imbuing the hearts of the French people with the fear of God, and the love of man, the charge of irreligion against them is one which must wholly fall to the ground. Time will show how far our anticipations may be realized; but thus much is certain, that Paris in 1832 is no more the Paris of Rousseau and Voltaire, than it is the Paris of St. Louis, and that it is an unmerited imputation upon the most enlightened of the citizens of Paris, to say either that they do not respect the essential doctrines of religion, or that they do not practise the precepts of Christianity as much to the full as they are practised in our own metropolis.

ART. XV.—*Paris Malade, Esquisses du Jour*, par Eugène Roch. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

A WHIMSICAL and clever book, by a young author of considerable reputation designed to exhibit Paris under the influence of the cholera—we hardly know whether to say tempered or inflamed, perhaps the right word is—modified by the revolution of July, 1830, by the subsequent tumults

and by the existing political discontent and excitement. The work is in a dramatic form, the thwarted loves of a couple of young physicians supplying the thread upon which, though gaining little additional interest, are strung a variety of scenes, representing successively, the effects, ludicrous or serious, of the terror created by the fearful disease amongst the higher classes of Parisian society;—the atrocities produced amongst the lower and uneducated orders by the strange notion they had conceived that the cholera was a nonentity, and all the symptoms characterizing it, the result of poison administered, no human creature can imagine why, by the government, to the people;—the horrible ravages of this pestilential malady;—the liberality of the rich, and the heroic self-devotion to the loathsome service of the cholera hospitals of women of all ranks and degrees, from the high-born coquette of the brilliant salon, to those degraded beings whom it is usual now-a-days delicately, and most truly, (if somewhat affectedly in the way of generic nomenclature) to designate as unfortunate females. In the course of these scenes the exaggerated opinions of most of the various parties distracting Paris are happily illustrated; the fanaticism, both political and religious of the Carlists,—or, more properly, the *Henriquinistes*, for none are represented as wishing the re-enthronement of the abdicated Charles X.—the extravagancies of the St. Simonians, the innumerable and contradictory absurdities of the populace, &c. &c.

The work, we need hardly state, is decidedly liberal; both the heroes are, to say the least, Freethinkers in religion, and the fervent Republicanism of one of them, Ferdinand, a medical student on the point of obtaining his *diploma*, is placed in the most favourable light; but his virulent and bitter philippics against the wealthy are blamed and corrected by his more philosophic friend, Dr. Edward; and Casimir Perrier, as the representative of the established government, is fairly portrayed, as honestly, if mistakenly, zealous for the good of France. Our English feelings have, indeed, during the perusal of these pages, been some little revolted by the pretty, mirthful pleasantry with which the young physician relates the forcible mode of his summons by the agonized wives, husbands, and children, of cholera patients, whom he either finds dead or is unable to save; but to censure this, would be to censure French nature for not being English, and we mention it merely to prepare the readers of M. Eugene Roch's curious publication for what will probably prove as disagreeable to them as it has to us, not in the exercise of our critical office.

ART. XVI.—1. *Folchetto Malaspina, Romanzo Storico del Secolo XIImo.* dell' Autore di Sibilla Odaleta. 3 Tom. 12s. Milan. 1830.

2. *Preziosa di Sanluri, ossia i Montanari Sardi, Romanzo Storico,* dell' Autore di Sibilla Odaleta. 3 Tom. 12mo. Milan. 1832.

THESE novels give us no cause to recall or regret one word of the judgment we some years since pronounced upon the author (Signor Varese). They display, with much of the improvement to be expected from a

writer early deemed so promising as to rank next to Manzoni, the same merits and the same faults as his former works. Here likewise, we have scenes painted with dramatic force, vivid portraiture of by-gone times, and considerable power of writing; and here, too, we find the great inequality, the singular infelicity in managing a story of which we before complained, together with a strange,* seeming unconsciousness of the use of love in romance. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that Folchetto Malaspina and Preziosa di Santuri are not duly and respectively in love; in love they both are when first we meet with them, and in love they remain till we take leave of them at their several bridals;—what we mean is, that for any thing much affecting the story, except upon one occasion, and certainly for any thing we are made to care about the matter, they might nearly as well be fancy free. Both stories, nevertheless, deserve notice, and we propose giving such an abstract of them as may enable the reader to understand our objection. We begin with Folchetto.

Every body knows that in the twelfth century some of the wealthy Lombard cities endeavoured to emancipate themselves from their dependence upon the German, then called the Holy Roman Empire, animated, we fear, quite as much by ambition and mutual hatred, as by a genuine love of liberty. Milan, striving to substitute her own for the Imperial yoke, was at the head of these confederated cities, of which Tortona, her faithful ally, was one of the feebler members. In and near this last town, the scene of our novel is laid, during the struggle against Frederic Barbarossa. But this insurrection against the Emperor is not the sole, scarcely the chief, object of Tortonese politics. Milan is endeavouring to subject Tortona to herself; Tortona desires to shake off, not to change her bonds; the middle and lower classes are struggling to free themselves from feudal oppression, the nobles to maintain their privileges; and Opizzone Malaspina, Signora della Lunigiana, the opulent head of that family of which our hero is an impoverished scion, is plotting the acquisition of power out of the general confusion, and employs the unsuspecting Folchetto as his instrument. Folchetto is the leader of the popular party, and is, moreover, in love with Leonilla de' Calcinara, the promised bride of Guglielmo degli Uberti, the leader of the Nobles. A proposal of Opizzone to marry Folchetto's sister, Alice, produces a scene between the brother and sister, in which the gentleman's arbitrary notions of the implicit obedience due from sisters and daughters, however consonant with the opinions of the times, do not awaken our sympathy with his own course-of-true love, thwarted, as it is, by the choice of friends. Alice having timidly declared that she cannot marry Opizzone, disappears from her father's castle; and the greater part of the first volume is dedicated to the search after her. *Milieu l'air de l'Accabuduri*

XX This search introduces us to a new—shall we say trade or profession? quite new to us, although it should seem then, and long afterwards, common in Sardinia, to wit, that of the *Accabuduri*, a name derived by our author from a corruption of the verb *accoppiare*, to knock on the head. In Sardinia, it appears, the tender compassion of the young and

healthy towards the infirm, from age, accident or disease, manifested itself in effectually abridging their sufferings. But as sons, husbands, or wives, might not always relish performing this peculiar office of charity with their own hands, it became the especial business of the *Accabaduri*, who, from the repulsive character of their avocation, soon constituted a separate *caste* as well as trade. There were not, however, sick and aged people enough to support the whole race by knocking them on the head, so that the *Accabaduri* were compelled to vary their occupations, and the women employed themselves as well in mourning the dead with floods of mercenary tears, and improvised chaunts of praise and regret, as in fortune-telling. A woman of this class has wandered from Sardinia to the neighbourhood of Tortona, and is an important personage in our story. Thirsting for human blood, in vengeance for a son who had fallen by the hands of justice, she yet serves and saves Folchetto, in compliance with a vow she had made, when he once rescued her from impending death. By the *Accabaduri's* help, Folchetto learns that his rival in politics and in love has deluded Alice by a false marriage, and he formally challenges Guglielmo, at a banquet of the nobles, his own personal adversaries, which he visits, amidst their bacchanalian revelry, for that express purpose. We shall give a sketch of the duel scene, as one of our author's lively pictures of old manners and feelings. It must be premised, that Guglielmo is a coward as well as a profligate, and that one of his confidential dependents has undertaken to bring him off scathless from his unavoidable duel with the dreaded Malaspina.

The lists are prepared, with an altar at one end, and are surrounded by eager spectators. The judge of the combat takes his seat, mass is said, the arms of the combatants are consecrated, and the sacrament is administered to the two deadly foes. During all this time the wrathful gloom of Folchetto, and his battle-godfather, Opizzone, are contrasted to the airy undauntedness of Guglielmo, which somewhat surprises his battle-godfather, Guido Anfosso, who had entertained some misgivings touching his friend's valour. Opizzone now accuses Guglielmo, to the judge, as the betrayer of Alice; Guido rebuts the charge, and the champions severally swear to the truth of their godfathers' words, as well as to their being unaided by magic. They then arm and take their places.

"But still Guglielmo hesitated to throw down Folchetto's glove, an indispensable form. He gazed anxiously around, and only now did Guido discover in him symptoms of dismay. He was approaching to encourage him, when he suddenly saw his eye flash with its preceding brightness, as he boldly flung down the glove, exclaiming, 'Malaspina, there is thy glove.' At the same time he closed his vizor, drew his sword, and stepped two paces back, to take room. Rapid as were these movements, they were slow to Folchetto's, who scarcely saw his glove touch the ground ere he had sprung back, brandishing his sword, and stood on guard. Already were the marshals of the lists stooping to remove the interposed olive branches, and unclosing their lips to cry, 'The field is open,' when, at the far end of the esplanade, appeared one who drew all eyes to himself, and stayed the encounter.

This was an old man, tall and gaunt, whose hollow cheeks bespoke the long and painful privations of his corporeal frame. He wore a ragged russet tunic, furnished with a small hood, and girt round his loins by a chain interwoven

with points. His naked foot was guarded from thorns and flints by a mere sole, fastened on with a leather strap. In his hand he bore a gilded reliquary, which, with outstretched arm, he held on high, towards the combatants. He hurried onwards, with a speed far beyond what his age and aspect promised. He shouted aloud, 'Hold, wretched youths, hold! In the name of Him who died for you on the cross, hold!' So speaking he reached the two champions, breathlessly rushed between them, and placed the reliquary upon the yet unpassed line of separation drawn by the heralds."

Even the fiery and injured Folchetto dares not resist the interposition of the hermit and his reliquary; and the lawful, the religion-sanctioned duel is per force suspended, if not altogether prevented. To obviate this last disaster, or at least its annoying results to his vengeance, Folchetto publicly insults Guglielmo in church, in presence of the clergy, with the bishop at their head, the nobles, and the people. Guglielmo, in return, attempts to surprise and murder his enemy; is foiled by the intervention of the *Accabadura*, and being dismissed unharmed by Folchetto, repents and turns hermit. His marriage had been broken off by his seemingly tame endurance of a blow, and Leonilla is shut up in the convent, where, it now appears, Alice had concealed her shame. Then follows the siege of Tortona by Frederic, and Folchetto's heroism in its defence. The town at length capitulates, the terms being inviolability to the convents, and a safe departure to the inhabitants. Upon his way home, Folchetto learns from the *Accabadura* that the convents are to be sacked, and hurries back, just in time to rescue his sister, his mistress, and his mistress's father. He marries Leonilla, and Alice takes the veil.

The other romance introduces us to a country hitherto, we believe, unexplored by the novelist, and, in truth, scarcely known to us through the more legitimate channels of the historian and the traveller—we mean the island of Sardinia. Preziosa de Sanluri is not, however, the first Sardinian novel extant, this same fertile anonymous author having, two years ago published *Il Proscritto, Storia Sarda*; which *Proscritto* we have diligently laboured to procure, in the idea that the two Sardinian Tales might conjointly merit a more regular analysis, and afford us the means of giving a somewhat methodized account of Sardinian men, women, and ways. But *Il Proscritto* does not appear to have visited England, and we will not withhold the fair sister from our reader's acquaintance, during the time it might take to fetch the brother from Milan. We shall therefore dispatch *Preziosa* as we have *Folchetto*, merely observing that the Sard mountaineers strongly resemble our own Scotch Highlanders, although in a yet ruder state.

The story is briefly this—an insurrection against the Aragonese conquerors of the island has failed; the insurgents are routed and dispersed, and the Viscount di Sanluri, one of the leaders, has been unable to carry off in his flight his daughter Preziosa. The damsel is snatched from the hands of the victorious Aragonese soldiery by another insurgent leader, Sigismondo, *Capo-tribù*, or chief of the Gocean mountaineers, and brought for safety to another mountain tribe, that of Genargento, who had remained neutral in the recent conflict, and amongst whom he there-

fore judges she may be safe. In the rescue and transportation the youthful pair have fallen in love; Sigismondo leaves Genargento to go in search of the Viscount, but gets an ague by sleeping in a swamp, and passes the greater part of the two little volumes on a mat under *accabadura* doctoring. Preziosa, foolishly enough, quits her mountain asylum for a convent; on her way to which she is taken prisoner, upon an accusation of having, by spells, killed the Aragonese Viceroy's son, whom, in fact, three *accabaduri* had amused themselves with frightening to death. It should be said that Preziosa, whose birth had cost her mother's life, whose wet nurse had died, and who bore on her arm a mark resembling a death's head, is generally esteemed an unlucky person, if nothing worse. She is tried, condemned, and sentenced to be burnt, but indulged with permission to prove her innocence through the ordeal of cold water, by leaping from a high rock into the sea. This indulgence saves her, though not exactly according to law; for Sigismondo, who has by this time recovered, contrives to leap with her, and swims with her to a boat awaiting them, under favour of a tumult which Nura, the *capo-tribù* of Genargento, excites, in avenging his son, previously shot by an Aragonese soldier. A change of kings in Aragon, and of viceroys in Sardinia, puts an end to the danger of the lovers.

We think these two short sketches may show the reader of what abundant interest both subjects were susceptible, had the author understood, like Manzoni, to make the most of his riches. But it must not be concluded from our criticism, that the tales are not worth reading. Far from it. We think them calculated to afford much gratification, especially to those who love a graphic representation of unaccustomed manners. Both abound in striking scenes, and we must now attempt to give some idea of one of the mountain scenes in Preziosa. Unluckily they are too long to extract whole, and must needs lose in compression. We take the funeral of the slaughtered heir apparent of Genargento.

The wounded youth is brought by his comrades to die at his father's door, and there breathes his last amongst his friends; and Preziosa, called from her bed by the sound of lamentation, hurries forth, and beholds the tribe assembled round the dead body.

“The unhappy father, recovering from a long stupor, had seated himself beside his son's corse, had bathed his bony finger in the curdling gore, and drawn therewith a few symbolical lines upon his dagger. These were equivalent to a solemn oath to procure the slain that consolation, in virtue of which death loses half its terrors in the eyes of those fierce and superstitious mountaineers. Revenge was to them what the honours of sepulture were to the Heathen.”

The deceased was placed in a tent on the mat, which had been his bed when alive, and there watched by some of his friends and followers, during the preparations for the obsequies. Towards the evening of the third day the whole tribe, whose chief he was born to be, assembles, the men clad in black sheepskins, the women with their heads wrapped in yellow cloths, surmounted by black fillets.

“The corse was laid on a bier, outside of the paternal cottage, the face and breast exposed, the remainder of the body tightly folded in a grave cloth.

A small wooden crucifix was fixed between the hands, the fingers of which were clasped as in prayer. His bow, his dagger, and his quiver were disposed in guise of a trophy upon his knees, and were to be interred with him. Four armed men kept the crowd at a respectful distance; two others drove away the flies from the face of the corse with olive branches.

A low murmur, like the distant hum of bees, was heard on the green, before the funeral rites began. It was at once hushed into the profoundest silence at the sudden appearance of the *Prefiche*, (the denomination of the *Accabaduri* when employed in these melancholy offices) who were hired to mourn and to celebrate the deceased. They were clothed in black stuff, their heads concealed in large hoods of the same material, under which appeared white bands, not unlike those worn by Augustinian nuns. Their faces were lank, the wrinkled skin of the colour of the box tree; in their hands they held white handkerchiefs to receive the tears it was their business to shed."

These professional mourners approach as if unsuspicious of the event on account of which they are summoned. They start on perceiving the corse, act the most violent agonies of despair, and, finally, break out into a seemingly extemporaneous dirge. The audience sympathize in all the emotions represented by the *prefiche*, and every man dips his finger in the black blood coagulated about the wound.

"A new personage, destined to play a conspicuous part in the drama, was now to appear. This was the daughter of Nura, (the bereaved *Capo-tribu*,) a girl of ten years old, upon whom, as the nearest female relation of the deceased, devolved the duty of publicly demanding vengeance. Attired in her most sumptuous apparel, her hair hanging loose, and escorted by three kinsmen, she advanced with faltering steps to dip a handkerchief in her brother's blood. But her courage failed as she extended her arm, and she would have fallen upon the corse, if her kinsmen had not supported her, and guided her hand to perform an act of duty, deemed indispensable to the repose of the deceased."

Surrounded by the weeping, sobbing, *Prefiche*, and followed by his favourite dog, and by his sister bearing the blood-stained handkerchief, the body is now borne in procession to its allotted place of rest, beneath an ancient and wide spreading oak. The prayers of the church are chaunted, the grave is dug, the dead man, with his arms, is laid down in it by moonlight, and his dog is knocked on the head, and deposited at his feet. The grave is then filled up, the maidens strew it with herbs and flowers, and Bari, the Bard of Goceano, then residing at Genar-gento, as the guardian of Preziosa, pours forth an improviso strain of lamentation, far more loftily poetical than the dirge of the *Prefiche*.

The procession now returns to the sort of esplanade, on which stands the cottage of the *Capo-tribu*, (who, be it observed, had been compelled by the duties of his station, to deny himself the sad gratification of attending his lost son to the grave,) and the last scene of the drama begins. The youthful sister, still holding the ensanguined handkerchief, knocks thrice at the closed door of the cottage.

"Who seeks the *Capo-tribu* at this hour?" inquired Nura from within.

"I," answered the maiden, in tremulous accents; "I, the daughter of Nura."

"And what akest thou, daughter of Nura?" resumed the father, "of the chief of thy tribe?"

" ' Vengeance.' "

" At this terrible word, a magic adjuration which no mountaineer can resist without public dishonour, the door was thrown open, and Nura stood at the threshold."

The old chief is then conducted to his seat upon a rock, named the stone of justice; four armed men array themselves behind him; four others illuminate the scene with blazing pine branches.

" Unbroken silence reigned; the maiden advanced within three paces of her father's knees, flung the bloody handkerchief into his lap, and said ' this is the blood of my brother, shed by treachery; the hand of a girl is unfit to avenge him, and it is thine to procure the slain that vengeance which he merits and I cannot yield him.' Here the maiden's lip became yet more pale, and more tremulous. Bred as she was amongst fierce mountaineers, she still could not utter the remainder of the necessary formula, and fell fainting into the arms of those who surrounded her. Then the eldest of her cousins, a young man of some six and twenty, took upon himself to supply her deficiency, and, in tones suited to the tremendous adjuration, pronounced, ' the malediction of Heaven strike upon thy hoary head, and upon the heads of all who belong to thee, if the assassin of Sulpicio fall not beneath the blade of vengeance!'

" The wretched father responded ' amen!' and amen was re-echoed in chorus by all present. The torches were extinguished, Nura re-entered his cottage, his swooning daughter was carried after him, and the assembly dispersed."

Postscript to Article I. on Murat's Sketch of the United States.

AFTER this article had gone to press, the news arrived of the dispute between a portion of the inhabitants of the State of Carolina, and the general government of the Union. This has served to fill the mouths of many idle people with matter for wonderment, which may probably last an extra nine days above the ordinary amount. The best account of the matter is that which appeared in "*The Times*," and in which we recognize the hand of an able opponent of the Tariff. Whoever has carefully perused that letter must have been satisfied that no real ground for serious alarm existed. The truth is, that the Tariff was at the very outset a most absurd piece of legislation, no better to be described than by the old adage, "cutting off the nose to be revenged on the face." The argument of the American legislators, based upon a relic of the ancient antipathy, was,—“as England behaves ill to us by refusing to take our corn, we will behave worse to ourselves by refusing to take their manufactures.” There was no partial American interest to gratify at the time. The law was passed in pique and in sheer ignorance. The consequences were what might have been foreseen. Capital was taken from agriculture and other things in which it was profitably employed, and forced into manufactures, which appeared to offer a larger rate of profit. The profits of a small portion of the nation were thus artificially increased at the cost of the majority, and a vested

interest in a monstrous abuse was established. Time brought the revulsion. Those who were not interested in the gain, could not see the advantage of using inferior commodities and paying a higher price for them; and, as prejudice began to wear away, murmurs arose, which grew louder and hoarser as they proceeded. In the human body, issues are determined towards the weakest and most irritable parts. Even thus is it in the body politic. The Carolina slave-holders are the aristocracy of the Union, lacking judgment and abounding in

“Valour, like light straw in flame,

“A fierce but fading fire.”

Not well weighing the matter in question—not seeing that by enlightening the people on the subject, the abuse would be peaceably put down—several of the leaders, animated by personal pique and something of ambition, with only half of the state on their side, and that half more verbal than real,—for the dog that means mischief never barks—tried the matter by the laws of duelling, and resolved to “call out” the Union. The answer of the President, calm and temperate, yet earnest and decisive, is a document worthy of a great nation, and must produce its effect. The Carolinians have calculated on the fact that their opponent, the government, possesses only 6,000 troops wherewith to put them down, forgetting that the citizens at large are interested in maintaining good order. As surely as the riotous mob at Boston, some few months back, was put down by the armed citizens, so surely will the Carolinians be promptly quelled by the people of the Union, if indeed the fiery leaders can muster any number for the actual work of “stroke and flash.” Blood may be shed, perchance, but scarcely in a regular battle. The whole conduct of the rebellious state may be compared with the vapouring of the white inhabitants of the West India islands, in bidding defiance to Great Britain. Were Congress to confiscate the property of the rebels, and declare their slaves free, what would be their condition? In their own dwellings, on their own estates, there would be found the means of crushing them, if necessary. In Andrew Jackson they have no child to deal with, and the nation is at his back.

The whole matter is an example of the evils which may result to a nation from ignorant lawgivers, even when those lawgivers are honest. The Tariff was enacted, has produced evil, and that evil ought to be borne jointly by all the states. The cheapest mode of settling the matter would be at once to abolish the Tariff, and, after estimating the loss this would occasion to the manufacturers, to divide it amongst the whole nation. This will not be done, on account of the difficulties which would present themselves in details and individual dishonesty. A gradual modification, and eventual extinction of the Tariff, will therefore probably take place, and the capital employed in manufactures will by degrees be otherwise absorbed, when the only real cause of dispute will be removed from the Union, always excepting the slaves—the miserable, the unfortunate slaves—who cause even more injury to the whites, than the whites inflict upon them.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXI.

DENMARK.

NECROLOGY.—ERASMUS RASK. This eminent scholar and linguist, whose merits and literary labours have been occasionally commemorated in the former numbers of this Journal, was born at Brendekild, in the island of Fyen, in the year 1784. He studied at the University of Copenhagen, and early distinguished himself by his singular faculty for the acquisition of languages. In 1808 he was appointed sub-librarian to the University, and some years after Professor of Literary History. In 1811 he published (in Danish,) his *Introduction to the Grammar of the Icelandic and other ancient Northern Languages*, the materials for which were entirely derived from the immense mass of manuscript and printed works accumulated by his predecessors in the same field. This grammar appears to have given a fresh impulse to those studies even in Germany. The reputation which he acquired by it recommended him to the Arna-Magnæan Institution, by whom he was employed to edit the *Icelandic Lexicon* of Bjerne Haldorsen, which had long remained in manuscript. To this work, published in 1814, a preface was prefixed by Bishop Muller, in which he passes a just eulogium on the talents and spirit of research of the youthful editor. About the same time, Rask, who had never been in Iceland, paid a visit to that country, where he remained from 1813 to 1815, during which he made himself fully master of the language, which he spoke with the fluency of a native, and familiarized himself with the literature, manners, and customs of the people. To the interest with which they inspired him was probably owing the establishment, early in 1816, of the Icelandic Library Society at Copenhagen, which was mainly effected by his exertions, and of which he was the first President. In October, 1816, he left Denmark on a literary expedition of several years duration, for the double purpose of prosecuting his inquiries into the languages of the East, and of collecting manuscripts for the University Library of Copenhagen. The King of Denmark liberally provided him with the means. He proceeded first to Sweden, where he remained two years, making an excursion to Finland, during which he published (in Swedish,) his *Anglo-Saxon Grammar* in 1817; in the same year, at Copenhagen, (in Danish,) an *Essay on the Origin of the Ancient Scandinavian or Icelandic tongues*, in which he traces the affinity of that most remarkable idiom to the other European languages, especially to the Latin and Greek. In 1818, he published, at Stockholm, a second edition, much improved, of his *Icelandic Grammar*, translated by himself into Swedish; also in the same year the first complete editions of the *prose* or Snorro's *Edda*, and of the *poetical* or Sæmund's *Edda*, in the original text, in two volumes, in the latter of which he was assisted by his friend the Reverend Mr. Afzelius, along with Swedish translations of both Eddas in two other volumes. From Stockholm he proceeded, in 1819, to St. Petersburg, where he wrote an interesting paper in German on the *Languages and Literature of Norway, Iceland, Sweden, and Finland*, which was published in the sixth number of the *Vienna Jahrbucher*. From Russia he proceeded through Tartary into Persia, and resided for some time at Tauris, Teheran, Persepolis, and Schiraz. It is an instance of his remarkable facility for acquiring languages, that in six weeks time he was sufficiently master of Persian to be able to converse fluently with the natives. In 1820 he embarked at Abuschehr, in the Persian Gulf, for Bombay, during his residence in which he wrote (in English,) a *Dissertation on the Authenticity and Antiquity of the Zend Language*, addressed in the epistolary form to the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, the governor, which was published in the Third Volume of the "Transac-

tions of the Literary Society of Bombay." And it is probably this Dissertation, with corrections and additions, which we have understood is to appear in the ensuing Volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*. From India his next stage was to Ceylon in 1822, where also he wrote (in English,) a *Dissertation on the best Method of expressing the Sounds of the Indian Languages in European characters*, which was printed in the "Transactions of the Literary and Agricultural Society of Colombo." Professor Rask arrived at Copenhagen in the beginning of May, 1823, after an absence of nearly seven years. He brought home with him a considerable collection of rare and curious oriental manuscripts, ancient Persian, Zend, Pali, Cingalese, &c. &c. and which now enrich the University and Royal Libraries of the Danish capital.

Since his return home, Professor Rask has published the following works in his native language:—a *Spanish Grammar*, (1824,) an *Italian Grammar*, a *Frisic Grammar*,* (1825,) a *Treatise on the Ancient Egyptian Chronology*, (1827,) on the *Ancient Jewish Chronology previous to Moses*, (1828,) *Essay on Danish Orthography*, (1828.) He also edited a new edition of Schneider's *Danish Grammar for Englishmen*, (1829,) and superintended the English translation of his *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, (1830.) See p. 227, *ante*.

He had also been long engaged in the compilation of an Etymological Dictionary of the Danish language, in which he proposed to exhibit the important illustration which that and the collateral tongues of Europe may derive from a comparison with those of Asia. We have not heard in what state of forwardness he has left it.

In a former number of this Journal, with reference to Professor Rask's labours in the field of Icelandic literature, we took occasion to pay a just tribute of respect and admiration to his extraordinary and multifarious acquirements. We think we cannot do better than now repeat a portion of what was so well said by our eloquent contributor.

"No man ever existed whose study of language has been directed to a wider circle, and assuredly none who has made the structure of language so much the object of attention. He is the consummate comparative anatomist of philology, not building up his theories from the scattered fragments, gathered, as it were, by accident, but drawing his deductions from the most profound and elaborate research; and by comparison, comprehension, and exhaustion, throwing day-light on all those curious inquiries which have, for the most part, been feebly and ignorantly dealt with by the majority of critics. Not that Rask's writings have hitherto enabled the world to form any accurate estimate of his extraordinary learning. To have written the best Icelandic or Anglo-Saxon Grammar, to have tracked through Hebrew or hieroglyphic records the chronology of Egyptian kings, to have edited Eddas or Sagas, and have carried off prizes for Essays on this or the other limited inquiry—this—these—are little—are nothing, compared to what he is capable of effecting. He is one of the very few men who can write on philology, having some sufficient acquaintance with the subject in its various bearings, who has seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, the tribes, the tongues, which cover the world's surface; who, if he has not girdled the whole earth, has at least explored those tracts in which so many nations were cradled; and who, travelling through all the East in the pursuit of philological knowledge, took with him a mind so trained, and exercised, and cultured, that nothing could be wasted upon it."

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. iii. p. 607. In the Second Number of the *Foreign Review* there is an account of his Grammars, and in the 10th Number an article on Grimm's Teutonic Grammar and a work on the Danish Language, which we have reason to think were drawn up from his communications. In the Third Number of the same journal is a letter from him, signed DANUS, containing remarks on some papers in a MS. of the *Archæologia*.

In private life the character of Rask was such as to command admiration and respect. His manners were mild and gentle, though retiring, and his morals unimpeachable. His mode of living was simple in the extreme, his temperance that of a Sybarite. The habits of study and application which he had acquired in early life were never thrown aside. In company he was diffident, and expressed himself with modesty; and when the subject involved any thing relative to his own history, sentiments, or pursuits, with an unwillingness almost amounting to morbid sensibility, which seemed to grow upon him with years. His facility in the acquisition of languages was extraordinary; he appeared to gain a knowledge of them almost intuitively, and his mind seemed to recollect rather than to learn. In 1822 he was master of no less than twenty-five languages and dialects. His knowledge of English was extensive and correct; he wrote and spoke it with such fluency and accuracy that every Englishman to whom he was introduced asked him how long he had been in England, considering, but erroneously, that such an acquaintance with the language could be gained only by a residence in our island. In personal appearance Rask was thin and spare, but well made; his habits of temperance, regularity, and exercise, had contributed to give him all the appearance of a very healthy man, and warranted the belief that he would live many years. He was capable of enduring much fatigue, and the privation of necessary rest; changes of climate seemed to produce no impression upon his feelings or his constitution, and the scorching sun of India, and the frosts of Iceland were alike disregarded. But with all this apparent superiority to the weakness of our frame, he fell a victim to consumption, brought on, as it is believed, by those habits of intense application, and abstinence from proper nutriment, to which we have already alluded, and died at that period of life when the faculties of the human mind have little more than attained their maturity, leaving behind him a name which will not soon be forgotten.

FRANCE.

M. DOUVILLE. THE readers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* will probably think that they have had enough of this author and his pretended travels in the interior of Africa. We take some credit to ourselves for being the first to detect and expose this audacious and barefaced forgery; our proofs were entirely deduced from the internal evidence of M. Douville's own work, without the slightest knowledge of his personal history: to our own minds these were irrefragable, and we have reason to believe that they have carried conviction to the majority of our readers. For the sake of those who still hesitate in crediting the possibility of so gross a fraud being attempted under such auspices, we have thought it right to give a translation of an article, which appeared in the November number of a clever Paris journal, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The details there given respecting the real history of this extraordinary traveller will be sufficient to set all doubts upon the subject at rest. The writer of it subscribes his name at length—*Théodore Lucordaire*.

"It is not without a feeling of pain that we pass from the noble and loyal labours of the *Astrolabe** to those of a man whose name is destined, no doubt, to celebrity, but of a very different kind to that which he at present enjoys. We speak of M. Douville, and his pretended Travels to Congo. The extraordinary success which this work has obtained in France would be still in all its lustre, if a foreign review, the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, (No. XIX. August, 1832, pages 163—206), in an article partly re-produced in

* The *Voyage round the World in the Astrolabe*, by Captain Dumont d'Aurille reviewed in the previous part of the same article.

Le Temps, had not come to tear from the author's brows the crown which had been placed on them. Justice has, therefore, been done; but it has been only half-done; and not by the hand which ought to have administered it. The first accusing voice ought to have been raised in France, or rather was it not the duty of the learned bodies to whose approbation M. Douville submitted his labours, to put us on our guard against this mystification, which had been long in preparation, and was brought forward with an audacity of which there are few examples? One of these bodies, the *Société de Géographie*, not satisfied with simple approbation, has loaded the author with its favours; the other, the Institute, to which M. Douville submitted the objects which he pretended to have collected in Africa, recognized them to be American, and yet thought proper to be silent on a fact so important. We can, however, perfectly conceive the sentiment of disgust which has induced the honourable members of the latter body to be thus silent; and the respect which we bear to them forbids us from all further remark. But as to the *Société de Géographie*, in spite of the personal respectability of each of its members, it must allow us to approve the severe reproaches addressed to it by the *Foreign Quarterly Review*; it must settle them as well it can with the author of the article. That which the latter has begun, we shall here endeavour to finish, by giving such particulars of M. Douville himself, who has been long known to us, as may serve to correct the biographical notice of him published in the *Constitutionnel*. At a time when the communications between all parts of the world are so multiplied, how could M. Douville venture to hope that the facts which the reader is now to be informed of, could remain concealed? This is quite as incomprehensible as the errors with which his Travels abound.

"I was at Buenos Ayres in 1826 and 1827, at the period when the harbour of that city was blockaded by the Brazilian squadron, which prevented all communication by sea. About the middle of December, 1826, an enemy's ship of war was seen all of a sudden one morning steering direct towards the port, with a flag of truce hoisted. A report was immediately spread that this vessel was the bearer of propositions of peace; but the next day the journals announced that it had only come for the purpose of landing M. Douville, a naturalist sent out by the French government to explore the interior of South America. M. Douville was received by his countrymen with the attention to which the mission with which he was believed to be intrusted, entitled him; and a few days after his arrival, Don Ramon Larrea, one of the principal merchants of the place, to whom he brought a letter of introduction, gave a grand entertainment in honour to him, to which twenty persons were invited, of whom he was one. I sat next to M. Douville at table. During the whole of the entertainment, he preserved a modest silence, rarely to be met with in travellers, and returned only evasive and polite replies to the various questions put to him by the guests.

"Several Frenchmen sought the acquaintance of M. Douville, and received from him a number of vague details relative to his preceding voyages. It was quite wonderful the number and extent of the countries that this traveller had already gone through; nearly the whole of Europe, the Cape of Good Hope, India, Persia, South America, had been alternately the theatre of his explorations. He had even penetrated, by land, from the River of Amazons to the south of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, where he had lived among the wild Indians who inhabit that district; but owing to a particular circumstance, he had never visited that city, notwithstanding the trifling distance which separated him from it during the course of this prodigious journey. No person acquainted with the country had ever heard of it, although M. Douville spoke of it as having taken place not long before.

One evening that he was talking of it at the house of M. Rehage, a dentist, where the better sort of Frenchmen settled at Buenos Ayres were in the habit of meeting, he was requested to mark upon a sheet of paper the principal points of the Argentine Republic, through which he must necessarily have passed. He attempted to do so; but, unluckily, he placed to the west what should have been to the east; to the north, what should have been to the south, and so on; blunders which appeared singular to be committed by a naturalist and a geographer. As for myself, I had received a visit some time before this from M. Douville, who was introduced to me by M. Dutilleul, formerly paymaster of the army in Spain, who has since settled at Buenos Ayres. His travels were naturally the subject of conversation; and he told me that he had gone over the track of M. de Humboldt, from the Orinoco to the River of Amazons. His memory stood him in bad stead; the names of Aturès, Maypures, Cassiquiare, &c., familiar to every one who has read the travels of M. de Humboldt, seemed to be quite unknown to him; and I was frequently obliged, in the course of conversation, to put an end to his hesitation by pronouncing the names myself.

"Shortly afterwards, several Frenchmen who came from Montevideo by land, brought us some additional information about M. Douville. From them we learned that he had arrived there about the middle of October, on board the *Jules*, Captain Decombe, which had sailed from Havre on the 7th of August, 1826. His conduct, during the passage, had been any thing but satisfactory; he was constantly complaining of the shabby way in which a man like him, who had been accustomed to sail in ships of war, was treated; and he was especially angry with the captain for having put into the hold, along with the other ship's cargo, a case which contained his instruments, the want of which, he said, prevented him from making astronomical observations. On their arrival at Montevideo, the passengers' luggage was examined at the Custom-house as usual: the precious case was opened; and, instead of instruments, was found to contain a porcelain tray, a good deal the worse for wear, and several other articles of the same kind. M. Douville took up his quarters at the *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones* (Hotel of the Four Nations), kept by a Frenchman of the name of Himonet. This last, a good enough person at bottom, but rather rough in his manners, took it into his head one day that his guest was preparing to quit his house rather abruptly, and carried his *impolitesse* so far as to detain him in close confinement; but M. Cavaillon, French consul at Montevideo, succeeded in convincing him of his mistake. It was just after this affair that our traveller addressed a letter, in the name of the sciences, to Pinto Guedes, the Brazilian admiral, soliciting the favour of a passage on board a ship of war to Buenos Ayres, which the admiral immediately granted him.

"It is hardly necessary to state the impression which this information produced on public opinion at Buenos Ayres. M. Douville, at first, appeared to be employed in some scientific researches,* but soon abandoned them for a more profitable occupation. He hired a small shop, situated in the Cathedral Street, No. 129, which he quitted shortly after for another in the Calle de la Piedad, No. 91; and there, under the firm of *Douville and Laboussière*, he sold books, paper, perfumery, crackers, and other articles of the same kind. The name of Laboussière was that of a female of rather ordinary appearance,

* Among other interesting discoveries, M. Douville fancied one day that he had found lime-stone, a substance which is altogether wanting in the environs of Buenos Ayres, where its place is supplied by shells, which abound in many places. The specimen of this supposed calcareous substance, which he carried in triumph to Don Ramon Larrea, at whose house I saw it, was nothing but a piece of hardened clay, common in the country, where it is known by the name of *tosca* (sandstone.)

and of an age approaching to maturity, who was M. Douville's companion; it was she who generally kept the shop, her partner occupying himself more particularly with the out-door business, and that of a lithographic press which he had established.

"I am here obliged to quit M. Douville for a moment; and make a digression relative to a circumstance which happened during his residence at Buenos Ayres. In the first week of June, 1827, a person was arrested and put in prison, accused of having forged the notes of the National Bank for one and two reals. Don Ramon Larrea (of whom mention has been already made) having sent to the person in question to receive the amount of a bill of exchange, the clerk received in payment a quantity of these notes, which were evidently forged; a complaint was lodged by this merchant, and the police did its duty. The accused person was not silent in his confinement, and published in the *Echo Français* (a French newspaper at that time published in Buenos Ayres) a letter, in which he complained of his arrest, and of the horrible manner in which he was treated in his cell: according to his account, he was denied the commonest necessities, even hot-water for shaving, to obtain which, he said, he had no other means than to heat it in a bottle, placed between his thighs, in bed; besides this, the sun's rays incommoded him during certain hours of the day, and his sight, which had been weakened by the observation of an eclipse of the sun which he had formerly made in Sicily, was unable to support the glare, &c.

"These complaints gave rise to rather a warm controversy between the journals; the *Gaceta Mercantil*, an opposition paper, published two violent articles upon the subject against the government, to which the semi-official journal, the *Cronica politica y literaria de Buenos Ayres*, in its number of the 19th of June, published a reply, from which I translate the following passage:

"The crime of which M. — is accused, attacks the prerogatives of the government and the interests of society. At all times, the forgery of bank notes has incurred the severity of justice. We hope that M. — will prove his innocence. But is there not some exaggeration in the frightful picture he has exhibited to the public? ought we to give credit to the charges which he makes against the head of the police? After reading the two articles in the *Gaceta Mercantil*, we said to ourselves—what interest can any one have in subjecting to such privations a person who has been left at liberty to complain? would a cup of tea be refused to the man who can communicate to a journalist the sufferings which he has endured? &c."

"On the 27th of August, 1827, I quitted Buenos Ayres for Brazil, and arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 20th of September. A few days afterwards I set out for the interior, and did not return to Rio till the beginning of March, 1828. There I once more found M. Douville, carrying on the same business as he did at Buenos Ayres, in a shop which was kept by Madame Laboussière, dressed in male attire, to the great scandal of the Brazilians, but who did not, on that account, cease to frequent it. From that time I lost sight of M. Douville personally, and not wishing to state any thing of which I was not myself an eye-witness, I shall suppress some details which have recently come to my knowledge.

"Some years elapsed. I thought no more of M. Douville, when, on my return to Paris at the beginning of June last, after a long absence in the colonies, the first book that fell into my hands was the *Voyage to Congo*. The name of the author was ringing in all the journals, which were vying with each other in giving extracts from his book. The *Société de Géographie*, besides awarding him its prize and a medal, had appointed him its Secretary; several audiences in the highest quarter had been granted to him; in short, there was a complete concert of praises, which no critic ventured to disturb.

The name of Douville struck me; could this be the same man whom I had known five years before at Buenos Ayres, and in Brazil? I communicated my suspicions to several well known persons who had seen him, and to them I described him before I had myself ascertained his identity. The portrait which I gave of his person was admitted to be exact, and all doubt upon the subject was, in my own mind, at an end. However, I was still hesitating whether to follow up the matter or not, when the *Constitutionnel* of the 16th of September last published a biographical notice of M. Douville, filled with details so extraordinary, to say nothing more, that, in order to put an end to a mystification carried to such a height of impudence on one side, and of credulity on the other, I determined to raise my voice. I saw M. Douville, and at the first glance it was impossible for me to mistake him; years had made no change in his appearance; the sun of Africa has not added a single tint to his pale countenance. When I informed him that I was at Rio Janeiro at the same time that he was, his eyes became confused, as if he saw the sword of public opinion hanging over his head. If my single testimony is not considered sufficient to prove his identity, there are now at Paris several persons who knew M. Douville at Buenos Ayres, whom I will undertake to produce.

“What shall I say now of the *Voyage to Congo*? The *Foreign Quarterly Review* has already proved that the dates mentioned in the course of the work are irreconcilable with each other. We shall immediately see that the very first, that of the author's first arrival in Congo, is equally false.

“Hardly rested from the fatigues of my preceding travels in various parts of the world, I left Paris on the 1st of August, 1826, and embarked at Havre on the 6th of the same month, with the intention of proceeding to the eastern peninsula of India, and afterwards, if possible, of penetrating into China.’

“I shall not press M. Douville as to his preceding travels, and admit that the date of his departure from Havre is correct; only he should have told us, as I have done, the name of the vessel and the captain: in matters of this kind, such information never does any harm.

“When I arrived at Montevideo, where I expected to find a vessel proceeding to India, circumstances made me give up this plan. I took my passage on board a vessel bound for Rio Janeiro, where I arrived at the beginning of 1827.’

“I again pass over the strange idea of a man going to Montevideo in search of a vessel bound to India, whilst both in the ports of France and England ships are constantly to be found, proceeding direct to that destination. The circumstances of M. Douville's residence at Montevideo are equally well known. As to his departure for Rio Janeiro, and the stay he made there up to the 15th of October, 1827, the day of his embarkation for Benguela, (Vol. 1. p. 5.), I am in a condition to prove that he was at Buenos Ayres during the whole of that time. I have now before me journals of that city containing advertisements of *Douville and Laboissière* from the month of March up to the middle of June. If M. Douville pretends that he and the partner of Madame Laboissière are not the same, I have already offered to prove that fact by witnesses. I shall afterwards beg him to explain by what singular chance it happens, that the name of Laboissière is mentioned in the epitaph, which he inscribed on the tomb of his wife, who died, as he says, on the 10th of July, 1828, at Megna Candouri, and which is in these words: *Douville à son épouse, née Anne-Athalie Pilaut Laboissière*. (Vol. 2. p. 44.)

“It is equally clear that M. Douville could not be at Congo in March, 1828, when I saw him, at that very time, at Rio Janeiro, a fact which I again repeat. As I have already mentioned, he kept a shop there, and advertisements of his may be seen in the Brazilian newspapers of the day. I have not

been able to procure any of these papers at Paris, on account of their extreme rarity, and their old date; but I perfectly remember the fact, and request such persons as have access to these papers, to be good enough to verify it. I recommend them particularly to look at the *Diario Fluminense*.

"Sifted as his dates have been, what becomes of the whole work; and are we not justified in regarding it as a wanton and bungling invention, from beginning to end? In that case, there is but one difficulty to be got over. If M. Douville was not in Congo, whence did he derive the information which he gives about the country, and the maps which accompany his voyage. Here, I confess, I am reduced to mere conjectures, but which, to my mind, have all the force of certainties. At Rio Janeiro there are a great number of persons who have been in Congo, and a multitude of documents on the Portuguese possessions in Africa, which were partly brought thither from Lisbon, when King John VI. quitted Portugal, and established his court in Brazil. These documents are deposited in the public archives, and it is almost impossible, I admit, to procure copies of them: but there is no longer the same impossibility with regard to works in the hands of private individuals. Is it not probable, therefore, that M. Douville has, by some means, been enabled to procure some manuscript accompanied with maps, which he has converted to his own purposes? and if I admit that he really was in Congo, without proceeding into the interior of the country, was it not more easy for him there, even than in Brazil, to obtain information in writing, or by word of mouth, from the Portuguese slave traders?"

"This last conjecture appears to me by far the most probable, for I think I can distinguish here and there, amidst the fictions of the work, passages which indicate a person who has been upon the spot. I will therefore concede this much to M. Douville—that he has really set foot in Africa, but not an atom more. In fact, it is only necessary to read the book, to be satisfied that the author almost every where describes countries which he never saw, and relates events which never happened. First of all, what are these caravans, or rather these armies, which he had in pay, and with whose assistance he cuts in pieces hostile armies, burns villages, makes prisoners of their chiefs, and a hundred other feats of the same kind? I would only remind him, that at the period he pretends to have undertaken his expedition, he had not at his disposal, I will not say the 150,000 francs which he asserts to have expended in it, but—the fiftieth part of that sum.* Moreover, it is impossible to avoid remarking the enormous disproportion that events bordering on fiction bear to the scientific observations which the author is constantly telling us he made, but are only to be found here and there. Disputes with the negroes, thefts of rum, conversations between the chiefs, manners, customs, battles, all these are described with the most tiresome prolixity. The rest, on the contrary, and which ought to have been the principal, is so dry and meagre, that the whole might be compressed into a few pages, and I venture to affirm, that in no book of the same extent would be found such a mass of silliness and absurdities. Here is evidently a man wishing to speak the language of science, who has not even made himself master of the letters of its alphabet, who stammers at their pronunciation, and who is incessantly turning himself round in a narrow circle of expressions of which he knows not the meaning. To be convinced of the author's profound ignorance, it is only sufficient to examine his labours in all the branches of natural history. I say *all*, for M. Douville has actually no less pretensions than to be, like M. de Humboldt, a universal man."

* "M. Douville says 150,000 francs; but if we calculate the expenditure according to his mode of travelling, we shall find, with the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, that it must have amounted to nearly 400,000 francs. This is one of the smallest contradictions of the work."

The writer then goes on to point out some of these blunders and absurdities; a task which we have already performed at so much greater length, as to render it unnecessary for us to repeat what is here said. The following are the concluding remarks of the French critic :—

“The book falls from my hand when I reflect that a man has been bold enough to print such things at the present day, and to submit them to the approbation of learned Societies. I should weary the reader’s patience, were I to continue quoting passages of a kind similar to those which I have already given; they are therefore sufficient. It is needless for me to say, that no motive of personal interest has induced me to reveal the facts I have here stated; M. Douville has never personally given me the slightest cause of complaint; but for the honour of France, for the honour of the learned body which would finally become an object of derision if its error was further prolonged, it is absolutely necessary that this unheard of mystification should have an end; it has already lasted too long—and is it not even a deplorable thing, that it should have ever happened? Let M. Douville then reply to the accusation which I have preferred against him; but let him reply in the same tone which I have adopted towards him—without violence, without incoherence, by precise dates and facts. I am in a condition to maintain the combat; and if he interrogates his recollection, he will find that I have not exhausted the subject. If he will take my advice, he will act discreetly in throwing off the character which he has usurped, and preserving a prudent silence.”

To these last words the following note is appended :—“This article should have appeared in the number for the 15th of October last; but circumstances, independent of the wish of the Editor and myself, have retarded its publication till now. In the interval, M. Douville has brought out a short pamphlet of a few pages, entitled *Ma Defense*, &c. of which he has addressed two copies to the *Revue*, accompanied with a letter, requesting its insertion, and saying that *the national honour required this publicity*.”

“I have read with attention M. Douville’s *Defence*, and shall not waste my time in discussing it. His answers are no answers, but a mere succession of vicious circles, of begging the question, of assertions which he gives as proofs, and which, of themselves, would require proofs. Besides, the question has altogether changed faces. It is no longer his work, but his moral character, and, as a sequel, the confidence which his narrative deserves, that M. Douville must defend. Let him prove that in the course of the year 1827 he was at Rio Janeiro, and not at Buenos Ayres, and in March, 1828, in Congo, and not in Brazil; let his proofs be as positive as mine; let him oppose dates to dates, facts to facts, newspapers to newspapers, witnesses to witnesses; and after he has done all that, there will not be one error the less in his work.

“I will only add a single word, as to the proposition which M. Douville has made to the government to undertake a second journey into Africa. There are two methods of getting one’s self out of a scrape, in which one has got imprudently involved; the first, and the most vulgar, is to beat a retreat, keeping up appearances as well as one can; the other is to put a bold face on the matter, and march forward, regardless of the wounds one has received in the fight. I leave it to the public to decide, whether the last is the best plan, and if M. Douville has done right to adopt it.”

In the number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* immediately following this, M. Lacordaire has published the *Pièces justificatives* of this narrative; but owing to some mistake, that number has never reached us, although we have received the two subsequent ones for December.

To complete the history of this extraordinary imposture, we have only to add, that according to the information we have received, M. Douville left Paris almost immediately after the publication of his *Defence*, (of which we gave an account in our last Number), with the avowed intention of coming to this country, to

clear up his character. In England, however, he has not ventured again to show his face, and the catastrophe may now, we believe, be fairly described in one memorable line—

“Away he ran, and ne’er was heard of more !”

NECROLOGY.—JEAN BAPTISTE SAY, the celebrated Political Economist. M. Say was born in 1767 at Lyons, where his father was a respectable merchant, who afterwards removed to Paris about the commencement of the revolution. He himself was educated for commercial pursuits, and was in business for some time, but soon relinquished it, with a view to devote himself entirely to literary labours. He made his debut as a poet in the *Almanach des Muses*. Shortly after, he was engaged by Mirabcau as one of his collaborateurs in the *Courier de Province*; subsequently he became secretary to Clavière, the minister of finance. At the most stormy period of the revolution, when men’s minds were entirely engaged with the events of the day, he attempted to recall the public attention to matters of pure speculation, and with that view established, in conjunction with Chamfort and Ginguené, a periodical work under the title of *Decade philosophique, littéraire, et politique*. He was very soon, however, deprived of his two associates by the revolutionary persecutions, but was joined by several others, such as Andrieux, Amaury-Duval, &c. with whom he continued this journal, which was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable literary productions of that period. The part which M. Say took in it began to draw the public attention towards him; and when Bonaparte was about to depart for Egypt, he employed M. Say to collect all the works which the nature of that expedition was likely to render necessary to him. This contact with the future head of the state procured his nomination to be a member of the Tribunate, on the first formation of that body. He did not at all distinguish himself in this assembly, and he has since accounted for the silence which he then maintained by the consciousness of his total want of power to oppose effectually the development of a political system which he condemned. He did not on that account give up the idea of serving the public interests, but had recourse to another channel than the tribune. “Enouncing my ideas,” he says, “in the shape of general formulæ, I gave currency to truths which might be useful at all times and in all countries.” It was then that he began the composition of his “Treatise on Political Economy, or a Plain Exposition of the Formation, the Distribution, and Consumption of Wealth,” the first edition of which appeared in 1802, and signalized his entrance into the career of political economy, on his labours in which his reputation has been entirely founded. Having refused to sanction by his vote the creation of the empire, he was excluded from the tribunate, but appointed shortly after to be receiver of the *droits réunis* (assessed taxes) for the department of the Allier, a place which he very soon resigned, from a scruple of conscience, “being unwilling,” he says, “to assist in impoverishing his country.” He then established a manufactory, in which it appears he was not successful. But he was not induced by this failure to resume the career of public employments, and his subsequent life was entirely devoted to science. His *Treatise on Political Economy* is the most important of his works, and that which has contributed to make his name known throughout Europe. At the time when it first appeared, very few persons in France or in any other part of the continent cultivated economical knowledge. Although Adam Smith’s work had been translated, it was little read or comprehended, and the labours of his predecessor Quesnay, and the first economists, were almost entirely forgotten. There were even strong prejudices against the study among the leading men of France, headed by Bonaparte himself, whose policy it was to proscribe all intellectual labours not immediately connected with mathematical science, as mere reveries, and their cultivators as *idéologues*,

a term in his vocabulary synonymous with *dreamer*. M. Say's work produced an entire change in public opinion. Its merits are thus briefly and forcibly characterized by one of the most distinguished of our own economists. "The *Traité d'Economie Politique* of M. Say would deserve to be respectfully mentioned in a sketch of the progress of political economy, were it for nothing else than the effect that his well digested and luminous exposition of the principles of Dr. Smith has had in accelerating the progress of the science on the continent. But in addition to the great and unquestionable merit that it possesses, from its clear and logical arrangement, and the felicity of many of its illustrations, "it is enriched with several accurate, original, and profound discussions."* Of these, the explanation of the real nature and causes of *gluts* is decidedly the most important and valuable."†

Besides five editions of the original, enlarged and improved in each, it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. The following are the titles of M. Say's other works:—1. *Olbie*, an *Essai sur les Moyens de reformer les Mœurs d'une Nation*, 1800. 2. *De l'Angleterre et les Anglais*, 1815. 3. *Catechisme d'Economie Politique*, 1815, 5th edition, 1826. 4. *Petit Volume, contenant quelques aperçus des Hommes et de la Société*, 1817. 5. *Lettres à Malthus sur differens sujets d'Economie Politique*. 6. *Cours complet d'Economie Politique pratique*, 6 vols. 1829, &c.; besides a variety of articles in the *Decade Philosophique*, *Revue Encyclopedique*, &c. He also contributed notes to a republication of Storch's *Course of Political Economy* at Paris, and to a translation of Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*. He died in the middle of November last, aged 67.

We cannot close this notice more appropriately than by quoting some sentences from a tribute to his memory which appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper: coming from the pen of one who had the best means of knowing and appreciating his character, we value the testimony accordingly.

"M. Say was one of the most accomplished minds of his age and country. Though he had given his chief attention to one particular aspect of human affairs, all their aspects were interesting to him, not one was excluded from his survey. His private life was a model of the domestic virtues. From the time when with Chamfort and Ginguené he founded the *Decade Philosophique*, the first work which attempted to revive literary and scientific pursuits during the storms of the French Revolution—alike when courted by Napoleon and when persecuted by him, (he was expelled from the *Tribunat* for presuming to have an independent opinion); unchanged equally during the sixteen years of the Bourbons and the two of Louis-Philippe—he passed unsullied through all the trials and temptations which have left a stain on every man of feeble virtue among his conspicuous contemporaries. He kept aloof from public life, but was the friend and trusted adviser of some of its brightest ornaments; and few have contributed more, though in a private station, to keep alive in the hearts and in the contemplation of men a lofty standard of public virtue."

A French translation of Mr. M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary* is announced as in preparation. In Germany and Italy we have understood it is to receive the same honours. Certainly no book better deserves them, whether we consider the immense body of useful practical information which the author has there brought together, or the liberal and enlightened spirit which pervades every part of it. Its diffusion throughout Europe will tend more to dissipate the

* Preface to Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy*.

† M'Culloch's *Discourse on the Rise, Progress, &c. of Political Economy*.

delusions and prejudices to which both governments and masses of individuals still cling in matters of commerce, and enlighten them as to their real interests, than any theoretical work that has yet appeared.

All poetical antiquaries will, we are sure, be glad to hear that the *Abbé de la Rue*, the learned Professor of History, at Caen, has at length in the press his long promised work "*On the Norman and Anglo-Norman Poets*. To those readers of our own country, who delight in such matters, the volumes in question must be doubly acceptable, if they contain, as we believe they do, fresh proofs in confirmation of the opinion which their learned author promulgated in the *Archæologia*, during his residence among us, namely "that it was from England and Normandy that the French received the first works which deserve to be cited in their language."

Dr. Desgenettes has been elected an *associé libre* of the French Academy of Sciences, in room of M. Henri Cassini, deceased.

M. Flourens has been elected professor of human anatomy at the Museum of Natural History, in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

M. Guibourt has been elected professor of natural history at the *Ecole de Pharmacie*.

M. Elie de Beaumont has been elected professor of natural history in the *Collège de France*, in the room of M. Cuvier.

M. de Blainville has been promoted from the chair of zoology to that of comparative anatomy, at the Museum of Natural History in the *Jardin des Plantes*; and M. Valenciennes (the coadjutor of Cuvier in the *Natural History of Fishes*) has succeeded him in the former chair.

Dr. Double has been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, Section of Medicine, in the room of Dr. Portal, deceased.

M. Salfi, the continuator of Ginguéné's *History of Italian Literature*, and author of several other esteemed works, died recently of the cholera at Paris.

Professor Lemaire, editor of the well-known collection of the Latin classical writers, died at Paris in September.

The works of the celebrated Lanjuinais are now in a course of publication at Paris, under the editorship of his son M. Victor Lanjuinais, who discharges his arduous undertaking with sound judgment and ability. The volumes already published contain many works of permanent interest and utility, as, for example, the admirable *Traité Historique et Politique sur la Charte*; and even those of Lanjuinais' writings which were composed for temporary objects, are all remarkable for that constant reference to the great principles of morals and politics which form the chief excellence of Burke. A spirited and remarkably well-written biographical notice has been prefixed to the first volume by the editor.

We have observed a new feature in a recently established French journal, in which a department is appropriated to *Correspondence with the Working Classes*, by which means the feelings and opinions of that useful body are

brought to light, and many useful facts and suggestions are elicited. The letters themselves are not always communicated, but abridgements and extracts are given of such as are most remarkable, accompanied with observations by the editor.

The class of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute, which had been suppressed by the Imperial Government of France, has been revived by Louis-Philippe, as an integral part of the National Institute, under the title of *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The number of members is fixed at thirty, and those who are still alive of the former members at the time of the suppression of the class by Bonaparte, are to form part of the new body: the names of these individuals are MM. Dacier, Daunou, Garat, Lacœe, Merlin, Pastoret, Reinhardt, Roederer, Sieyes, and Talleyrand. The following seven were elected on the 8th of December last:—MM. Laromiguière, Duc de Bassano, Baron Bignon, Guizot, Berenger, Charles Dupin, and Dunoyer. There still remain seven nominations to be made.

GERMANY.

PROFESSOR Hahn, of Leipzig, has recently published one of the cheapest and most neatly executed stereotype editions of the Hebrew Bible which has ever issued from any press. He has adopted the text of Vanderhooght's celebrated edition of 1705, taking care, however, to correct carefully the errors which disfigure it, amounting, according to M. d'Allemand's account in the preface to his beautifully printed London edition, to not less than two hundred.

We have been much gratified in looking over some numbers of *Views of the principal Buildings of Berlin*, with descriptive letter-press, by Dr. Spiker, one of the Royal Librarians, who is favourably known in this country by his travels in Great Britain. The plates are well engraved, and the work is remarkably cheap.

Von Raumer is engaged on a History of Europe, from the end of the 15th century, in 6 vols. His object, in this new work, is to furnish an animated and connected view of the most remarkable occurrences of modern history.

The following singular advertisement has appeared in many of the literary journals of Germany: "A young bookseller, who has come into possession of considerable property, wishes to increase and enliven his business by the publication of works of scientific worth and universal interest. From the want of adequate acquaintance, and a certain bashfulness, which renders a personal proposal disagreeable to him, he chooses the medium of a public advertisement. Estimable literati, who may lend favourable attention to him, are requested to forward their proposals and manuscripts, carriage paid, to the address of A. i. Z., care of M. F. Fleischer, Leipzig, who has most kindly undertaken to forward all parcels to the proper address, and to *guarantee* their safety; and who will, with pleasure, give every information respecting the advertiser. A decided answer, either accepting or declining, is herewith promised, in the course of a few weeks from the time of reception."

ITALY.

ROME.—The latest statistical tables of Italy, give to the Papal government an army of only 6000 men. This is a great error, as it appears that the land forces alone amount to three times that number, or 18,000 men, of which two Swiss regiments, which have been lately enlisted, form 4,400. These last, it is true, are not yet fully organized. On comparing this number with the total population of the Roman States, estimated at 2,700,000 inhabitants, (this is 100,000 more than the estimate in our present number, *ante*,) we find one soldier to 150 inhabitants. In France the population is one to 75. Reckoning that each soldier costs 100 scudi, the Swiss double that sum, we shall not be very far wrong in reckoning the annual expense of the Roman military force at two millions of scudi (430,000*l.*), a sum equal to one-fourth of the whole Papal revenues. The naval forces are nothing, or next to nothing.

The Jews at Rome form a population of about 3,500 individuals, so crowded together in their *Ghetto*, that if the rest of the population was in the same state, the city would have a million of inhabitants. Although Leo XII. somewhat enlarged their quarter, space has yet been so parsimoniously measured out to them, that more than 80 families (consisting of from 9 to 13 individuals) are absolutely limited to a single apartment for each. In place of allowing them more room, of which, certainly, there is no lack at Rome, it was simply ordered that in the event of cholera breaking out, a Jews' hospital should be established beyond the precincts of the *Ghetto*. As a precaution against the disease, and as the Jews are principally rag merchants, and rags are supposed to contain pestilential miasmata, the government could think of no better device than issuing a decree, forbidding every Jew to keep more than a certain number of pounds of rags in his shop, under very severe penalties. This was not all. According to the Rabbinical rites, certain ministers, called *Sciattini*, are appointed to kill poultry in private houses; to remove the blood and feathers, the truly paternal government of His Holiness established a slaughter-house for poultry, in which they must all be killed and plucked.

Such are the precautions to which the ancient genius of Rome has given birth against the cholera; they are sufficient to excite derision, and to show in its true colours the utter and helpless incapacity of the administration of modern Rome. Another recently issued decree is not less ridiculous. Considering that the puppets wore too short petticoats, the Papal government, in its anxiety for public morals, prescribed the length in which they were in future to wear them, grounded on the grave injury to public modesty which this indecency occasioned.

NAPLES.—A new journal has been recently commenced here, under the title of “*Il Progresso delle Scienze, delle Lettere e delle Arti; Opera Periodica, compilata per cura di G. R.*” The object of which is announced to be to communicate to the Italians and to foreigners a knowledge of the most remarkable Italian works on Science, Literature, and Art, and more especially to inform his countrymen of the contents of foreign works on the same subject. We have seen several numbers of this journal, which appear to be well executed.

Sestini, the celebrated Antiquary, died at Florence in June last. He was born in 1750.

MONSIGNOR MAI, the indefatigable librarian of the Vatican, has published Vol. IV. and V. of his *Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*, from the Vatican MSS.* In the 4th volume are the Acts, till now unedited, of a Synod of Constantinople, held under the Emperor Manuel, in 1166, and the principal object of which was the definition of Christ's words, *quia pater meus major me est*. The principal part, however, of the same volume is engrossed by a long and valuable catalogue of the Arabic MSS. in the Vatican Library, 787 in number, divided into four classes: 1. Of Christian Writers. 2. Of Mahomedan MSS., among which are many Korans. 3. Of Christian and Mahomedan mixed. 4. Of the MSS. belonging to the learned Maronite family of the Assemani, and which Clement XIII. purchased for the Vatican library. This catalogue displays a rich harvest to the learned; besides Biblical works, and Arabic versions of the Old Testament, there are works on poetry, medicine, astronomy, and chemistry, sciences, all of which were sedulously cultivated by the Arabians in their palmy days. There are also short catalogues of the few Persian and Turkish MSS. existing in the library. Also two historical fragments by Giuseppe Simonio Assemani, one on the eastern heretical works, and the other on the Christian population of the ancient Patriarchate of Antioch. The elder Assemani had once begun the Arabic catalogue, but published only ten sheets of it. The 5th volume of Mai's work contains the rich collection of Christian Inscriptions, Latin and Greek, from the beginning of our era till the year 100, the work of many years' labour by Monsignor Marini, but which that learned prelate had not time to publish, and which he bequeathed to the Vatican library. The second part of the volume consists of additional Catalogues: 1. Of the Syriac MSS. acquired by the Vatican library, since the Assemani published their catalogue in 1758—9; and, among the rest, those belonging to the Assemani themselves, 202 in number. 2. Of 80 MSS. added to the Hebrew catalogue, likewise compiled by the Assemani, in 1756, with a few Æthiopic, Sclavonian, and Armenian, some Indian, and about 80 Coptic ones; and lastly, two Dissertations, by Giuseppe Simonio Assemani, on the Nation of the Copts, on the Nestorian Controversy, and on the Christian Nations of the East.

Italy has lately lost two of her most distinguished men of science, Scarpa and Oriani. Antonio Scarpa, the celebrated professor of Anatomy and Surgery, died at Pavia on the 31st October last. He was born about 1750 in the province of Treviso; he made himself early known for his anatomical learning, and was professor at Pavia at the epoch of the French invasion in 1796. He then refused to take the oath to the Republic, and was consequently dismissed from his chair. Napoleon, in 1805, having made himself King of Italy, went to visit, among other places, the University of Pavia, the professors of which were duly introduced to him: He suddenly inquired where Scarpa was? The reply was, that Scarpa had been dismissed long since, on account of his political opinions, and because he had refused to take the oaths. "And what have political opinions, and refusal of oaths, to do in such case?" impatiently interrupted Napoleon. "Dr. Scarpa is an honor to the University, and to my States." Scarpa was therefore invited to resume his chair, which he did, and he continued to lecture to a very advanced age, occasionally employing one of his pupils as a substitute. Besides his great fame in the scientific world, his personal character was held in the highest estimation, and he was beloved and revered by his disciples. The principal among his numerous works are: his Treatise on the Organs of Hearing and Smelling, published at Pavia, in 1789; his *Tabule Neurologiæ*, or Plates of the Nerves of the Human Frame, Pavia, 1794; his Essays on the Principal Diseases of the Eyes, 1801; his work on

* For a notice of the contents of the former volumes, see F. Q. R. vol. iv, p. 673.

Aneurism, 1804; and his Treatise on Hernia, Milan, 1809. Scarpa was also a great lover of the Fine Arts, and had formed a valuable collection of paintings by the first Italian Masters.

Barnaba Oriani was the disciple of Lagrange, whom he succeeded in the direction of the Milan Observatory, and in the compilation of the *Ephemerides*. He contributed, by his observations, to the great map of the kingdom of Italy, drawn under Napoleon, by whom he was made Senator, and Knight of the Iron Crown. Oriani died at Milan in November last. He was the oldest of the living Italian astronomers.

The publication of the Great Italian Dictionary, compiled at Bologna, is now completed in seven large 4to. volumes. It is considered the most perfect Italian Dictionary in existence. The early volumes of it were briefly noticed in this Journal, vol. ii. p. 710.

Bazzoni, a novelist of some talent, author of *Il Castello di Trezzo*, has published *Racconti Storici*, illustrative of the middle ages in Italy.

The Italian presses, especially those of Milan, continue to bring forth numerous works of light entertaining prose, novels, tales, sketches of life and manners, and tours. The two friends, David Bertolotti and Defendente Sacchi, are among the most active of those who find their occupation. Bertolotti has lately published *Racconti e Pitture di Costumi*, in his usual easy, flowing strain. Sacchi, of whose skill in the lore of the middle ages we had a proof in his *Antichità Romantiche d' Italia*,* and who unites facility of style with purity of language, has now published two little volumes of *Varietà Letterarie*, or Essays on the Manners and Arts of the Present Age in Italy, with Sketches of Distinguished Characters. We observe, with pleasure, in most of these popular works, a manly moral tone; without the least taint of cant, servility, or bigotry, but also without any of that licentious, sceptical, and sneering spirit which disfigures many productions of the light literature of some other countries.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE benefits conferred on Oriental Literature by the English Society of Translations from the Eastern languages, are highly appreciated by the learned world; but there appears to be a very general wish on the part of Continental Orientalists, that the society should publish the original text along with the translations, that the means might hereafter be afforded of a more critical examination of both.

M. Eliacin Carmoly, Grand Rabbi of Belgium, and Member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, intends publishing, shortly, a new edition of the Travels of Benjamin of Tudela, in Hebrew, from a MS. of the 15th century, and accompanied with notes and a French translation. The whole will be comprised in one volume 8vo.

A translation of Von Hamer's History of the Assassins (*Geschichte der Assassinen*) into French, is announced for speedy publication.

Mr. Klaproth has published an account of the great Chinese Encyclopædia, which may be considered as a view of the civilization of China from the commencement of the Empire down to 1224. It was first printed in 1322, again in 1524, and again in 1747, and has had several supplements added to it.

* See No. 12, of this Review.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Mémoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inédits de Diderot*; publiés d'après les manuscrits confiés, en mourant, par l'auteur à Grimm. 4 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1831:

2. *Œuvres de Denis Diderot; précédées de Mémoires historiques et philosophiques sur sa Vie et ses Ouvrages*, par J. A. Naigeon. 22 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1821.

THE *Acts of the Christian Apostles*, on which, as we may say, the world has, now for eighteen centuries, had its foundation, are written in so small a compass, that they can be read in one little hour. The *Acts of the French Philosophes*, the importance of which is already fast exhausting itself, lie recorded in whole acres of typography, and would furnish reading for a lifetime. Nor is the stock, as we see, yet anywise complete, or within computable distance of completion. Here are Four quite new Octavos, recording the labours, voyages, victories, amours and indigestions of the Apostle Denis: it is but a year or two since a new contribution on Voltaire came before us; since Jean Jacques had a new *Life* written for him; and then of those *Feuilles de Grimm*, what incalculable masses may yet lie dormant in the Petersburg Library, waiting only to be awakened, and let slip!—Reading for a lifetime? Thomas Parr might begin reading in long-clothes, and stop in his last hundred and fiftieth year without having ended. And then, as to when the process of addition will cease, and the Acts and Epistles of the Parisian Church, of Antichrist will have completed themselves; except in so far as the quantity of paper written on, or even manufactured, in those days, being finite and not infinite, the business one day or other must cease, and the Antichristian Canon close for the last time,—we yet know nothing.

Meanwhile, let us nowise be understood as lamenting this stupendous copiousness, but rather as viewing it historically with patience, and indeed with satisfaction. Memoirs, so long as they are true, how stupid soever, can hardly be accumulated in excess. The stupider they are, let them simply be the sooner cast into the oven: if true, they will always instruct more or less, were it only in the way of confirmation and repetition; and, what is of vast moment, they do not mis-instruct. Day after day, looking at the high destinies which yet await Literature, which Literature will

ere long address herself with more decisiveness than ever to fulfil, it grows clearer to us that the proper task of Literature lies in the domain of BELIEF; within which "Poetic Fiction," as it is charitably named, will have to take a quite new figure, if allowed a settlement there. Whereby were it not reasonable to prophesy that this exceeding great multitude of Novel-writers, and such like, must (in a new generation) gradually do one of two things: either retire into nurseries, and work for children, minors and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes; or else, what were far better, sweep their Novel-fabric into the dust-cart, and betake them, with such faculty as they have, to understand and record what is true,—of which, surely, there is, and will for ever be, a whole Infinitude unknown to us, of infinite importance to us! Poetry, it will more and more come to be understood, is nothing but higher Knowledge; and the only genuine Romance (for grown persons) Reality. The Thinker is the Poet, the Seer: let him who sees write down according to his gift of sight; if deep and with inspired vision, then creatively, poetically; if common, and with only uninspired, every-day vision, let him at least be faithful in this, and write *Memoirs*.

On us, still so near at hand, that Eighteenth Century in Paris, presenting itself nowise as portion of the magic web of Universal History, but only as the confused and ravelled mass of threads and thrums, ycleped *Memoirs*, in process of *being* woven into such,—imposes a rather complex relation. Of which, however, as of all such, the leading rules may happily be comprised in this very plain one, prescribed by Nature herself: to search in them, so far as they seem worthy, for whatsoever can help us forward on our own path, were it in the shape of intellectual instruction, of moral edification, nay of mere solacement and amusement. The Bourbons, indeed, took a shorter method (the like of which has been often recommended elsewhere): they shut up and hid the graves of the Philosophes, hoping that their lives and writings might likewise thereby go out of sight, and out of mind; and thus the whole business would be, so to speak, *suppressed*. Foolish Bourbons! These things were not done in a corner, but on high places, before the anxious eyes of all mankind: hidden they can in nowise be: to conquer them, to resist them, our first indispensable preliminary is to see and comprehend them. To us, indeed, as their immediate successors, the right comprehension of them is of prime necessity; for, sent of God or of the Devil, they have plainly enough gone before us, and left us such and such a world: it is on ground of their tillage, with the stubble of their harvest standing on it, that we now have to plough. Before all things then, let us understand what ground it is; what manner of men and husbandmen these were. For which reason, be all au-

thentic *Philosophe-Memoirs* welcome, each in its kind! For which reason, let us now, without the smallest reluctance, penetrate into this wondrous Gospel according to Denis Diderot, and expatiate there, to see whether it will yield us aught.

In any phenomenon, one of the most important moments is the *end*. Now this epoch of the Eighteenth or *Philosophe-century* was properly the End; the End of a Social System, which for above a thousand years had been building itself together, and, after that, had begun, for some centuries, (as human things all do,) to moulder down. The mouldering down of a Social System is no cheerful business either to form part of, or to look at: however, at length, in the course of it, there comes a time when the mouldering changes into a rushing; active hands drive in their wedges, set to their crowbars; there is a comfortable appearance of work going on. Instead of here and there a stone falling out, here and there a handful of dust, whole masses tumble down, whole clouds and whirlwinds of dust: torches too are applied, and the rotten easily takes fire: so what with flame-whirlwind, what with dust-whirlwind, and the crash of falling towers, the concern grows eminently interesting; and our assiduous craftsmen can encourage one another with *Vivats*, and cries of *Speed the work*. Add to this, that of all labourers, no one can see such rapid extensive fruit of his labour as the Destroyer can and does: it will not seem unreasonable that, measuring from effect to cause, he should esteem his labour as the best and greatest; and a Voltaire, for example, be by his guild-brethren and apprentices confidently accounted "not only the greatest man of this age, but of all past ages, and perhaps the greatest that Nature could produce." Worthy old Nature! She goes on producing whatsoever is needful in each season of her course; and produces, with perfect composure, that Encyclopedist opinion, that she can produce no more.

Such a torch-and-crowbar period, of quick rushing down and conflagration, was this of the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*; when the Social System having all fallen into rottenness, rain-holes and noisome decay, the shivering natives resolved to cheer their dull abode by the questionable step of setting it on fire. Questionable we call their manner of procedure; the thing itself, as all men may now see, was inevitable; one way or other, whether by prior burning or milder methods, the old house must needs be new-built. We behold the business of pulling down, or at least of assorting the rubbish, still go resolutely on, all over Europe: here and there some traces of new foundation, of new building up, may now also, to the eye of Hope, disclose themselves.

To get acquainted with Denis Diderot and his Life were to see the significant epitome of all this, as it works on the thinking and acting soul of a man, fashions for him a singular element of existence, gives himself therein a peculiar hue and figure. Unhappily, after all that has been written, the matter still is not luminous: to us strangers, much in that foreign economy, and method of working and living, remains obscure; much in the man himself, and his inward nature and structure. But, indeed, it is several years since the present Reviewer gave up the idea of what could be called *understanding* any Man whatever, even himself. Every Man, within that inconsiderable figure of his, contains a whole Spirit-kingdom and Reflex of the ALL; and, though to the eye but some six standard feet in size, reaches downwards and upwards, unsurveyable, fading into the regions of Immensity and of Eternity. Life everywhere, as woven on that stupendous ever-marvellous "Loom of Time," may be said to fashion itself of a woof of light indeed, yet on a warp of mystic darkness: only He that created it can understand it. As to this Diderot, had we once got so far that we could, in the faintest degree, personate him; take upon ourselves his character and his environment of circumstances, and act his Life over again, in that small Private-Theatre of ours (under our own Hat), with moderate illusiveness and histrionic effect,—that were what, in conformity with common speech, we should name *understanding* him, and could be abundantly content with,

In his manner of appearance before the world, Diderot has been, perhaps to an extreme degree, unfortunate. His literary productions were invariably dashed off in hottest haste, and left generally (on the waste of Accident) with an ostrich-like indifference. He had to live, in France, in the sour days of a *Journal de Trevoux*; of a suspicious, decaying Sorbonne. He was too poor to set foreign presses, at Kehl or elsewhere, in motion; too headlong and quick of temper to seek help from those that could: thus must he, if his pen was not to lie idle, write much of which there was no publishing. His Papers accordingly are found flying about, like Sibyl's leaves, in all corners of the world: for many years no tolerable Collection of his Writings was attempted; to this day there is none that in any sense can be called perfect. Two spurious, surreptitious Amsterdam Editions, "or rather formless, blundering Agglomerations," were all that the world saw during his life. Diderot did not hear of these for several years, and then only, it is said, "with peals of laughter," and no other practical step whatever. Of the four that have since been printed, (or reprinted, for Naegeon's, of 1798, is the great original,) no one so much as pretends either to be complete, or selected on any system. Briere's, the latest, of which alone we have much per-

sonal knowledge, is a well-printed book, perhaps better worth buying than any of the others; yet without arrangement, without coherence, purport; often lamentably in need of commentary; on the whole, in reference to the wants and specialities of this time, as good as *unedited*. Brière seems, indeed, to have hired some person, or thing, to play the part of Editor; or rather more things than one, for they sign themselves Editors in the plural number; and from time to time, throughout the work, some asterisk attracts us to the bottom of the leaf, and to some printed matter subscribed "EDIT^r": but unhappily the journey is for most part in vain; in the course of a volume or two, we learn too well that nothing is to be gained there; that the Note, whatever it professedly treat of, will, in strict logical speech, mean only as much as to say: "Reader! thou perceivest that we Editors, to the number of at least two, are alive, and if we had any information would impart it to thee.—EDIT^r." For the rest, these "EDIT^r." are polite people; and, with this uncertainty (as to their being persons or things) clearly before them, continue, to all appearance, in moderately good spirits.

One service they, or Brière for them (if, indeed, Brière is not himself they, as we sometimes surmise), have accomplished for us: sought out and printed the long-looked-for, long-lost *Life of Diderot* by Naigeon. The lovers of biography had for years sorrowed over this concealed Manuscript, with a wistfulness from which hope had nigh fled. A certain Naigeon, the beloved disciple of Diderot, had (if his own word, in his own editorial Preface, was to be credited) written a *Life of him*; and, alas! whither was it now vanished? Surely all that was dark in Denis the Fatalist had there been illuminated; nay, was there not, probably, a glorious "Light-street" carried through that whole Literary Eighteenth Century; and Diderot, long belauded as "the most encyclopedical head that perhaps ever existed," was now to show himself as such in, the new Practical Encyclopædia, philosophic, economic, speculative, digestive, of LIFE—in three score and ten Years, or Volumes? Diderot too was known as the vividest, noblest talker of his time: considering all that Boswell, with his slender opportunities, had made of Johnson, what was there we had not a right to expect!

By Brière's endeavour, as we said, the concealed Manuscript of Naigeon now lies, as published Volume, on this desk. Alas! a written *life*, too like many an acted life, where hope is one thing, fulfilment quite another! Perhaps, indeed, of all biographies ever put together by the hand of man, this of Naigeon's is the most uninteresting. Foolish Naigeon! We wanted to see and know how it stood with the bodily man, the clothed, boarded, bedded, working and warfaring Denis Diderot, in that Paris of his; how he

looked and lived, what he did, what he said: had the foolish Biographer so much as told us what colour his stockings were! Of all this, beyond a date or two, not a syllable, not a hint; nothing but a dull, sulky, snuffling, droning, interminable lecture on Atheistic Philosophy; how Diderot came upon Atheism, how he taught it, how true it is, how inexpressibly important. Singular enough, the zeal of *the devil's house* hath eaten Naigeon up. A man of course, mechanical, perhaps intrinsically rather feeble intellect; and then, with the vehemence of some pulpit-drumming "Gowkthrapple," or "precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel,"—only that *his kirk* is of the *other* complexion! Yet must he too see himself in a wholly backsliding world where much theism and other scandal still rules; and many times Gowkthrapple Naigeon be tempted to weep by the streams of Babel. Withal, however, he is *wooden*; thoroughly mechanical, as if Vaucanson himself had made him; and that singularly tempers his fury.—Let the reader, finally, admire the bounteous produce of this Earth, and how one element bears nothing but the other matches it: here have we not the truest *odium theologicum*, working quite *demonologically*, in a worshipper of the Everlasting Nothing! So much for Naigeon; what we looked for from him, and what we have got.

X Must Diderot then be given up to oblivion, or remembered not as Man, but merely as Philosophic-Atheistic Logic-Mill? Did not Diderot live, as well as think? An amateur reporter in some of the Biographical Dictionaries, declares that he heard him talk one day, in nightgown and slippers, for the space of two hours, concerning earth, sea and air, with a fulgorous impetuosity almost beyond human, rising from height to height, and at length finish the climax by "dashing his nightcap against the wall." Most readers will admit this to be biography; we, alas, must say, it comprises nearly all about the Man Diderot that hitherto would abide with us.

Here, however, comes "Paulin, Publishing-Bookseller," with a quite new contribution: a long series of Letters, extending over fifteen years: unhappily only love-letters, and from a married ~~man~~ ^{man}; yet still letters from his own hand. Amid these insipid floods of *tendresse*, *sensibilité*, and so forth, vapid, like long-decanted small-beer, many a curious biographic trait comes to light. Indeed, we can hereby see more of the individual Diderot, and his arrangement, and method of procedure there, than by all the other letters that have yet been published of him. Forgetting or conquering the species of nausea that such a business, on the first announcement of it, may occasion, and in many of the details of it cannot but confirm, the biographic reader will find this well worth looking into. Nay, is it not something, of itself, to see that Spectacle of the *Philosophe in Love*, or, at least, zealous

lously endeavouring to fancy himself so? For scientific purposes a considerable tedium, of "noble sentiment" (and even worse things) can be undergone. How the most encyclopedical head that perhaps ever existed, now on the borders of his grand climacteric, and already provided with wife and child, comports himself in that trying circumstance of preternuptial (and, indeed, at such age, and with so many "indigestions," almost preternatural) devotion to the queens of this earth, may, by the curious in science, (who have nerves for it), be here seen. There is besides a lively *Memoir* of him by Mademoiselle Diderot, though too brief, and not very true-looking. Finally, in one large Volume, his *Dream of d'Alembert*, greatly regretted and commented upon by Naigeon; which we could have done without. For its bulk, that little *Memoir* is the best of the whole. Unfortunately, as hinted, Mademoiselle, resolute of all things to be *piquante*, writes, or rather *thinks*, in a smart, antithetic manner, nowise the fittest for clearness or credibility: without suspicion of voluntary falsehood, there is no appearance that this is a camera-lucida picture, or a portrait drawn by legitimate rules of art. Such resolution to be piquant is the besetting sin of innumerable persons of both sexes, and wofully mars any use there might otherwise be in their writing or their speaking. It is, or was, the fault specially imputed to the French: in a woman and Frenchwoman, who besides has much to tell us, it must even be borne with. And now, from these diverse scattered materials, let us try how coherent a figure of Denis Diderot, and his earthly Pilgrimage and Performance, we can piece together.

In the ancient Town of Langres, in the month of October, 1713, it begins. Fancy Langres, aloft on its hill-top, amid Roman ruins, nigh the sources of the Saône and of the Marne, with its coarse substantial houses, and fifteen thousand inhabitants, mostly engaged in knife-grinding; and one of the quickest, clearest, most volatile and susceptible little figures of that century, just landed in the World there. In this French Sheffield, Diderot's Father was a Cutler, master of his craft; a much-respected and respect-worthy man; one of those ancient craftsmen (now, alas! nearly departed from the earth, and sought, with little effect, by idyllists, among the "Scottish peasantry," and elsewhere) who, in the school of practice, have learned not only skill of hand, but the far harder skill of head and of heart; whose whole knowledge and virtue, being by necessity a knowledge and virtue to do somewhat, is true, and has stood trial: humble modern patriarchs, brave, wise, simple; of worth rude, but unperverted, like genuine unwrought silver, native from the mine! Diderot loved his father, as he well might, and regrets on several occasions that he was

painted in holiday clothes, and not in the workday costume of his trade, "with apron and grinder's-wheel, and spectacles pushed up,"—even as he lived and laboured, and honestly made good for himself the small section of the Universe he pretended to occupy. A man of strictest veracity and integrity was this ancient master; of great insight and patient discretion, so that he was often chosen as umpire and adviser; of great humanity, so that one day crowds of poor were to "follow him with tears to his long home." An outspoken Langres neighbour gratified the now fatherless Philosopher with this saying—"Ah, Monsieur Diderot, you are a famous man, but you will never be your father's equal." Truly, of all the wonderful illustrious persons that come to view in the biographic part of these six-and-twenty Volumes, it is a question whether this old Langres Cutler is not the worthiest; to us no other suggests himself whose worth can be admitted, without lamentable pollutions and defacements to be deducted from it. The Mother also was a loving-hearted, just woman: so Diderot might account himself well-born; and it is a credit to the man that he always (and sometimes in the circle of kings and empresses) gratefully did so.

The Jesuits were his schoolmasters: at the age of twelve the encyclopedical head was "tonsured." He was quick in seizing, strong in remembering and arranging; otherwise flighty enough; fond of sport, and from time to time getting into trouble. One grand event, significant of all this, he has himself commemorated: his Daughter records it in these terms.

"He had chanced to have a quarrel with his comrades: it had been serious enough to bring on him a sentence of exclusion from college on some day of public examination and distribution of prizes. The idea of passing this important time at home, and grieving his parents, was intolerable: he proceeded to the college-gate; the porter refused him admittance; he presses in while some crowd is entering, and sets off running at full speed; the porter gets at him with a sort of pike he carried, and wounds him in the side; the boy will not be driven back; arrives, takes the place that belonged to him: prizes of all sorts, for composition, for memory, for poetry, he obtains them all. No doubt he had deserved them; since even the resolution to punish him could not withstand the sense of justice in his superiors. Several volumes, a number of garlands had fallen to his lot; being too weak to carry them all, he put the garlands round his neck, and, with his arms full of books, returned home. His mother was at the door; and saw him coming through the public square in this equipment, and surrounded by his schoolfellows: one should be a mother to conceive what she must have felt. He was feasted, he was caressed: but next Sunday, in dressing him for church, a considerable wound was found on him, of which he had not so much as thought of complaining."

"One of the sweetest moments of my life," writes Diderot himself,

of this same business, with a slight variation, "was more than thirty years ago, and I remember it like yesterday, when my Father saw me coming home from the college, with my arms full of prizes that I had carried off, and my shoulders with the garlands they had given me, which, being too big for my brow, had let my head slip through them. Noticing me at a distance, he threw down his work, hastened to the door to meet me, and could not help weeping. It is a fine sight, a true man and rigorous falling to weep!"

Mademoiselle, in her quick-sparkling way, informs us, nevertheless, that the school-victor, getting tired of pedagogic admonitions and inflictions, whereof there were many, said 'one morning' to his father, 'that he meant to give up school!'—'Thou hadst rather be a cutler, then?'—'With all my heart.'—They handed him an apron, and he placed himself beside his father. He spoiled whatever he laid hands on, penknives, whittles, blades of all kinds. It went on for four or five days; at the end of which he rose, proceeded to his room, got his books there, and returned to college,"—and having, it would appear, in this simple manner sown his college wild-oats, never stirred from it again.

To the Reverend Fathers, it seemed that Denis would make an excellent Jesuit; wherefore they set about coaxing and courting, with intent to crimp him. Here, in some minds, a certain comfortable reflection on the diabolic cunning and assiduity of these Holy Fathers, now happily all dissolved and expelled, will suggest itself. Along with which may another melancholy reflection no less be in place: namely, that these Devil-serving Jesuits should have shown a skill and zeal in their teaching vocation, such as no Heaven-serving body, of what complexion soever, anywhere on our earth now exhibits. To decipher the talent of a young vague Capability, who must one day be a man and a Reality; to take him by the hand, and train him to a spiritual trade, and set him up in it, with tools, shop, and good-will, were doing him in most cases an unspeakable service,—on this one proviso, it is true, that the trade be a just and honest one; in which proviso surely there should lie no hindrance to such service, but rather a help. Nay, could many a poor Dermody, Hazlitt, Heron, Der-rick, and such like, have been trained to be a good Jesuit, were it greatly worse than to have lived painfully as a bad Nothing-at-all! But indeed, as was said, the Jesuits are dissolved; and Corporations of all sorts have perished (from corpulence); and now, instead of the seven corporate selfish spirits, we have the one-and-thirty millions of discorporate selfish; and the rule, *Man, mind thyself*, makes a jumble and a scramble, and crushing press (with dead-pressed figures, and diamembered limbs enough); unto

whose dark chaotic depths (for human Life is ever unfathomable) one shudders to look. Loneliest of all, weakest and worst-bested, in that world-scramble, is the extraordinary figure known in these times as Man of Letters! It appears to be indubitable that this state of matters will alter and improve itself,—in a century or two. But to return:

“The Jesuits,” thus sparkles Mademoiselle, “employed the temptation, which is always so seductive, of travelling and of liberty; they persuaded the youth to quit his home, and set forth with a Jesuit, to whom he was attached. Denis had a friend, a cousin of his own age; he entrusted his secret to him, wishing that he should accompany them. But the cousin, a tamer and discreeter personage, discovered the whole project to the father; the day of departure, the hour, all was betrayed. My grandfather kept the strictest silence; but before going to sleep he carried off the keys of the street-door; and at midnight, hearing his son descend, he presented himself before him, with the question, ‘Whither bound, at such an hour?’ ‘To Paris,’ replied the young man, ‘where I am to join the Jesuits.’—‘That will not be to-night; but your desires shall be fulfilled: let us in the first place go to sleep.’

“Next morning his father engaged two places in the public conveyance, and carried him to Paris, to the College d’Harcourt. He settled the terms of his little establishment, and bade his son good-b’ye. But the worthy man loved his child too well to leave him without being quite satisfied about his situation: he had the constancy to stay a fortnight longer, killing the time, and dying of tedium, in an inn, without seeing the sole object he was delaying for. At the end, he proceeded to the College; and my father has often told me that this proof of tenderness would have made him go to the end of the world, if the old man had required it. ‘Friend,’ said he, ‘I am come to know if your health keeps good; if you are content with your superiors, with your diet, with others and with yourself. If you are not well, if you are not happy, we will go back again to your mother. If you like better to remain here, I have but to speak a word with you, to embrace you and give you my blessing.’ The youth assured him that he was perfectly content, that he liked his new abode very much. My grandfather then took leave of him, and went to the Principal, to know if he was satisfied with his pupil.”

On which side also the answer proving favourable, the worthy father returned home. Denis saw little more of him; never again resided under his roof, though for many years, and to the last, a proper intercourse was kept up; not, as appears, without a visit or two on the son’s part, and certainly with the most unwearied, prudent superintendence and assistance on the father’s. Indeed, it was a worthy family, that of the Diderots; and a fair degree of natural affection must be numbered among the virtues of our Philosophes. These scenes about rural Langres, and the old homely way of life there, as delineated fictitiously in the *En-*

entretien d'un Père avec ses Enfants, and now more fully, as matter of fact, in this just-published *Correspondance*, are of a most innocent, cheerful, peacefully-secluded character; more pleasing, we might almost say more poetical, than could elsewhere be gathered out of Diderot's whole Writings. Denis was the eldest of the family, and much looked up to, with all his short-comings: there was a Brother, who became a clergyman; and a truehearted, sharpwitted Sister, who remained unmarried, and at times tried to live in partnership with this latter,—rather unsuccessfully. The Clergyman being a conscientious, even straight-laced man, and Denis such as we know, they had, naturally enough, their own difficulties to keep on brotherly terms; and indeed, at length, abandoned the task as hopeless. The Abbé stood rigorous by his Breviary, from time to time addressing solemn monitions to the lost Philosopher, who also went on his way. He is somewhat snarled at by the Denisian side of the house for this; but surely without ground: it was his virtue rather; at lowest his destiny. The true Priest who could, or should, look peaceably on an *Encyclopédie* is yet perhaps waited for in the world; and of all false things, is not a false Priest the falsest?

Meanwhile Denis, at the College d'Harcourt, learns additional Greek and Mathematics, and quite loses taste for the Jesuit career. Mad pranks enough he played, we doubt not; followed by reprimands. He made several friends, however; got intimate with the Abbé Bernis, poet at that time; afterwards Cardinal. "They used to dine together, for six sous a-piece, at the neighbouring *Traiteurs*"; and I have often heard him vaunt the gaiety of these repasts."

"His studies being finished," continues Mademoiselle, "his father wrote to M. Clement de Ris, a Procureur at Paris, and his countryman, to take him as boarder, that he might study Jurisprudence and the Laws. He continued here two years; but the business of *actes* and *inventaires* had few charms for him. All the time he could steal from the office-desk was employed in prosecuting Latin and Greek, in which he thought himself still imperfect; Mathematics, which he to the last continued passionately fond of; Italian, English, &c. In the end he gave himself up so completely to his taste for letters, that M. Clement thought it right to inform his father how ill the youth was employing his time. My grandfather then expressly commissioned M. Clement to urge and constrain him to make choice of some profession, and once for all to become Doctor, Procureur, or Advocate. My father begged time to think of it; time was given. At the end of several months these proposals were again laid before him: he answered that the profession of Doctor did not please him, for he could not think of killing any body; that the Procureur business was too difficult to execute with delicacy; that he would willingly choose the profession of Advocate, were it not that he

felt an invincible repugnance to occupy himself all his life with other people's business. 'But,' said M. Clement, 'what *will* you be then?' — 'On my word, nothing, nothing whatever (*Ma foi, rien, mais rien du tout*). I love study; I am very happy, very content, and want nothing else.'

Here clearly is a youth of spirit, determined to take the world on the broadside, and eat thereof, and be filled. His decided turn, like that of so many others, is for the trade of sovereign prince, in one shape or other; unhappily, however, the capital and outfit to set it up is wanting. Under which circumstances, nothing remains but to instruct M. Clement de Ris that no board-wages will henceforth be paid, and the young sovereign may, at his earliest convenience, be turned out of doors.

What Denis, perched aloft in his own-hired attic, may have thought of it now, does not appear. The good old Father, in stopping his allowance, had reasonably enough insisted on one of two things: either that he should betake him to some intelligible method of existence, wherein all help should be furnished him; or else return home within the week. Neither of which could Denis think of doing. A similar demand continued to be reiterated for the next ten years, but always with the like none-effect. King Denis, in his furnished attic, with or without money to pay for it, was now living and reigning, like other kings, "by the grace of God;" and could nowise resolve to abdicate. A sanguineous, vehement, volatile mortal; young, and in so wide an earth, it seemed to him next to impossible but he must find gold-mines there. He lived, while victual was to be got, taking no thought for the morrow. He had books, he had merry company, a whole piping and dancing Paris round him; he could teach Mathematics, he could turn himself so many ways; nay, might not he become a Mathematician one day; a glorified Savant, and strike the stars with his sublime head! Meanwhile he is like to be overtaken by one of the sharpest human calamities, "cleanness of teeth."

"One Shrove Tuesday morning, he rises, gropes in his pocket; he has not wherewith to dine; will not trouble his friends, who have not invited him. This day, which in childhood he had so often passed in the middle of relations who adored him, becomes sadder by remembrance: he cannot work; he hopes to dissipate his melancholy by a walk; goes to the Invalides, to the Courts, to the Bibliothèque du Roi, to the Jardin des Plantes. You may drive away tedium; but you cannot give hunger the slip. He returns to his quarters; on entering he feels unwell; the landlady gives him a little toast and wine; he goes to bed. 'That day,' he has often said to me, 'I swore that, if ever I came to have any thing, I would never in my life refuse a poor man help, never condemn my fellow creatures to a day as painful.'

That Diderot, during all this period, escaped starvation, is plain enough by the result; but how he specially accomplished that, and the other business of living, remains mostly left to conjecture. Mademoiselle, confined at any rate within narrow limits, continues as usual too intent on sparkling; is *brillante* and *pétillante*, rather than lucent and illuminating. How inferior, for *seeing* with, is your brightest train of fireworks to the humblest farthing candle! Who Diderot's companions, friends, enemies, patrons were, what his way of life was, what the Paris he lived in and from his garret looked down on was, we learn only in hints, dislocated, enigmatic. It is in general to be impressed on us, that young Denis, as a sort of spiritual swashbuckler, who went about conquering Destiny, in light rapier-fence, by way of amusement; or at lowest, in reverses, gratefully insulting her with mock reverences,—lived and acted like no other man; all which being freely admitted, we ask, with small increase of knowledge, How he did act then?

He gave lessons in Mathematics, we find; but with the prince-liest indifference as to payment: "was his scholar lively, and prompt of conception, he sat by him teaching all day; did he chance on a blockhead, he returned not back. They paid him in books, in moveables, in linen, in money, or not at all; it was quite the same." Farther, he made Sermons (to order); as the Devil is said to quote Scripture: a Missionary bespoke half-a-dozen of him (of Denis, that is) for the Portuguese Colonies, and paid them very handsomely at fifty crowns each. Once, a family Tutorship came in his way, with tolerable appointments, but likewise with incessant duties: at the end of three months, he waits upon the house-father with this abrupt communication: "I am come, Monsieur, to request you to seek a new tutor; I cannot remain with you any longer."—"But, Monsieur Diderot, what is your grievance? Have you too little salary? I will double it. Are you ill-lodged? Choose your apartment. Is your table ill-served? Order your own dinner. All will be cheap to parting with you."—"Monsieur, look at me: a citron is not so yellow as my face. I am making men of your children; but every day I am becoming a child with them. I feel a hundred times too rich and too well off in your house; yet I must leave it: the object of my wishes is not to live better, but to keep from dying."

Mademoiselle grants that, if sometimes "drunk with gaiety," he was often enough plunged in bitterness; but then a Newtonian problem, a fine thought, or any small godsend of that sort, would instantly cheer him again. The "gold mines" had not yet come to light. Meanwhile, between him and starvation, we can still

discern Langres covertly stretching out its hand. Of any Langres man, coming in his way, Denis frankly borrows; and the good old Father refuses not to pay. The Mother is still kinder, at least softer: she sends him direct help, as she can; not by the post, but by a serving-maid, who travelled these sixty leagues on foot; delivered him a small sum from his mother; and, without mentioning it, added all her own savings thereto. This Samaritan journey she performed three times. "I saw her some years ago," adds Mademoiselle, "she spoke of my father with tears; her whole desire was to see him again: sixty years' service had impaired neither her sense nor her sensibility."

It is granted also that his company was "sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, not to say bad." Indeed, putting all things together, we can easily fancy that the last sort was the preponderating. It seems probable that Denis, during these ten years of probation, walked chiefly in the subterranean shades of Rascaldom; now swilling from full Circe-goblets, now snuffing with haggard expectancy the hungry wind; always "sorely flamed on from the neighbouring hell." In some of his fictitious writings, a most intimate acquaintance with the nether-world of Polissons, Escrocs, Filles de Joye, Marouffes, Maquerelles, and their ways of doing, comes to light: among other things (as may be seen in *Jacques le Fataliste*, and elsewhere), a singular theoretic expertness in what is technically named "raising the wind;" which miracle, indeed Denis himself is expressly (in this *Mémoire*) found once performing, and in a style to require legal cognizance, had not the worthy Father "sneered at the dupe, and paid." The dupe here was a proselytising Abbé, whom the dog glozed with professions of life-weariness and turning monk; which all evaporated, once the money was in his hands. On other occasions, it might turn out otherwise, and the gudgeon-fisher hook some shark of prey.

Literature, except in the way of Sermons for the Portuguese Colonies, or other the like small private dealings, had not yet opened her hospitable bosom to him. Epistles, precatory and amatory, for such as had more cash than grammar, he may have written; Catalogues also, Indexes, Advertisements, and, in these latter cases, even seen himself in print. But now he ventures forward, with bolder step, towards the interior mysteries, and begins producing Translations from the English. Literature, it is true, was then, as now, the universal free-hospital and Refuge for the Destitute, where all mortals, of what colour and kind soever, had liberty to live, or at least to die: nevertheless, for an enterprising man, its resources at that time were comparatively limited. Newspapers were few; Reporting existed not, still less the inferior branches, with their fixed rate per line: Packwood and

Warren, much more Panckoucke, and Ladvocat, and Colburn, as yet slumbered (the last century of their slumber) in the womb of Chaos; Fragmentary Panegyric-literature had not yet come into being, therefore could not be paid for. Talent wanted a free staple and workshop, where wages might be certain; and too often, like virtue, was praised and left starving. Lest the reader overrate the munificence of the literary cornucopia in France at this epoch, let us lead him into a small historical scene, that he may see with his own eyes. Diderot is the historian; the date too is many years later, when times, if anything, were mended:

"I had given a poor devil a manuscript to copy. The time he had promised it at having expired, and my man not appearing, I grow uneasy; set off to hunt him out. I find him in a hole the size of my hand, almost without daylight, not the wretchedest tatter of serge to cover his walls; two straw-bottom chairs, a flock-bed, the coverlet chiselled with worms, without curtains; a trunk in a corner of the chimney, rags of all sorts hooked above it; a little white-iron lamp, with a bottle for pediment to it; on a deal shelf, a dozen of excellent books. I chatted with him three-quarters of an hour. My gentleman was naked as a worm" (*nu comme un ver*: it was August); "lean, dingy, dry, yet serene, complaining of nothing, eating his junk of bread with appetite, and from time to time caressing his beloved, who reclined on that miserable truckle, taking up two-thirds of the room. If I had not known that happiness resides in the soul, my Epictetus of the Rue Hyacinthe might have taught it me."

Notwithstanding all which, Denis, now in his twenty-ninth year, sees himself necessitated to fall desperately, and over head and ears, in love. It was a virtuous, pure attachment; his first of that sort, probably also his last. Readers who would see the business poetically delineated, and what talent Diderot had for such delineations, may read this Scene in the once-noted Drama of the *Père de Famille*. It is known that he drew from the life; and with few embellishments, which too, except in the French Theatre, do not beautify.

"ACT I.—SCENE VII.

Saint-Albin. Father, you shall know all. Alas! how else can I move you?—The first time I ever saw her was at church. She was on her knees at the foot of the altar, beside an aged woman, whom I took for her mother. Ah father! what modesty, what charms! . . . Her image followed me by day, haunted me by night, left me rest nowhere. I lost my cheerfulness, my health, my peace. I could not live without seeking to find her: . . . She has changed me; I am no longer what I was. From the first moment, all shameful desires fade away from my soul; respect and admiration succeed them. Without rebuke or restraint on her part, perhaps before she had raised her eyes on me, I became timid,

more so from day to day ; and soon I felt as little free to attempt her virtue as her life.

The Father. And who are these women ? How do they live ?

Saint-Albin. Ah ! if you knew it, unhappy as they are ! Imagine that their toil begins before day, and often they have to continue it through the night. The mother spins on the wheel : hard, coarse cloth is between the soft small fingers of Sophie, and wounds them.* Her eyes, the brightest eyes in this world, are worn at the light of a lamp. She lives in a garret, within four bare walls ; a wooden table, a couple of chairs, a truckle-bed, that is their furniture. O Heavens, when ye fashioned such a creature, was this the lot ye destined her !

The Father. And how got you access ? Speak me truth.

Saint-Albin. It is incredible what obstacles I had, what I surmounted. Though now lodged there, under the same roof, I at first did not seek to see them : if we met on the stairs, coming up, going down, I saluted them respectfully. At night, when I came home (for all day I was supposed to be at my work), I would go knock gently at their door ; ask them for the little services usual among neighbours—as water, fire, light. By degrees they grew accustomed to me ; rather took to me. I offered to serve them in little things ; for instance, they disliked going out at night ; I fetched and carried for them."

The real truth here is, " I ordered a set of shirts from them ; said I was a Church-licenciate just bound for the Seminary of St. Nicolas,—and, above all, had the tongue of the old serpent." But to skip much, and finish :

" Yesterday I came as usual : Sophie was alone ; she was sitting with her elbows on the table, her head leant on her hand ; her work had fallen at her feet. I entered without her hearing me : she sighed. Tears escaped from between her fingers, and ran along her arms. For some time, of late, I had seen her sad. Why was she weeping ? What was it that grieved her ? Want it could no longer be ; her labour and my attentions provided against that. Threatened by the only misfortune terrible to me, I did not hesitate : I threw myself at her knees. What was her surprise ; Sophie, said I, you weep ; what ails you ? Do not hide your trouble from me : speak to me ; oh, speak to me ! She spoke not. Her tears continued flowing. Her eyes, where calmness no longer dwelt, but tears and anxiety, bent towards me, then turned away, then turned to me again. She said only, Poor Sergi ! unhappy Sophie !—I had laid my face on her knees ; I was wetting her apron with my tears."

In a word, there is nothing for it but marriage. Old Diderot, joyous as he was to see his Son once more, started back in indignation and derision from such a proposal ; and young Diderot had to return to Paris, and be forbid the beloved house, and fall

* The real trade appears to have been a " sempstress one in laces and linens ;" the poverty is somewhat exaggerated : otherwise the shadow may be faithful enough.

sick, and come to the point of death, before the fair one's scruples could be subdued. However, she sent to get news of him; "learnt that his room was a perfect dog-kennel, that he lay without nourishment, without attendance, wasted, sad: thereupon she took her resolution; mounted to him, promised to be his wife; and mother and daughter now became his nurses. So soon as he recovered, they went to Saint-Pierre, and were married at midnight (1744)." It only remains to add, that if the Sophie whom he had wedded fell much short of this Sophie whom he delineates, the fault was less in her quantities than in his own unstable fancy: as in youth she was "tall, beautiful, pious, and wise," so through a long life she seems to have approved herself a woman of courage, discretion, faithful affection; far too good a wife for such a husband.

"My father was of too jealous a character to let my mother continue a traffic, which obliged her to receive strangers and treat with them: he begged her therefore to give up that business; she was very loth to consent; poverty did not alarm her on her own account, but her mother was old, unlikely to remain with her long, and the fear of not being able to provide for all her wants was afflicting: nevertheless, persuading herself that this sacrifice was for her husband's happiness, she made it. A charwoman looked in daily, to sweep their little lodging, and fetch provisions for the day; my mother managed all the rest. Often when my father dined or supped out, she would dine or sup on bread; and took a great pleasure in the thought that, next day, she could double her little ordinary for him. Coffee was too considerable a luxury for a household of this sort: but she could not think of his wanting it, and every day gave him six sous to go and have his cup, at the Café de la Regence, and see the chess-playing there.

"It was now that he translated the *History of Greece* in three volumes" (by the English Stanyan); "he sold it for a hundred crowns. This sum brought a sort of supply into the house. * * *

"My mother had been brought to bed of a daughter: she was now big a second time. In spite of her precautions, solitary life, and the pains she had taken to pass off her husband as her brother, his family, in the seclusion of their province, learnt that he was living with two women. Directly the birth, the morals, the character of my mother became objects of the blackest calumny. He foresaw that discussions by letter would be endless: he found it simpler to put his wife into the stage-coach, and send her to his parents. She had just been delivered of a son; he announced this event to his father, and the departure of my mother. 'She set out yesterday,' said he; 'she will be with you in three days. You will say to her what shall please you, and send her back when you are tired of her.' Singular as this sort of explanation was, they determined, in any case, on sending my father's sister to receive her. Their first welcome was more than cold: the evening grew less painful to her; but next morning

betimes she went in to her father-in-law; treated him as if he had been her own father; her respect and her caresses charmed the good, sensible old man. Coming down stairs, she began working; refused nothing that could please a family whom she was not afraid of, and wished to be loved by. Her conduct was the only excuse she gave for her husband's choice: her appearance had prepossessed them in her favour; her simplicity, her piety, her talents for household economy secured her their tenderness; they promised her that my father's disinheriement should be revoked. They kept her three months; and sent her back loaded with whatever they could think would be useful or agreeable to her."

All this is beautiful, told with a graceful simplicity; the beautiful, real-ideal prose-idyl of a Literary Life: but, alas, in the music of your prose-idyl there lurks ever an accursed dissonance (or the players make one); where men are, there will be mischief. "This journey," writes Mademoiselle, "cost my mother many tears." What will the reader say when he finds that Monsieur Diderot has, in the interim, taken up with a certain Madame de Puisieux; and welcomes his brave Wife (worthy to have been a true man's) with a heart and bosom henceforth estranged from her! Madame Diderot "made two journeys to Langres, and both were fatal to her peace." This affair of the Puisieux, for whom he despicably enough not only burned, but toiled and made money, kept him busy for some ten years; till at length, finding that she played false, he gave her up; and minor miscellaneous flirtations seem to have succeeded. But, returning from her *second* journey, the much-enduring House-mother finds him in meridian glory with one Voland, the *un*-maiden Daughter of a "Financier's Widow;" to whom we owe this present preternuptial *Correspondence*; to whom indeed he mainly devoted himself for the rest of his life, "parting his time between his study and her;" to his own Wife and household giving little save the trouble of cooking for him, and of painfully, with repressed or irrepressible discontent, keeping up some appearance of terms with him. Alas! alas! and his Puisieux seems to have been a hollow Mercenary (to whose scandalous soul he reckons obscenest of Books fit nutriment); and the Voland an elderly Spinster, with *cœur sensible, cœur honnête, ame tendre et bonne!* And then those old dinings on bread; the six sous spared for his cup of coffee! Foolish Diderot, scarcely pardonable Diderot! A hard saying it is, yet a true one: scoundrelism signifies injustice, and should be left to scoundrels alone. For thy wronged Wife, whom thou hadst sworn far other things to, ever in her afflictions (here so hostily scanned and written of), a true sympathy will awaken; and sorrow that the patient, or even impatient, endurances of such

a woman should be matter of speculation and self-gratulation to such another.

But looking out of doors now, from an indifferently-guided Household, which must have fallen shamefully in pieces, had not a wife been wiser and stronger than her husband,—we find the *Philosophe* making distinct way with the Bibliopolic world; and likely, in the end, to pick up a kind of living there. The *Stan-yan's History of Greece*; the other English-translated, nameless *Medical Dictionary*, are dropped by all editors as worthless; a like fate might, with little damage, have overtaken the *Essai sur le Merite et la Vertu*, rendered or redacted out of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*. In which redaction, with its Notes, of anxious Orthodoxy (and bottomless Falsehood looking through it), we individually have found nothing, save a confirmation of the old twice-repeated experience, That in Shaftesbury's famed Book there lay, if any meaning, a meaning of such long-windedness, circumvolution and lubricity, that, like an eel, it must for ever slip through our fingers, and leave us alone among the gravel. One reason may partly be, that Shaftesbury was not only a Sceptic but an Amateur Sceptic; which sort a darker, more earnest, have long since swallowed and abolished. The meaning of a delicate, perfumed, gentlemanly individual standing there, in that war of Titans (hill meeting hill with all its woods), and putting out hand to it—with a pair of tweezers?

However, our Denis has now emerged from the intermediate Hades of Translatorship into the Heaven of perfected Authorship; empties his common-place book of *Pensées Philosophiques* (it is said in the space of four days); writes his metaphysico-Baconian phantasmagories on the *Interprétation de la Nature* (an endless business to "interpret"); and casts the money-produce of both into the lap of his Scarlet-woman Puisieux. Then forthwith, for the same object, in a shameful fortnight, puts together the beastiest of all past, present, or future dull Novels; a difficult feat, unhappily not an impossible one. If any mortal creature, even a Reviewer, be again compelled to glance into that Book, let him bathe himself in running water, put on change of raiment, and be unclean until the even. As yet the metaphysico-Atheistic *Lettre sur les Sourds et Muets*, and *Lettre sur les Aveugles*, which brings glory and a three months' lodging in the Castle of Vincennes, are at years distance in the back-ground. But already by his gilded tongue, growing repulse, and sanguineous, projecting temper, he has persuaded Booksellers to pay off the Abbé Gua, with his lean Version of *Chambers's Dictionary of Arts*, and convert it into an *Encyclopédie*, with himself and D'Alembert for Editors; and is henceforth (from the year of grace 1751) a duly dis-indentured *Man of Let-*

ters, an indisputable and more and more conspicuous member of that surprising guild.

Literature, ever since its appearance in our European world, especially since it emerged out of Cloisters into the open Market-place, and endeavoured to make itself room, and gain a subsistence there, has offered the strongest phases, and consciously or unconsciously done the strangest work. Wonderful Ark of the Deluge, where so much that is precious, nay priceless to mankind, floats carelessly onwards through the Chaos of distracted Times,—if so be it may one day find an Ararat to rest on, and see the waters abate ! The History of Literature, especially for the last two centuries, is our proper Church History; the other Church, during that time, having more and more decayed from its old functions and influence, and ceased to have a history. And now, to look only at the outside of the matter, think of the Tassos and older or later Racines, struggling to raise their office from its pristine abasement of court-jester; and teach and elevate the World; in conjunction with that other quite heteroclite task of solacing and glorifying some *Pullus Jovis*, in plush cloak and other gilt or golden king-tackle, that they in the interim might live thereby ! Consider the Shakespeares and Molières, plying a like trade, but on a double material; glad of any royal or noble patronage, but eliciting, as their surer stay, some fractional contribution from the thick-skinned, many-pocketed million. Saumaises, now bully-fighting “for a hundred gold Jacobuses,” now closeted with Queen Christinas, who blow the fire with their own queenly mouth, to make a pendant’s breakfast; anon cast forth (being scouted and confuted), and dying of heartbreak, coupled with henpeck. Then the Laws of Copyright, the Quarrels of Authors, the Calamities of Authors; the Heynes dining on boiled peasecods; the Jean Pauls on water; the Johnsons bedded and boarded on fourpence-halfpenny a-day. Lastly, the unutterable confusion worse confounded of our present Periodical existence; when, among other phenomena, a young Fourth Estate (whom all the three elder may try if they can hold) is seen sprawling and staggering tumultuously through the world; as yet but a huge, raw-boned lean calf; fast growing, however, to be a Pharaoh’s lean-cow,—of whom let the fat-kine beware ! All this of the mere exterior, or dwelling-place of Literature, not yet glancing at the internal, at the Doctrines emitted or striven after, will the future Eusebius and Mosheim have to record; and (in some small degree) explain to us what it means. Unfathomable is its meaning: Life, mankind’s Life, ever from its unfathomable fountains, rolls wondrous on, another though the same; in Literature too, the seeing eye will distinguish Apostles of the Gentiles, Proto and Deutero-martyrs; still less will the Simon Magua, or Appe-

lonius with the golden thigh be wanting. But all now is on an infinitely *wider scale*; the elements of it all swim far-scattered, and still only striving towards union;—whereby, indeed, it happens that to the most, under this new figure, they are unrecognisable.

French Literature, in Diderot's time, presents itself in a certain state of culmination, where causes long prepared are rapidly becoming effects; and was doubtless in one of its more notable epochs. Under the Economic aspect, in France, as in England, this was the Age of Booksellers; when, as a Dodsley and Miller could risk capital in an *English Dictionary*, a Lebreton and Brisson could become purveyors and commissariat officers for a French *Encyclopédie*. The world for ever loves Knowledge, and would part its last sixpence in payment thereof: this your Dodsleys and Lebretons well saw; moreover they could act on it, for as yet PUFFERY was not. Alas, offences must come; Puffery from the first was inevitable: woe to them, nevertheless, by whom it did come! Meanwhile, as we said, it slept in Chaos; the Word of man and tradesman was still partially credible to man. Booksellers were therefore a possible, were even a necessary class of mortals, though a strangely anomalous one; had they kept from lying, or lied with any sort of moderation, the anomaly might have lasted still longer. For the present, they managed in Paris as elsewhere: the Timber-headed could perceive that for Thought the world would give money; farther, by mere shopkeeper cunning, that true Thought, as in the end sure to be recognised, and by nature infinitely more durable, was better to deal in than false; farther, by credible tradition of public consent, that such and such had the talent of furnishing true Thought (say rather *truer*, as the more correct word): on this hint the Timber-headed spake and bargained. Nay, let us say he bargained, and worked, for most part, with industrious assiduity, with patience, suitable prudence; nay, sometimes with touches of generosity and magnanimity, beautifully irradiating the circumambient mass of greed and dulness. For the rest, the two high contracting parties roughed it out as they could; so that if Booksellers, in their back parlour Valhalla, drank wine out of the skulls of Authors (as they were fabled to do), Authors, in the front-apartments, from time to time, gave them a Rowland for their Oliver: a Johnson can knock his Osborne on the head, like any other Bull of Bashan; a Diderot commands his corpulent Panckouke to "leave the room and go to the devil!" *allez au diable, sortez de chez moi!*

Under the internal or Doctrinal aspect, again, French Literature, we can see, knew far better what it was about than English. That fable, indeed, first set afloat by some Trevoux Journalist of

that period, and which has floated foolishly enough into every European ear since then, of there being an Association specially organized for the destruction of government, religion, society, civility (not to speak of tithes, rents, life and property), all over the world; which hell-serving Association met at the Baron d'Holbach's, there had its blue-light sederunts, and published Transactions legible to all,—was and remains nothing but a fable. Minute-books, president's hammer, ballot-box, punch-bowl of such Pandemonium have not been produced to the world. The sect of Philosophes existed at Paris, but as other sects do; held together by loosest, informal, unrecognised ties; within which every one, no doubt, followed his own natural objects, of proselytism, of glory, of getting a livelihood. Meanwhile, whether in constituted association or not, French Philosophy resided in the persons of the French Philosophes; and, as a mighty deep-struggling Force, was at work there. Deep-struggling, irrepressible; the subterranean fire which long heaved unequally, and shook all things with an ominous motion, was here, we can say, forming itself a decided spiracle;—which, by and by, as French Revolution, became that volcano-crater, world-famous, world-appalling, world-maddening, as yet very far from closed! Fontenelle said, he wished he could live sixty years longer, and see what that universal infidelity, depravity, and dissolution of all ties would turn to. In three-score years, Fontenelle might have seen strange things; but not the end of the phenomenon, perhaps, in three hundred.

Why France became such a volcano-crater, what specialities there were in the French national character, and political, moral, intellectual condition, by virtue whereof French Philosophy there and not elsewhere, then and not sooner or later, evolved itself,—is an inquiry that has been often put, and cheerfully answered; the true answer of which might lead us far. Still deeper than this *Whence* were the question of *Whither*;—with which, also, we intermeddle not here. Enough for us to understand that there verily a Scene of Universal History is being enacted (a little living TIME-picture in the bosom of ETERNITY); and, with the feeling due in that case, to ask not so much *Why* it is, as *What* it is. Leaving priorities and posteriorities aside, and cause-and-effect to adjust itself elsewhere, conceive so many vivid spirits thrown together into the Europe, into the Paris of that day, and see how they demean themselves, what they work out and attain there.

As the *mystical* enjoyment of an object goes infinitely farther than the *intellectual*, and we can look at a picture with delight and profit after all that we can be taught about it is grown poor and wearisome; so here, and by far stronger reason, these light letters of Diderot to the Voland, again unveiling and showing

Parisian Life, are worth more to us than many a heavy tome laboriously struggling to explain it. True, we have seen the picture (that same Parisian life-picture) ten times already; but can look at it an eleventh time; nay this, as we said, is not a canvas-picture, but a life-picture, of whose significance there is no end for us. Grudge not the elderly Spinster^{her} existence, then; say not she has lived in vain. For what of History there is, in this preternuptial Correspondence, should we not endeavour to forgive and forget all else, the *sensibilité* itself? The curtain which had fallen for almost a century is again drawn up; the scene is alive and busy. Figures grown historical are here seen face to face, and again live before us.

A strange theatre that of French Philosophism; a strange dramatic corps! Such another corps for brilliancy and levity, for gifts and vices, and all manner of sparkling inconsistencies, as the world is not like to see again. There is Patriarch Voltaire, of all Frenchmen the most French; he whom the French had, as it were, long waited for, "to produce at once, in a single life, all that French genius most prized and most excelled in;" of him and his wondrous ways, as of one known, we need say little. Instant enough to "crush the Abomination" (*écraser l'Infame*), he has prosecuted his Jesuit-hunt over many lands and many centuries, in many ways, with an alacrity that has made him dangerous, and endangered him: he now sits at Ferney, withdrawn from the active toils of the chase; cheers on his hunting-dogs mostly from afar: Diderot, a beagle of the first vehemence, he has rather to restrain. That all extant and possible Theology he abolished, will not content the fell Denis, as surely it might have done; the Patriarch must address him a friendly admonition on his Atheism, and make him eat it again.

D'Alembert, too, we may consider as one known; of all the Philosophe fraternity, he who in speech and conduct agrees best with our English notions; an independent, patient, prudent man; of great faculty, especially of great clearness and method; famous in Mathematics; no less so, to the wonder of some, in the intellectual provinces of Literature. A foolish wonder; as if the Thinker could think only on one thing, and not on *anything* he had a call towards. D'Alembert's *Mélanges*, as the impress of a genuine spirit, in peculiar position and probation, have still instruction for us, both of head and heart. The man lives retired here, in questionable seclusion with his *Espinasse*; incurs the suspicion of apostacy, because in the *Encyclopédie* he saw no Evangile and celestial Revelation, but only a huge Folio Dictionary; and would not venture life and limb on it, without a "consideration." Sad was it to Diderot to see his fellow-voyager make for port, and disregard signals, when the

sea-krakens rose round him! They did not quarrel; were always friendly when they met, but latterly met only at the rate of "once in the two years." D'Alembert died when Diderot was on his death-bed: "My friend," said the latter to the news-bringer, "a great light is gone out."

Hovering in the distance, with woe-struck, minatory air, stern-beckoning, comes Rousseau. Poor Jean Jacques! Alternately deified; and cast to the dogs; a deep-minded, high-minded, even noble, yet wofully misarranged mortal, with all misformations of Nature intensified to the verge of madness by unfavourable Fortune. A lonely man; his life a long soliloquy! The wandering Tiresias of the time;—in whom, however, did lie prophetic meaning, such as none of the others offer. Whereby indeed it might partly be that the world went to such extremes about him; that, long after his departure, we have seen one whole nation worship him, and a Burke, in the name of another, class him with the offscourings of the earth. His true character, with its lofty aspirings and poor performings; and how the spirit of the man worked so wildly, like celestial fire in a thick dark element of chaos, and shot forth ethereal radiance, all-piercing lightning, yet could not illuminate, was quenched and did not conquer: this, with what lies in it, may now be pretty accurately appreciated. Let his history teach all whom it concerns, to "*harden* themselves against the ills which Mother Nature will try them with;" to seek within their own soul what the world must for ever deny them; and say composedly to the Prince of the Power of this lower Earth and Air: Go thou thy way; I go mine!

Rousseau and Diderot were early friends: who has forgotten how Jean Jacques walked to the Castle of Vincennes, where Denis (for heretical Metaphysics, and irreverence to the Strumpetocracy) languishes in durance; and devised his first Literary Paradox on the road thither? Their Quarrel, which, as a fashionable hero of the time complains, occupied all Paris, is likewise famous enough. The reader recollects that heroic epistle of Diderot to Grimm on that occasion, and the sentence: "Oh, my friend, let us continue virtuous, for the state of those who have ceased to be so makes me shudder." * But is the reader aware what the fault of him "who had ceased to be so" was? A series of ravelments and squabbling grudges, "which," says Mademoiselle with much simplicity, "the Devil himself could not understand." Alas, the Devil well understood it, and Tyrant Grimm too did, who had the ear of Diderot, and poured into it his own unjust, almost abominable spleen. Clean paper need not be soiled with a foul story, where the main actor is only "Tyran le Blanc;" enough to know that the "continually virtuous" Tyrant found Diderot "ex-

tremely impressionable;" so poor Jean Jacques must go his ways (with both the scath and the scorn), and among his many woes bear this also. Diderot is not blameable; pitiable rather; for who would be a pipe, which not Fortune only, but any Sycophant may play tunes on?

Of this same Tyrant Grimm, desiring to speak peaceably, we shall say little. The man himself is less remarkable than his fortune. Changed times indeed, since the thread-bare German Bursch quitted Ratisbon, with the sound of cat-calls in his ears, the condemned "Tragedy, Banise," in his pocket; and fled southward, on a thin travelling-tutorship;—since Rousseau met you, Herr Grimm, "a young man described as seeking a situation, and whose appearance indicated the pressing necessity he was in of soon finding one!" Of a truth, you have flourished since then, Herr Grimm: his introductions of you to Diderot, to Holbach, to the black-locked D'Epinay, where not only you are wormed in, but he is wormed out, have turned to somewhat; the Thread-bare has become well-napped, and got ruffles and jewel-rings, and walks abroad in sword and bag-wig, and lackers his brass countenance with rouge, and so (as *Tyran le Blanc*) recommends himself to the fair; and writes Parisian Philosophe-gossip to the Hyperborean Kings, and his "Grimm's Leaves," copied "to the number of twenty," are bread of life to many; and cringes here, and domineers there; and lives at his ease in the Creation, in an effective *tendresse* with the D'Epinay, husband or custom of the country not objecting!—Poor Börne, the new German flying Sansculotte, feels his mouth water, at Paris, over these flesh-pots of Grimm; reflecting with what heart he too could write "Leaves," and be fed thereby. Börne, my friend, those days are done! While Northern Courts were a "Lunar Versailles," it was well to have an Uriel stationed in their Sun there; but of all spots in this Universe (hardly excepting Tophet) Paris now is the one we at court could best *dispense* with news from: never more, in these centuries, will a Grimm be missioned thither; never a "Leaf of Börne" be blown court-wards by any wind. As for the Grimm, we can see that he was a man made to rise in the world: a fair, even handsome outfit of talent, wholly marketable; skill in music, and the like, encyclopedical readiness in all ephemera; saloon-wit, a trenchant, unhesitating head; above all, a heart ever in the right place,—in the market-place, namely, and marked "for sale to the highest bidder." Really a methodical, adroit, managing man. By "hero-worship," and the cunning appliance of alternate sweet and sullen, he has brought Diderot to be his patient milch-cow, whom he can milk an Essay from, a Volume from, when he lists. Victorious Grimm! He even

escaped those same "horrors of the French Revolution" (with loss of his ruffles); and was seen at the Court of Gotha, sleek and well to live, within the memory of man.

The world has heard of M. le Chevalier de Saint-Lambert; considerable in Literature, in Love and War. He is here again, singing the frostiest Pastorals; happily, however, only in the distance, and the jingle of his wires soon dies away: Of another Chevalier, worthy Jadcourt, be the name mentioned, and little more: he digs unweariedly, mole-wise, in the Encyclopedic field, catching what he can, and shuns the light. Then there is Helvetius, the well-fed Farmer-general, enlivening his sybaritic life with metaphysic paradoxes. His revelations, *De l'Homme* and *De l'Esprit* breathe the freest Philosophe-spirit, with Philanthropy and Sensibility enough: the greater is our astonishment to find him here so ardent a Preserver of the Game:

"This Madame de Nocé," writes Diderot, treating of the Bourbonne Hot-springs, "is a neighbour of Helvetius. She told us, the Philosopher was the unhappiest man in the world on his estates. He is surrounded there by neighbours and peasants who detest him. They break the windows of his mansion, plunder his grounds by night, cut his trees, throw down his walls, tear up his spiked paling. He dare not go to shoot a hare, without a train of people to guard him. You will ask me, how it has come to pass? By a boundless zeal for his game. M. Fagon, his predecessor, used to guard the grounds with two keepers and two guns. Helvetius has twenty-four, and cannot do it. These men have a small premium for every poacher they can catch; and there is no sort of mischief they will not cause to get more and more of these. Besides, they are themselves so many hired poachers. Again, the border of his woods was inhabited by a set of poor people, who had got huts there; he has caused all the huts to be swept away. It is these, and such acts of repeated tyranny, that have raised him enemies of all kinds; and the more insolent, says Madame de Nocé, as they have discovered that the worthy Philosopher is a coward. I would not have his fine estate of Vore as a present, had I to live there in these perpetual alarms. What profits he draws from that mode of management I know not: but he is alone there; he is hated,—he is in fear. Ah! how much wiser was our lady Geoffrin, when speaking of a lawsuit that tormented her, she said to me, 'Get done with my lawsuit; they want money? I have it. Give them money. What better use can I make of my money than to buy peace with it?' In Helvetius's place, I would have said, 'They kill me a few hares and rabbits, let them be doing. These poor creatures have no shelter but my forest, let them stay there.' I should have reasoned like M. Fagon, and been adored like him."

Alas! are not Helvetius's preserves, at this hour, all broken up, and long desecrated? Neither can the others, in what latitude and longitude power, remain eternally impregnable. But if a Rome was once saved by geese, need we wonder that an England

is lost by partridges? We are sons of Eve, who bartered Paradise for an apple.

But to return to Paris and its Philosophe Church-militant. Here is a Marmontel, an active subaltern thereof, who fights in a small way, through the *Mercur*; and, in rose-pink romance-pictures, strives to celebrate the "moral sublime." An Abbé Morellet, busy with the Corn Laws, walks in at intervals, stooping, shrunk together, "as if to get nearer himself" (*pour être plus près de lui-même*). The rogue Galiani alternates between Naples and Paris; Galiani, by good luck, has "for ever settled the question of the Corn Laws;" an idle fellow otherwise; a spiritual Lazzarone; full of frolics, wanton quips, anti-jesuit *gesta*, and wild Italian humour; the sight of his swart, sharp face is the signal for Laughter,—in which, indeed, the Man himself has unhappily evaporated, leaving no result behind him.

Of the Baron d'Holbach thus much may be said, that both at Paris and at Grandval he gives good dinners. His two or three score volumes of Atheistic Philosophism, which he published (at his own expense), may now be forgotten, and even forgiven. A purse open and deep, a heart kindly-disposed, quiet, sociable, or even friendly; these, with excellent wines, gain him him a literary elevation, which no thinking faculty he had could have pretended to. An easy, laconic gentleman; of grave politeness; apt to lose temper at play; yet, on the whole, good-humoured, eupeptic and eupractic: there may he live and let live.

Nor is heaven's last gift to man wanting here; the natural sovereignty of women. Your Châtelets, Epinays, Espinasses, Geoffrins, Deffands, will play their part too; there shall, in all senses, be not only Philosophers, but Philosophesses. Strange enough is the figure these women make: good souls, it was a strange world for them. What, with metaphysics and flirtation, system of nature, fashion of dress-caps, vanity, curiosity, jealousy, atheism, rheumatism, *traités*, *bouts-rimés*, noble-sentiments and rouge-pots,—the vehement female intellect sees itself sailing on a chaos, where a wiser might have wavered, if not foundered. For the rest, (as an accurate observer has remarked,) they become a sort of Lady-Presidents in that society; attain great influence; and, imparting as well as receiving, communicate to all that is done or said somewhat of their own peculiar tone.

In a world so wide and multifarious, this little band of Philosophes, acting and speaking as they did, had a most various reception to expect; votes divided to the uttermost. The mass of mankind, busy enough with their own work, of course needed them only when forced to do it; these, meanwhile, form the great

neutral element, in which the battle has to fight itself; the two hosts, according to their several success, to recruit themselves. Of the Higher Classes, it appears, the small proportion not wholly occupied in eating and dressing, and therefore open to such a question, are in their favour,—strange as to us it may seem; the spectacle of a Church pulled down is, in stagnant times, amusing; nor do the generality, on either side, yet see whither ulteriorly it is tending. The Reading World, which was then more than now the intelligent, inquiring world, reads eagerly (as it will ever do) whatsoever skilful, sprightly, reasonable-looking word is written for it; enjoying, appropriating the same; perhaps without fixed judgment, or deep care of any kind. Careful enough, fixed enough, on the other hand, is the Jesuit Brotherhood; in these days sick unto death; but only the bitterer and angrier for that. Dangerous are the death-convulsions of an expiring Sorbonne, ever and anon filling Paris with agitation: it behoves your Philosophe to walk warily, and, in many a critical circumstance, to weep with the one cheek, and smile with the other. Nor is Literature itself wholly Philosophe: apart from the Jesuit regulars, in their *Trevoux Journals*, *Sermons*, *Episcopal Charges*, and other camps or case-mates, a considerable Guerrilla, or Reviewer force (consisting, as usual, of smugglers, unemployed destitute persons, deserters who have been refused promotion, and other the like broken characters) has organized itself, and maintains a harassing bush-warfare: of these the chieftain is Fréron, once in tolerable repute with the world, had he not, carrying too high a head, struck his foot on stones, and stumbled. By the continual depreciating of talent grown at length undeniable, he has sunk low enough: Voltaire, in the *Écossaise*, can bring him on the stage, and have him killed by laughter, under the name, sufficiently recognisable, of *Wasp*, (in French, *Frèlon*). Another Empecenador, still more hateful, is Palissot, who has written and got acted a Comedy of *Les Philosophes*, at which the Parisians, spite of its dulness, have also laughed. To laugh at us, the so meritorious us! Heard mankind ever the like? For poor Palissot, had he fallen into Philosophe hands, serious bodily tar-and-feathering might have been apprehended: as it was, they do what the pen, with its gall and copperas, can; invoke Heaven and Earth to witness the treatment of divine Philosophy;—with which view, in particular, friend Diderot seems to have composed his *Rameau's Nephew*, wherein Palissot and others of his kidney are (figuratively speaking) mauled and mangled, and left not in dog's likeness. So divided was the world, Literary, Courtly, Miscellaneous, on this matter: it was a confused anomalous time.

Among its more notable anomalies may be reckoned the rela-



tions of French Philosophism to foreign Crowned Heads. In Prussia there is a Philosophe King; in Russia a Philosophe Empress: the whole North swarms with kinglets and queenlets of the like temper. Nay, as we have seen, they entertain their special ambassador in Philosophedom, their lion's-provider to furnish spiritual Philosophe-provender; and pay him well. The great Frederick, the great Catherine are as nursing-father and nursing-mother to this new Church of Antichrist; in all straits, ready with money, honourable royal asylum, help of every sort, —which, however, except in the money-shape, the wiser of our Philosophes are shy of receiving. Voltaire had tried it in the asylum-shape, and found it unsuitable; D'Alembert and Diderot decline repeating the experiment. What miracles are wrought by the arch-magician Time! Could these Fredericks, Catherines, Josephs, have looked forward some three-score years; and beheld the Holy Alliance in conference at Laybach! But so goes the world: kings are not seraphic doctors, with gift of prescience, but only men, with common eyesight, participating in the influences of their generation; kings too, like all mortals, have a certain love of knowledge; still more infallibly, a certain desire of applause; a certain delight in mortifying one another. Thus what is persecuted here finds refuge there; and ever, one way or other, the New works itself out full-formed from under the Old; nay the Old, as in this instance, sits sedulously hatching a cockatrice that will one day devour it.

No less anomalous, confused and contradictory is the relation of the Philosophes to their own Government. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, their relation to Society being still so undecided; and the Government, which might have endeavoured to adjust and preside over this, being itself in a state of anomaly, death-lethargy, and doting decrepitude? The true conduct and position for a French Sovereign towards French Literature, in that century, might have been, though perhaps of all things the most important, one of the most difficult to discover and accomplish. What chance was there that a thick-blooded Louis Quinze, from his *Parc aux Cerfs*, should discover it, should have the faintest inkling of it? His "peaceable soul" was quite otherwise employed: Minister after Minister must consult his own several insight, his own whim, above all his own ease; and so the whole business, now when we look on it, comes out one of the most botched, piebald, inconsistent, lamentable and even ludicrous objects in the history of State-craft. Alas, necessity has no law: the statesman, without light, perhaps even without eyes, whom Destiny nevertheless constrains to govern (what is still called governing) his nation, in a time of World-Downfall, what shall he do, but if so may be,

collect the taxes, prevent (in some degree) murder and arson; and for the rest, wriggle hither and thither, return upon his steps, clout up old rents and open new,—and, on the whole, eat his victuals, and let the devil take it? Of the pass to which Statesmanship had come in respect of Philosophism, let this one fact be evidence instead of a thousand. M. de Malesherbes writes to warn Diderot that next day he will give orders to have all his papers seized.—Impossible! answers Diderot; *juste ciel!* how shall I sort them, where shall I hide them, within four-and-twenty hours?—*Send them to me*, answers M. de Malesherbes! Thither accordingly they go, under lock and seal; and the hungry catch-poles find nothing but empty drawers.

The *Encyclopédie* was set forth first “with approbation” and *Privilege du Roi*; next, it was stopped by Authority; next, the public murmuring, suffered to proceed; then again, positively for the last time, stopped,—and, no whit the less, printed, and written, and circulated, under thin disguises, some hundred and fifty printers working at it with open doors, all Paris knowing of it, only Authority winking hard. Choiseul, in his resolute way, had now shut the eyes of Authority, and kept them shut. Finally, to crown the whole matter, a copy of the prohibited Book lies in the King’s private library; and owes favour, and a withdrawal of the prohibition, to the foolishhest accident:

“One of Louis Fifteenth’s domestics told me,” says Voltaire, “that once, the king his master supping, in private circle (*en petite compagnie*), at Trianon, the conversation turned first on the chace, and from this on gunpowder. Some one said that the best powder was made of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, in equal parts. The Duc de la Vallière, with better knowledge, maintained that for good powder there must be but one part of sulphur, one of charcoal, with five of saltpetre, well filtered, well evaporated, well crystallized.

“‘It is pleasant,’ said the Duc de Nivernois, ‘that we who daily amuse ourselves with killing partridges in the Park of Versailles, and sometimes with killing men, or getting ourselves killed, on the frontiers, should not know what that same work of killing is done with.’

“‘Alas! we are in the like case with all things in this world,’ answered Madame de Pompadour; ‘I know not what the rouge I put upon my cheeks is made of; you would bring me to a nonplus if you asked how the silk hose I wear are manufactured.’ ‘Tis a pity,’ said the Duc de la Vallière, ‘that his majesty confiscated our *Dictionnaires Encyclopédiques*, which cost us our hundred pistoles; we should soon find the decision of all our questions there.’ The King justified the act of confiscation; he had been informed that these twenty-one folio volumes, to be found lying on all ladies’ toilettes, were the most pernicious things in the world for the kingdom of France; he had resolved to look for himself if this were true, before suffering the book to circulate. To-

wards the end of the repast, he sends three of his valets to bring him a copy; they enter, struggling under seven volumes each. The article *powder* is turned up; the Duc de la Vallière is found to be right; and soon Madame de Pompadour learns the difference between the old *rouge d'Espagne* with which the ladies of Madrid coloured their cheeks, and the *rouge des dames* of Paris. She finds that the Greek and Roman ladies painted with a purple extracted from the *murex*, and that consequently our scarlet is the purple of the ancients; that there is more purple in the *rouge d'Espagne*, and more cochineal in that of France. She learns how stockings are woven; the stocking-frame described there fills her with amazement. 'Ah, what a glorious book!' cried she. 'Sire, did you confiscate this magazine of all useful things, that you might have it wholly to yourself, then, and be the one learned man in your kingdom?' Each threw himself on the volumes, like the daughters of Lycomedes on the jewels of Ulysses; each found forthwith whatever he was seeking. Some who had lawsuits were surprised to see the decision of them there. The King reads there all the rights of his crown. 'Well, in truth' (*mais vraiment*), said he, 'I know not why they said so much ill of the book.' 'Ah, Sire,' said the Duc de Nivernois, 'does not your majesty see,' &c. &c."

In such a confused world, under such unheard of circumstances, must friend Diderot ply his editorial labours. No sinecure is it! Penetrating into all subjects and sciences; waiting and rummaging in all libraries, laboratories; nay, for many years, fearlessly diving into all manner of workshops, unscrewing stocking looms, and even working thereon (that the department of *Arts and Trades* might be perfect); then seeking out contributors, and flattering them, quickening their laziness, getting payment for them; quarrelling with Bookseller and Printer; bearing all miscalculations, misfortunes, misdoings of so many fallible men (for there all at last lands) on his single back: surely this was enough, without having farther to do battle with the beagles of Office, perilously withstand them, expensively sop them, toilsomely elude them! Nevertheless, he perseveres, and will not but persevere;—less, perhaps, with the deliberate courage of a Man, who has compared result and outlay, than with the passionate obstinacy of a Woman who, having made up her mind, will shrink at no ladder of ropes, but ride with her lover, though all the four Elements gainsay it. At every new concussion from the Powers, he roars; say rather, shrieks, for there is a female shrillness in it; proclaiming, Murder! Robbery! Rape! invoking men and angels; meanwhile proceeds unweariedly with the printing. It is a hostile building up (not of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, but of the Unholy one, at Paris): thus must Diderot, like Ezra, come to strange extremities; and every workman works

with his trowel in one hand, in the other his weapon of war; that so, in spite of all Tiglaths, the work go on, and the topstone of it be brought out with shouting.

Shouting! Ah! what faint broken quaver is that in the shout; as of a man that shouted with the throat only, and inwardly was bowed down with dispiritment! It is Diderot's faint broken quaver; he is sick and heavy of soul. Scandalous enough: the Goth, Lebreton, loving, as he says, his head better even than his profit, has for years gone privily at dead of night, to the finished Encyclopedic proof-sheets, and there, with nefarious pen, scratched out whatever to *him* seemed dangerous; filling up the gap as *he* could, or merely letting it fill itself up! Heaven and Earth! Not only are the finer Philosophe sallies mostly cut out, —but hereby has the work become a sunken, hitching, ungainly mass, little better than a monstrosity. Goth! Hun! sacrilegious Attila of the book-trade! Oh, surely for this treason the hottest of Dante's Purgatory were too temperate. Infamous art thou, Lebreton, to all ages,—that read the *Encyclopédie*; and Philosophes not yet in swaddling-clothes shall gnash their teeth over thee, and spit upon thy memory.—Lebreton pockets both the abuse and the cash, and sleeps sound in a whole skin. The able Editor could never be said to get the better of it.

Now, however, it is time that, quitting generalities, we go in this fine autumn weather, to Holbach's at Grandval, where the hardworked, but unwearied Encyclopedist, with plenty of ink and writing paper, is sure to be. Ever in the Holbach household, his arrival is a holiday; if a quarrel spring up, it is only because he will not come, or too soon goes away. A man of social talent, with such a tongue as Diderot's, in a mansion where the only want to be guarded against was that of wit, could not be other than welcome. He composes Articles there, and walks, and dines, and plays cards, and talks; languishingly waits letters from his Voland, copiously writes to her. It is in these copious love-despatches that the whole matter is so graphically painted: we have an Asmodeus' view of the interior life there, and live it over again with him. The Baroness in red silk, tempered with snow-white gauze, is beauty and grace itself; her old Mother is a perfect romp of fifteen, or younger; the house is lively with company: the Baron, as we said, speaks little, but to the purpose; is seen sometimes with his pipe, in dressing gown and red slippers; otherwise the best of landlords. Remarkable figures drop in: generals disabled at Quebec; fashionable gentlemen rusticated in the neighbourhood; Abbés, such as Galiani, Raynal, Morellet; perhaps Grimm and his Epinay; other Philosophes and Philosophesses. Guests too of less dignity, acting rather as butts

than as bowmen; for it is the part of every one either to have wit, or to be the cause of having it.

Among these latter, omitting many, there is one, whom, for country's sake, we must particularize; an ancient personage, named Hoop (Hope), whom they call *Père Hoop*; by birth a Scotchman. Hoop seems to be a sort of fixture at Grandval, not bowman, therefore butt; and is shot at for his lodging. A most shrivelled, wind-dried, dyspeptic, chill-shivering individual; Professor of Life-weariness; sits dozing there,—dozes there, however, with one eye open. He submits to be called *Mummy*, without a shrug; cowers over the fire, at the warmest corner. Yet is there a certain sardonic subacidity in *Père Hoop*; when he slowly unlocks his leathern jaw, we hear him with a sort of pleasure. Hoop has been in various countries and situations; in that croaking metallic voice of his, can tell a distinct story. Diderot apprehended he would one day hang himself: if so, what Museum now holds his remains? The Parent Hoops, it would seem, still dwelt in the city of Edinburgh; he, the second son, as Bourdeaux Merchant, having helped them thither, out of some proud Manor-house no longer weather-tight. Can any ancient person of that city give us trace of such a man? It must be inquired into. One only of Father Hoop's reminiscences we shall report, as the highest instance on record of a national virtue: At the battle of Prestonpans, a kinsman of Hoop, a gentleman with gold rings on his fingers, stands fighting and fencing for life with a rough Highlander; the Highlander, by some clever stroke, whisks the jewelled hand clear off, and then—picks it up from the ground, sticks it in his sporran for future leisure, and fights on! The force of *Vertue** could no further go.

It cannot be uninteresting to the general reader to learn, that in the last days of October, in the year of grace 1770, Denis Diderot over-ate himself (as he was in the habit of doing), at Grandval; and had an obstinate "indigestion of bread." He writes to Grimm that it is the worst of all indigestions: to his fair Voland that it lay more than fifteen hours on his stomach, with a weight like to crush the life out of him; would neither *remonter* nor *descendre*; nor indeed stir a hairsbreadth for warm water, *de quelque côté que je la* (the warm water) *prisse*.

*Clysterium donare,
Ensuita purgare!*

Such things, we grieve to say, are of frequent occurrence: the Holbachian table is all too plenteous; there are cooks too, we

* *Vertus* (properly *moralities*, the chief duty of man) meant, in old Rome, *power of fighting*; means, in modern Rome, *Commissionership*; in Scotland, *Thrift*.—Ed.

know, who boast of their diabolic ability to cause the patient, by successive intensations of their art, to eat with new and ever new appetite, till he explode on the spot. Diderot writes to his fair one, that his clothes will hardly button, that he is thus "stuffed," and thus; and so indigestion succeeds indigestion. Such Narratives fill the heart of sensibility with amazement; nor to the woes that chequer this imperfect, caco-gastric state of existence, is the tear wanting.

The society at Grandval cannot be accounted very dull: nevertheless let no man regretfully compare it with any neighbourhood he may have drawn by lot, in the present day; or even with any no-neighbourhood, if that be his affliction. The gaiety at Grandval was of the kind that could not last. Were it not that some Belief is left in Mankind, how could the sport of emitting Unbelief continue? On which ground, indeed, Swift, in his masterly argument "Against abolishing the Christian Religion," urges, not without pathos, that innumerable men of wit, enjoying a comfortable status by virtue of jokes on the Catechism, would hereby be left without pabulum, the staff of life cut away from their hand. The Holbachs were blind to this consideration; and joked away, as if it would last for ever. So too with regard to Obscene Talk: where were the merit of a riotous Mother-in-law, saying and doing, in public, these never-imagined scandals, had not a cunningly-devised fable of Modesty been set afloat; were there not some remnants of Modesty still extant among the unphilosophic classes? The Samosoids (according to Travellers) have few double meanings; among stall cattle the witty effect of such is lost altogether. Be advised, then, foolish old woman! 'Burn not thy bed'; the light of it will soon go out, and then?—Apart from the common household topics, which the 'daily household epochs' bring with them everywhere, two main elements, we regret to say, come to light in the conversation at Grandval; these, with a spicing of Noble-sentiment, are, unfortunately, Blasphemy and Bawdry. Whereby at this distance, the whole matter grows to look poor, and effete; and we can honestly rejoice that it all *has* been, and need not be again.

But now, hastening back to Paris, friend Diderot finds proof-sheets enough on his desk, and notes, and invitations, and applications from distressed men of letters; nevertheless runs over, in the first place, to seek news from the Voland; will then see what is to be done. He writes much; talks and visits much: besides the Savans, Artists, spiritual Notabilities, domestic or migratory, of the period, he has a liberal allowance of unnotable Associates; especially a whole bevy of young or oldish, mostly rather spiteful Women; in whose gossip he is perfect. We hear the rustling of their silks, the clack of their pretty tongues, tittle-

tattle 'like their pattens when they walk;' and the sound of it, fresh as yesterday, through this long vista of Time, has become significant, almost prophetic. Life could not hang heavy on Diderot's hands: he is a vivid, open, all-embracing creature; could have found occupation anywhere; has occupation here forced on him, enough and to spare. "He had much to do, and did much of his own," says Mademoiselle; "yet three-fourths of his life were employed in helping whosoever had need of his purse, of his talents, of his management: his study, for the five and twenty years I knew it, was like a well-frequented shop, where, as one customer went, another came." He could not find in his heart to refuse any one. He has reconciled Brothers, sought out Tutorages, settled Lawsuits; solicited Pensions; advised, and refreshed hungry Authors, instructed ignorant ones: he has written advertisements for incipient helpless Grocers; he once wrote the dedication (to a pious Duc d'Orleans) of a lampoon against himself,—and so raised some five and twenty gold louis, for the famishing lampooner. For all these things, let not the light Diderot want his reward with us! Other reward, except from himself, he got none; but often the reverse; as in his little Drama, *La Pièce et le Prologue*, may be seen humorously and good-humoredly set forth under his own hand. Indeed, his clients, by a vast majority, were of the scoundrel species; in any case, Denis knew well, that to expect gratitude, is to deserve ingratitude.—"Rivière well contented" (hear Mademoiselle) "now thanks my father, both for his services and his advices; sits chatting another quarter of an hour, and then takes leave; my father shows him down. As they are on the stairs, Rivière stops, turns round, and asks: 'M. Diderot, are you acquainted with Natural History?'—'Why a little, I know an aloe from a sago; a pigeon from a colibri.'—'Do you know the history of the *Formicaleo*?'—'No'—'It is a little insect of great industry: it digs a hole in the ground like a reversed funnel; covers the top with fine light sand; entices foolish insects to it; takes them, sucks them, then says to them: M. Diderot, I have the honour to wish you good day.' My father stood laughing like to split at this adventure."

Thus, amid labour and recreation; questionable Literature, unquestionable Loves; eating and digesting (better or worse); in gladness and vexation of spirit, in laughter ending in sighs, does Diderot pass his days. He has been hard toiled, but then well flattered, and is nothing of a hypochondriac. What little service renown can do him, may now be considered as done: he is in the centre of the literature, science, art, of his nation; not numbered among the Academical Forty, yet in his heterodox heart, entitled to be almost proud of the exclusion; successful

in Criticism, successful in Philosophism, nay (highest of sublunary glories), successful in the Theatre; vanity may whisper, if she please, that, excepting the unattainable Voltaire alone, he is the first of Frenchmen. High heads are in correspondence with him the low-born; from Catherine the Empress to Philidor the Chess-player, he is in honoured relation with all manner of men; with scientific Buffons, Eulers, L'Alemberts; with artistic Falconnets, Vanloos, Riccobonis, Garricks. He was ambitious of being a Philosophe; and now the whole fast-growing sect of Philosophes look up to him as their head and mystagogue. To Denis Diderot, when he stepped out of the Langres Diligence at the College d'Harcourt; or afterwards, when he walked in the subterranean shades of Rascaldom, with uneasy steps over the burning marle, a much smaller destiny would have seemed desirable. Within doors, again, matters stand rather disjointed, as surely they might well do: however, Madame Diderot is always true and assiduous; if one Daughter talk enthusiastically, and at length (though her father has written the *Religieuse*) die mad in a convent, the other, a quick, intelligent, graceful girl, is waxing into womanhood, and takes after the father's Philosophism, leaving the mother's Piety far enough aside. To which elements of mixed good and evil from without, add this so incalculably favourable one from within, that of all literary men Diderot is the least a self-listener; none of your puzzling, repenting, forecasting, earnest-bilious temperaments, but sanguineous-lymphatic every fibre of him, living lightly from hand to mouth, in a world mostly painted rose-colour.

The *Encyclopédie*, after nigh thirty years of endeavour (to which only the Siege of Troy may offer some faint parallel), is finished. Scattered Compositions of all sorts, printed or manuscript, making many Volumes, lie also finished; the Philosophe has reaped no golden harvest from them. He is getting old; can live out of debt, but is still poor. Thinking to settle his daughter in marriage, he must resolve to sell his Library; money is not otherwise to be raised. Here, however, the Northern Cleopatra steps imperially forward; purchases his Library for its full value; gives him a handsome pension, as librarian to keep it for her; and pays him moreover fifty years thereof by advance in ready money. This we call imperial (in a world so necessitous as ours), though the whole munificence did not (we find) cost above three thousand pounds; a trifle to the Empress of all the Russias. In fact, it is about the sum your first-rate king eats, at board-wages, in one day; who, however, has seldom sufficient; not to speak of charitable overplus. In admiration of his Empress, the vivid Philosophe is now louder than ever; he even breaks forth into (rather husky) singing. Who shall blame him?

The Northern Cleopatra (whom, in any case, he must regard with other eyes than we) has stretched out a generous, helping hand to him, where otherwise there was no help, but only hindrance and injury: all men will, and should, more or less, obey the proverb, to praise the fair as their own market goes in it.

One of the last great scenes in Diderot's Life, is his personal visit to this Benefactress. There is but one Letter from him with Petersburg for date, and that of ominous brevity. The Philosophe was of open, unheedful, free-and-easy disposition; Prince and Polisson were singularly alike to him; it was "hail fellow well met," with every Son of Adam, be his clothes of one stuff or the other. Such a man could be no court-sycophant, was ill calculated to succeed at court. We can imagine that the Neva-colic, and the character of the Neva-water, was not the only thing hurtful to his nerves there. For King Denis, who had dictated such wonderful anti-regalities in the Abbé Raynal's *History*;* and himself, in a moment of sibylism, emitted that surprising announcement (surpassing all yet uttered, or utterable, in the Tyrtæan way) how

*Ses mains (the freeman's) ourderaient les entrailles du prêtre,
Au défaut d'un cordon, pour étrangler les rois ;*

for such a one, the climate of the Neva must have had something oppressive in it. The *entrailles du prêtre* were, indeed, much at his service here (could he get clutch of them); but only for musical philosophe fiddle-strings; nowise for a *cordon*! Nevertheless, Cleopatra is an uncommon woman (or rather an uncommon man), and can put up with many things; and, in a gentle, skilful way, make the crooked straight. As her Philosophe presents himself in common apparel, she sends him a splendid court-suit; and as he can now enter in a civilized manner, she sees him often, confers with him largely: by happy accident, Grimm

* "But who dare stand for this?" would Diderot exclaim. "I will! I!" eagerly responded the Abbé. "Do but proceed." (*A la Mémoire de Diderot*, by De Meister). — Was the following one of the passages?

"Happily these perverse instructors (of Kings) are chastised, sooner or later, by the ingratitude and contempt of their pupils. Happily, these pupils too, miserable in the bosom of grandeur, are tormented all their life by a deep ennui, which they cannot banish from their palaces. Happily, the religious prejudices, which have been planted in their souls, return on them to affright them. Happily, the mournful silence of their people teaches them, from time to time, the deep hatred that is borne them. Happily, they are too cowardly to despise that hatred. Happily (*heureusement*), after a life which no mortal, not even the meanest of their subjects, would accept, if he knew all its wretchedness, they find black inquietude, terror and despair, seated on the pillow of their death-bed (*les noires inquiétudes, la terreur et le désespoir assis au chevet de leur lit de mort*)."—Surely, "Kings have poor times of it, to be run foul of by the like of these!"

too at length arrives; and the winter passes without accident. Returning home in triumph, he can express himself contented, charmed with his reception; has mineral specimens, and all manner of hyperborean memorials for friends; unheard-of things to tell; how he crossed the bottomless, half-thawed Dwina, with the water boiling up round his wheels, the ice bending like leather, yet crackling like mere ice,—and shuddered, and got through safe; how he was carried, coach and all, into the ferry-boat at Mittau, on thirty wild men's backs, who floundered in the mud, and nigh broke his shoulder-blade; how he investigated Holland, and had conversed with Empresses, and High Mightinesses, and principalities and powers, and so seen, and conquered (for his own spiritual behoof) several of the Seven Wonders.

But, alas! his health is broken; old age is knocking at the gate, like an importunate creditor, who has warrant for entering. The radiant, lightly-bounding soul is now getting all dim, and stiff, and heavy with sleep: Diderot too must adjust himself, for the hour draws nigh. These last years he passes retired and private, not idle or miserable. Philosophy or Philosophism has nowise lost its charm; whatsoever so much as calls itself Philosopher can interest him. Thus poor Seneca (on occasion of some new Version of his Works) having come before the public, and been roughly dealt with, Diderot, with a long, last, concentrated effort, writes his *Vie de Sénèque*; struggling to make the hollow solid. Which, alas! after all his tinkering, still sounds hollow; and notable Seneca, so wistfully desirous to stand well with Truth, and yet not ill with Nero, is and remains only our perhaps niceliest-proportioned Half-and-half, the plausiblest Plausible on record; no great man, no true man, no man at all; yet how much lovelier than such,—as the mild-spoken, tolerating, charity-sermoning, immaculate Bishop Dogbolt, to a rude, self-helping, sharp-tongued Apostle Paul! Under which view, indeed, Seneca (though surely erroneously, for the origin of the thing was different) has been called, in this generation, “the father of all such as wear shovel-hats.”

The *Vie de Sénèque*, as we said, was Diderot's last effort. It remains only to be added of him that he too died; a lingering but quiet death, which took place on the 30th of July, 1784. He once quotes from Montaigne the following, as Sceptic's viaticum: “I plunge stupidly, head foremost, into this dumb Deep, which swallows me, and chokes me, in a moment,—full of insipidity and indolence. Death, which is but a quarter of an hour's suffering, without consequence and without injury, does not require peculiar precepts.” It was Diderot's allotment to die with all due “stupidity:” he was leaning on his elbows, had

eaten an apricot two minutes before, and answered his wife's remonstrances with: *Mais quelle diable de mal voir-tu que cela me fasse?* (How the deuce can that hurt me?) She spoke again, and he answered not. His House, which the curious will visit when they go to Paris, was in the Rue Taranne, at the intersection thereof with the Rue Saint-Benoît. The dust that was once his Body went to mingle with the common earth, in the church of Saint-Roch; his Life, the wondrous manifold Force that was in him, that was He,—returned to ETERNITY, and is there, and continues there!

Two things, as we saw, are celebrated of Diderot. First, that he had the most encyclopedical head ever seen in this world: second, that he talked as never man talked;—properly, as never man his admirers had heard, or as no man living in Paris then. That is to say, his was at once the widest, fertilest, and readiest of minds.

With regard to the Encyclopedical Head, suppose it to mean that he was of such vivacity as to admit, and look upon with interest, almost all things which the circle of Existence could offer him; in which sense, this exaggerated laudation, of Encyclopedism is not without its fraction of meaning. Of extraordinary openness and compass we must grant the mind of Diderot to be; of a susceptibility, quick activity; even naturally of a depth, and, in its practical realized shape, of a universality, which bring it into kindred with the highest order of minds. On all forms of this wondrous Creation he can look with loving wonder; whatsoever thing stands there, has some brotherhood with him, some beauty and meaning for him. Neither is the faculty to see and interpret wanting; as, indeed, this faculty to *see* is inseparable from that other faculty to *look*, from that true wish to look; moreover (under another figure), Intellect is not a *tool*, but a *hand* that can handle any tool. Nay, in Diderot we may discern a far deeper universality than that shown, or showable, in Lebreton's *Encyclopédie*; namely, a poetical; for, in slight gleams, this too manifests itself. A universality less of the head than of the character; such, we say, is traceable in this man, at lowest the power to have acquired such. Your true Encyclopedical is the Homer, the Shakspeare; every genuine Poet is a living, embodied, real Encyclopædia,—in more or fewer volumes; were his experience, his insight of details, never so limited, the whole world lies imaged as a whole within him; whosoever has not seized the whole cannot yet speak truly (much less can he speak *musically*, which is harmoniously, *concordantly*) of any part, but will perpetually need new guidance, rectification. The fit use

of such a man is as hodman; not feeling the plan of the edifice, let him carry stones to it; if he *build* the smallest stone, it is likeliest to be wrong, and cannot continue there.

But the truth is, as regards Diderot, this saying of the encyclopedical head comes mainly from his having edited a Bookseller's Encyclopædia, and can afford us little direction. Looking into the man, and omitting his trade, we find him by nature gifted in a high degree with openness and versatility, yet nowise in the highest degree; alas, in a quite other degree than that. Nay, if it be meant further that in practice, as a writer and thinker, he has taken in the Appearances of Life and the World, and images them back with such freedom, clearness, fidelity, as we have not many times witnessed elsewhere, as we have not various times seen infinitely surpassed elsewhere,—this same encyclopedical praise must altogether be denied him. Diderot's habitual world, we must on the contrary say, is a half-world, distorted into looking like a whole; it is properly a poor, fractional, insignificant world; partial, inaccurate, perverted from end to end. Alas, it was the destiny of the man to live as a Polemic; to be born also in the morning tide and first splendour of the Mechanical Era; not to know, with the smallest assurance or continuance, that in the Universe, other than a mechanical meaning could exist; which force of destiny acting on him through his whole course, we have obtained what now stands before us: no Seer, but only possibilities of a Seer, transient irradiations of a Seer looking through the organs of a Philosophe.

These two considerations, which indeed are properly but one (for a thinker, especially of French birth, in the Mechanical Era, could not be other than a Polemic), must never for a moment be left out of view in judging the works of Diderot. It is a great truth, one side of a great truth, that the Man makes the Circumstances, and spiritually as well as economically, is the artificer of his own fortune. But there is another side of the same truth, that the man's circumstances are the element he is appointed to live and work in; that he by necessity takes his complexion, vesture, embodiment, from these, and is, in all practical manifestations, modified by them almost without limit; so that in another no less genuine sense, it can be said the Circumstances make the Man. Now, if it continually behoves us to insist on the former truth towards ourselves, it equally behoves us to bear in mind the latter when we judge of other men. The most gifted soul, appearing in France in the Eighteenth Century, can as little embody himself in the intellectual vesture of an Athenian Plato, as in the grammatical one; his thought can no more be Greek, than his language can. He thinks of the things belonging to the French

eighteenth century, and in the dialect he has learned there; in the light, and under the conditions prescribed there. Thus, as the most original, resolute, and self-directing of all the Moderns has written: "Let a man be but born ten years sooner, or ten years later, his whole aspect and performance shall be different." Grant, doubtless, that a certain perennial Spirit, true for all times and all countries, can and must look through the thinking of certain men, be it in what dialect soever: understand, meanwhile, that strictly this holds only of the highest order of men, and cannot be exacted of inferior orders; among whom, if the most sedulous, loving inspection disclose any, even secondary symptoms of such a Spirit, it ought to seem enough. Let us remember well that the high-gifted, high-striving Diderot was born in the point of Time and of Space, when of all uses he could turn himself to, of all dialects speak in, this of Polemical Philosophism, and no other, seemed the most promising and fittest. Let us remember too that no earnest Man, in any Time, ever spoke what was wholly meaningless; that, in all human convictions, much more in all human practices, there was a true side, a fraction of truth; which fraction is precisely the thing we want to extract from them, if we want anything at all to do with them.

Such palliative considerations (which, for the rest, concern not Diderot, now departed, and indifferent to them, but only ourselves, who could wish to see him, and not to mis-see him) are essential, we say, through our whole survey of his Opinions and Proceedings, generally so alien to our own; but most of all in reference to his head Opinion, properly the source of all the rest, and more shocking, even horrible, to us than all the rest: we mean his Atheism. David Hume, dining once in company where Diderot was, remarked that he did not think there were any Atheists. "Count us," said a certain Monsieur —: they were eighteen. "Well," said the Monsieur —, "it is pretty fair if you have fished out fifteen at the first cast; and three others who know not what to think of it." In fact, the case was common: your Philosophe of the first water had grown to reckon Atheism a necessary accomplishment. Gowkthrapple Naigeon, as we saw, had made himself very perfect therein.

Diderot was an Atheist, then; stranger still, a proselytising Atheist, who esteemed the creed worth earnest reiterated preaching, and enforcement with all vigour! The unhappy man had "sailed through the Universe of Worlds and found no Maker thereof; had descended to the abysses where Being no longer casts its shadow, and felt only the rain-drops trickle down; and seen only the gleaming rainbow of Creation, which originated

from no Sun ; and heard only the everlasting storm which no one governs ; and looked upwards for the DIVINE EYE, and beheld only the black, bottomless, glaring DEATH'S EYE-SOCKET ;" such, with all his wide voyagings, was the philosophic fortune he had realized.

Sad enough, horrible enough : yet instead of shrieking over it, or howling and Ernulphus-cursing over it, let us, as the more profitable method, keep our composure, and inquire a little, What possibly it may mean ? The whole phenomenon, as seems to us, will explain itself from the fact above insisted on, that Diderot was a Polemic of decided character, in the Mechanical Age. With great expenditure of words and froth, in arguments as waste, wild-weltering, delirious-dismal as the chaos they would demonstrate ; which arguments one now knows not whether to laugh at or to weep at, and almost does both,—have Diderot and his sect perhaps made this apparent to all who examine it : That is the French System of Thought (called also the Scotch, and still familiar enough everywhere, which for want of a better title we have named the Mechanical), there is no room for a Divinity ; that to him, for whom "*intellect*, or the power of knowing and believing is still synonymous with *logic*, or the mere power of arranging and communicating," there is absolutely no proof discoverable of a Divinity ; and such a man has nothing for it but either (if he be of half spirit, as is the frequent case) to trifle despicably all his days between two opinions ; or else (if he be of whole spirit) to anchor himself on the rock or quagmire of Atheism,—and further, should he see fit, proclaim to others that there is good riding there. So much may Diderot have demonstrated : a conclusion at which we nowise turn pale. Was it much to know that Metaphysical Speculation, by nature, whirls round in endless Mahistroms, both "creating and swallowing—*itself* ?" For so wonderful a self-swallowing product of the Spirit of the Time, could any result to arrive at be fitter than this of the ETERNAL NO ? We thank Heaven that the result is finally arrived at ; and so now we can look out for something other and further. But above all things, *proof* of a God ? A *probable* God ! The smallest of Finites struggling to *prove* to itself (that is to say, if we will consider it, to picture out and arrange as diagram, and *include* within itself) the Highest Infinite ; in *which*, by hypothesis, it lives ; and moves ; and has its being ! This, we conjecture, will one day seem a much more miraculous miracle than that negative result it has arrived at,—or any other result a still absurder chance might have led it to. He who, in some singular Time of the World's History, were reduced to wander about, in stooping posture, with painfully constructed sulphur-match and

farthing rushlight (as Gowkthrapple Naigeon), or smoky tar-link (as Denis Diderot), searching for the Sun, and did not find it : were *he* wonderful and his failure ; or the singular Time, and its having put him on that search ?

Two small consequences, then, we fancy, may have followed, or be following, from poor Diderot's Atheism. First, that all speculations of the sort we call Natural-theology, endeavouring to prove the beginning of all Belief by some Belief earlier than the beginning, are barren, ineffectual, impossible ; and may, so soon as otherwise it is profitable, be abandoned. Of final causes man, by the nature of the case, can *prove* nothing ; knows them (if he know anything of them) not by glimmering flint-sparks of Logic, but by an infinitely higher light of 'Intuition ; never long, by Heaven's mercy, wholly eclipsed in the human soul ; and (under the name of Faith, as regards ~~this~~ matter) familiar to us now, historically or in conscious possession, for upwards of four thousand years. To all open men it will indeed always be a favourite contemplation, that of watching the ways of Being, how animate adjusts itself to inanimate, rational to irrational ; and this, that we name Nature, is not a desolate phantasm of a chaos, but a wondrous existence and reality. If, moreover, in those same " marks of design," as he has called them, the contemplative man find new evidence of a designing Maker, be it well for him : meanwhile, surely, the still clearer evidence lay nearer home, in the contemplative man's own head that *seeks* after such ! In which point of view our extant Natural-theologies, as our innumerable Evidences of the Christian Religion, and such like, may, in reference to the strange season they appear in, have an indubitable value, and be worth printing and reprinting : only let us understand for whom, and how, they are valuable ; and be nowise wroth with the poor Atheist, whom they have not convinced, and could not, and should not convince.

The second consequence seems to be that this whole current hypothesis of the Universe being " a Machine," and then of an Architect, who constructed it, sitting as it were apart, and guiding it, and *seeing* it go,—may turn out an inanity and nonentity ; not much longer tenable : with which result likewise we shall, in the quietest manner, reconcile ourselves. " Think ye," says Goethe, " that God made the Universe, and then let it run round his finger (*am Finger laufen liesse*) ?" On the whole, that Metaphysical hurly-burly (of our poor, jarring, self-listening Time) ought at length to compose itself : that seeking for a God *there*, and not *here* ; everywhere outwardly in " physical Nature, and not inwardly in our own Soul, where alone He is to be found by us, ~~only~~ begins to get wearisome. Above all, that " faint possible Theism,"

which now forms our common English creed, cannot be too soon swept out of the world. What is the nature of that individual, who with hysterical violence theoretically asserts a God, perhaps a revealed Symbol and Worship of God; and for the rest, in thought, word, and conduct, meet with him where you will, is found living as if his theory were some polite figure of speech, and his theoretical God a mere distant Simulacrum, with whom he, for his part, had nothing further to do? Fool! The ETERNAL is no Simulacrum; God is not only There, but Here, or nowhere, in that life-breath of thine, in that act and thought of thine,—and thou wert wise to look to it. If there is no God, as the fool hath said in his heart, then live on with thy decencies, and lip-homages, and inward Creed, and falsehood, and all the hollow cunningly-devised galfness that recommends thee to the Mammon of this world: if there *is* a God, we say, look to it! But in either case, what art thou? The Atheist is false; yet is there, as we see, a fraction of truth in him; he is true compared with thee; thou, unhappy mortal, livest wholly in a lie, art wholly a lie.

So that Diderot's Atheism comes, if not to much, yet to something: we learn this from it (and from what it stands connected with, and may represent for us), that the Mechanical System of Thought is, in its essence, Atheistic; that whosoever will admit no organ of truth but logic, and nothing to exist but what can be argued of, must even content himself with this sad result, as the only solid one he can arrive at; and, so with the best grace he can, "of the æther make a gas, of God a force, of the second world a coffin;" of man an aimless nondescript, "little better than a kind of vermin." If Diderot, by bringing matters to this parting of the roads, have enabled or helped us to strike into the truer and better road, let him have our thanks for it. As to what remains, be pity our only feeling; was not his creed miserable enough; nay, moreover, did not he bear its miserableness, so to speak, in our stead, so that it need now be no longer borne by any one?

In this same, for him unavoidable circumstance, of the age he lived in, and the system of thought universal then, will be found the key to Diderot's whole spiritual character and procedure; the excuse for much in him that to us is false and perverted. Beyond the meagre "rush-light of closet-logic," Diderot recognized no guidance. That "the Highest cannot be spoken of in words," was a truth he had not dreamt of. Whatsoever thing he cannot debate of, we might almost say measure and weigh, and carry off with him to be eaten and enjoyed, is simply not there for him. He dwelt all his days in the "thin rind of the Conscious;" the

deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious, whereon the other rests, and has its meaning, was not, under any shape, surmised by him. Thus must the Sanctuary of Man's Soul stand perennially shut against this man; where his hand ceased to grope, the World ended: within such strait conditions had he to live and labour. And naturally to distort and dislocate, more or less, all things he laboured on: for whosoever, in one way or another, recognizes not that "Divine Idea of the World, which lies at the bottom of Appearances," can rightly interpret no Appearance; and whatsoever spiritual thing he does, must do it partially, do it falsely.

Mournful enough, accordingly, is the account which Diderot has given himself of Man's Existence; on the duties, relations, possessions whereof he had been a sedulous thinker. In every conclusion we have this fact of his Mechanical culture. Coupled too with another fact, honourable to him: that he stuck not at half measures; but resolutely drove on to the result, and held by it. So that we cannot call him a Sceptic; he has merited the more decisive name of Denier. He may be said to have denied that there was any the smallest Sacredness in Man, or in the Universe; and to have both speculated and lived on this singular footing. We behold in him the notable extreme of a man guiding himself with the least spiritual Belief that thinking man perhaps ever had. Religion, in all recognizable shapes and senses, he has done what man can do to clear out of him. He believes that pleasure is pleasant; that a lie is unbelievable; and there his *credo* terminates; nay there, what perhaps makes his case almost unique, his very fancy seems to fall silent.

For a consequent man, all possible spiritual perversions are included under that grossest one of "proselytising Atheism;" the rest, of what kind and degree soever, cannot any longer astonish us. Diderot has them of all kinds and degrees: indeed, we might say, the French Philosophe (take him at his word, for inwardly much that was foreign adhered to him, do what he could) has emitted a Scheme of the World, to which all that Oriental Mullah, Bonze, or Talapoin have done in that kind is poor and feeble. Omitting his whole unparalleled Cosmogonies and Physiologies; coming to his much milder Tables of the Moral Law, we shall glance here but at one minor external item, the relation between man and man; and at only one branch of this, and with all slightness, the relation of covenants; for example, the most important of these, Marriage.

Diderot has convinced himself, and, indeed, as above became plain enough, acts on the conviction that Marriage, contract it, solemnize it in what way you will, involves a solecism which reduces the amount of it to simple zero. It is a suicidal cove-

past; exists itself in the very forming. "Thou makest a vow," says he, twice or thrice, as if the argument were a slancher, "thou makest a vow of eternal constancy under a rock, which is even then crumbling away." True, O Denis! the rock crumbles away; all things are changing; man changes faster than most of them. That, in the meanwhile, an Unchangeable lies under all this, and looks forth, solemn and benign, through the whole destiny and workings of man, is another truth; which no Mechanical Philosophe, in the dust of his logic-mill, can be expected to grind out for himself. Man changes, and will change: the question then arises, Is it wise in him to tumble forth, in headlong obedience to this love of change; is it so much as possible for him? Among the dualisms of man's wholly dualistic nature, this we might fancy was an observable one: that along with his unceasing tendency to change, there is a no less ineradicable tendency to persevere. Were man only here to change, let him, far from marrying, cease even to hedge in fields, and plough them; before the autumn season, he may have lost the whim of reaping them. Let him return to the nomadic state, and set his house on wheels; nay there too a certain restraint must curb his love of change, or his cattle will perish by incessant driving, without grazing in the intervals. O Denis, what things thou babblest in thy sleep! How, in this world of perpetual flux, shall man secure himself the smallest foundation, except hereby alone: that he take pre-assurance of his Fate; that in this and the other high act of his life, his Will, with all solemnity, *abdicate* its right to change; voluntarily become involuntary, and say once for all, Be there then no further dubitation on it! Nay, the poor unheroic craftsman; that very stocking-weaver, on whose loom thou now as amateur weavest: must not even he do as much,—when he signed his apprentice-indentures? The fool! who had such a relish in himself for all things, for kingship and emperorship; yet made a vow (under penalty of death by hunger) of eternal constancy to stocking-weaving. Yet otherwise, were no thriving craftsmen possible; only butchers, bunglers, transitory nondecripts; unfed, mostly gallows-feeding. But, on the whole, what feeling it was in the ancient devout deep soul, which of Marriage made a *Sacrament*: this, of all things in the world, is what Denis will think of for *women*, without discovering. Unless, perhaps, aware to increase the vestry-fee?

Indeed, it must be granted, nothing yet seen or dreamt of can surpass the liberality of friend Denis as *magister morum*; nay, often our poor Philosophe feels called on, in an age of such Christian rigour, to step forth into the public Stews, and emit his inspiring *Macte virtute* there. Whither let the curious in such

matters follow him: we, having work elsewhere, wish him "good journey,"—or rather "safe return." Of Diderot's indelicacy and indecency there is for us but little to say. Diderot is not what we call indelicate and indecent; he is utterly unclean, scandalous, shameless, sanaculottic-samoeidic. To declare with lyric fury that this is wrong; or with historic calmness, that a pig of sensibility would go distracted did you accuse him of it, may (especially in countries where "indecent exposure" is cognised at police-offices) be considered superfluous. The only question is one in Natural History: Whence comes it? What may a man, not otherwise without elevation of mind, of kindly character, of immense professed philanthropy; and doubtless of extraordinary insight, mean thereby? To us it is but another illustration of the fearless, all-for-logic, thoroughly consistent, Mechanical Thinker. It coheres well enough with Diderot's theory of man; that there is nothing of sacred either in man or around man; and that chimeras are chimerical. How shall he for whom nothing, that cannot be jargoned of in debating-clubs, exists, have any faintest forecast of the depth, significance, divineness of SILENCE; of the sacredness of "Secrets known to all?"

Nevertheless, Nature is great; and Denis was among her nobler productions. To a soul of his sort something like what we call Conscience could nowise be wanting: the feeling of Moral Relation; of the Infinite character thereof, (as the essence and soul of all else that can be felt or known) must assert itself in him. Yet how assert itself? An Infinitude to one in whose whole Synopsis of the Universe, no Infinite stands marked? Wonderful enough is Diderot's method; and yet not wonderful, for we see it, and have always seen it, daily. Since there is nothing sacred in the Universe, whence this sacredness of what you call Virtue? Whence or how comes it that you, Denis Diderot, *must* not do a wrong thing; could not, without some qualm, speak, for example, one Lie, to gain Mahomet's Paradise with all its houris? There is no resource for it, but to get into that interminable ravelment of Reward and Approval, virtue being its own reward; and assert louder and louder,—contrary to the stern experience of all men, from the Divine Man, expiring with agony of bloody sweat on the accursed tree, down to us two, O reader (if we have ever done one Duty)—that Virtue is synonymous with Pleasure. Alas! was Paul, an apostle of the Gentiles, virtuous; and was virtue its own reward, when his approving conscience told him that he was "the chief of sinners," and (bounded to this life alone) "of all men the most miserable?" Or has that same so sublime Virtue, at bottom, little to do with Pleasure, if with far other things? Are Eudæmon, and Eusebeia, and Euthanasia, and

all the rest of them, of small account to Eubosia and Eupœia; and the pains of any moderately-paced Career of Vice (Denis himself being judge) as a drop in the bucket to the "Career of Indigestions." That is what Denis never in this world will grant.

But what then will he do? One of two things: admit, with Grimm, that there are "two justices,"—which may be called by many handsome names, but properly are nothing but the pleasant justice, and the unpleasant; whereof only the former is binding. Herein, however, Nature has been unkind to Denis; he is not a literary court-toad-eater; but a free, genial, even poetic creature. There remains, therefore, nothing but the second expedient; to "assert louder and louder;" in other words, to become a *Philosophe-Sentimentalist*. Most wearisome, accordingly, is the perpetual clatter kept up here about *vertu, honnêteté, grandeur, sensibilité, ames-nobles*; how unspeakably good it is to be virtuous, how pleasant, how sublime: "In the Devil and his grandmother's name, be virtuous; and let us have an end of it!" In such sort (we will nevertheless joyfully recognize) does great Nature in spite of all contradictions, declare her royalty, her divineness; and, for the poor Mechanical *Philosophe*, has prepared, since the substance is hidden from him, a shadow wherewith he can be cheered.

In fine, to our ill-starred Mechanical *Philosophe-Sentimentalist*, with his loud preaching and rather poor performing, shall we not, in various respects, "thankfully stretch out the hand?" In all ways "it was necessary that the logical side of things should likewise be made available." On the whole, wondrous higher developments of much, of Morality among the rest, are visible in the course of the world's doings, at this day. A plausible prediction were that the Ascetic System is not to regain its exclusive dominancy. Ever, indeed, must Self-denial, "*Annihilation of Self*," be the beginning of all moral action:" meanwhile, he that looks well, may discern filaments of a nobler System, wherein this lies included as one harmonious element. Who knows what new unfoldings and complex adjustments await us, before (for example) the true relation of moral Greatness to moral Correctness, and their proportional value, can be established? How, again, is perfect tolerance for the Wrong to co-exist with ever-present conviction that Right stands related to it, as a God does to a Devil,—an Infinite to an opposite Infinite? How, in a word, through what tumultuous vicissitudes, after how many false partial efforts, deepening the confusion, shall it, at length, made manifest; and kept continually manifest; to the hearts of men, that the Good is not properly the highest, but the beautiful; that the true Beautiful (differing from the false, as

Heaven does from Vauxhall) comprehends in it the Good?— In some future century, it may be found that Denis Diderot, acting and professing, in wholeness and with full conviction, what the immense multitude act in halfness and without conviction,—has, though by strange inverse methods, forwarded the result. It was long ago written, the Omnipotent “maketh the wrath of the wicked” (the folly of the foolish) “to praise Him.” In any case, Diderot acted it, and not we; Diderot bears it, and not we: peace be with Diderot!

The other branch of his renown is excellence as a Talker. Or, in wider view, (think his admirers,) his philosophy was not more surpassing than his delivery thereof. What his philosophy amounts to we have been examining: but now, that in this other conversational province he was eminent, is easily believed. A frank, ever-hoping, social character; a mind full of knowledge, full of fervour; of great compass, of great depth, ever on the alert: such a man could not have other than a “mouth of gold.” It is still plain, whatsoever thing imaged itself before him, was imaged in the most lucent clearness; was rendered back, with light labour, in corresponding clearness. Whether, at the same time, Diderot’s conversation, relatively so superior, deserved the intrinsic character of supreme, may admit of question. The worth of words spoken depends, after all, on the wisdom that resides in them; and in Diderot’s words there was often too little of this. Vivacity, far-darting brilliancy, keenness of theoretic vision, paradoxical ingenuity, gaiety, even touches of humour; all this must have been here: whosoever had preferred sincerity, earnestness, depth of practical rather than theoretic insight, with not less of impetuosity, of clearness and sureness, with humour, emphasis, or such other melody or rhythm as that utterance demanded,—must have come over to London; and (with forbearant submissiveness) listened to our Johnson. Had we the stronger man, then? Be it rather, as in that Duel of Cœur-de-Lion with the light, nimble, yet also invincible Saladin, that each nation had the strength which most befitted it.

Closely connected with this power of conversation, is Diderot’s facility of composition. A talent much celebrated; numerous really surprising proofs whereof are on record: how he wrote long works within the week; sometimes within almost the four-and-twenty hours. Unhappily, enough still remains to make such feats credible. Most of Diderot’s Works bear the clearest traces of extemporaneousness; *stans pede in uno*! They are much liker printed talk, than the concentrated well-considered utterance, which, from a man of that weight, we expect to see

set in types. It is said, "he wrote good pages but could not write a good book." Substitute *did not* for *could not*; and there is some truth in the saying. Clearness, as has been observed, comprehensibility at a glance, is the character of whatever Diderot wrote: a clearness which, in visual objects, rises into the region of the Artistic, and resembles that of Richardson or Defoe. Yet, grant that he makes his meaning clear, what is the nature of that meaning itself? Alas, for most part, only a hasty, flimsy, superficial meaning, with gleams of a deeper vision peering through. More or less of Disorder reigns in all Works that Diderot wrote; not order, but the plausible appearance of such: the true heart of the matter is not found; "he skips deftly along the radii, and skips over the centre, and misses it."

Thus may Diderot's admired Universality and admired Facility have both turned to disadvantage for him. We speak not of his reception by the world: this indeed is the "age of specialties;" yet, owing to other causes, Diderot the Encyclopedist had success enough. But, what is of far more importance, his inward growth was marred: the strong tree shot not up in any one noble stem (bearing boughs, and fruit, and shade all round); but spread out horizontally, after a very moderate height, into innumerable branches, not useless, yet of quite secondary use. Diderot could have been an Artist; and he was little better than an Encyclopedic Artisan. No smatterer indeed; a faithful artisan; of really universal equipment, in his sort: he did the work of many men; yet nothing, or little, which many could not have done.

Accordingly, his Literary Works, now lying finished some fifty years, have already, to the most surprising degree, shrunk in importance. Perhaps no man so much talked of is so little known; to the great majority he is no longer a Reality, but a Hearsay. Such, indeed, partly is the natural fate of Works Polemical, which almost all Diderot's are. The Polemic annihilates his opponent; but in so doing annihilates himself too, and both are swept away to make room for something other and farther. Add to this, the slight-textured transitory character of Diderot's style; and the fact is well enough explained. Meanwhile, let him to whom it applies, consider it; him among whose gifts it was to rise into the Perennial, and who dwelt rather low down in the Ephemeral, and ephemerally fought and scrambled there! Diderot the Great has contracted into Diderot the easily-measurable: so must it be with others of the like.

In how many sentences can the net-product of all that tumultuous Atheism, printed over many volumes, be comprised! Nay, the whole *Encyclopédie*, that world's wonder of the eighteenth century, the Belus' Tower of an age of refined Illumination, what has it become! Alas! no stone-tower, that will stand there as

our strength and defence through all times; but, at best, a wooden *Helepolis* (City-taker), wherein stationed, the *Philosophus Policaster* has burnt and battered down many an old ruinous Sorbonne; and which now, when that work is pretty well over, may, in turn, be taken asunder, and used as firewood. The famed Encyclopedical Tree itself has proved an artificial one, and borne no fruit. We mean that, in its nature, it is mechanical only; one of those attempts to parcel out the invisible mystical Soul of Man, with its *infinitude* of phases and character, into shop-lists of what are called "faculties," "motives," and such like; which attempts may indeed be made with all degrees of insight, from that of a Doctor Spurzheim to that of Denis Diderot, or Jeremy Bentham; and prove useful for a day, but for a day only.

Nevertheless it were false to regard Diderot as a Mechanist and nothing more; as one working and grinding blindly in the mill of mechanical Logic, joyful with his lot there, and unconscious of any other. Call him one rather who contributed to deliver us therefrom: both by his manful whole spirit as a Mechanist, which drove all things to their ultimatum and crisis; and even by a dim-struggling faculty, which virtually aimed beyond this. Diderot, we said, was gifted by Nature for an Artist: strangely flashing through his mechanical encumbrances, are rays of thought, which belong to the Poet, to the Prophet; which, in other environment, could have revealed the deepest to us. Not to seek far, consider this one little sentence, which he makes the last of the dying Sanderson: *Le temps, la matière et l'espace ne sont peut-être qu'un point* (Time, Matter and Space are perhaps but a point)!

So too, in Art, both as a speaker and a doer, he is to be reckoned as one of those who pressed forward irresistibly out of the artificial barren sphere of that time, into a truer genial one. His Dramas, the *Fils Naturel*, the *Père de Famille* have indeed ceased to live; yet is the attempt towards great things visible in them; the attempt remains to us, and seeks otherwise, and has found, and is finding, fulfilment. Not less in his *Salons* (Judgments of Art-Exhibitions), written hastily for Grimm, and by ill chance, on artists of quite secondary character, do we find the freest recognition of whatever excellence there is; nay, an impetuous endeavour, not critically but even creatively, towards something more excellent. Indeed, what with their unrivalled clearness, painting the picture over again for us, so that we too see it, and can judge it; what with their sunny fervour, inventiveness, real artistic genius (which only cannot manipulate), they are, with some few exceptions in the German tongue, the only Pictorial Criticisms we know of worth reading. Here too, as by his own practice in

the Dramatic branch of art, Diderot stands forth as the main originator (almost the sole one in his own country) of that many-sided struggle towards what is called Nature, and copying of Nature and faithfulness to Nature; a deep indispensable truth, subversive of the old error; yet under that figure, only a half-truth, for Art too is Art, as surely as Nature is Nature; which struggle, meanwhile, either as half-truth or working itself into a whole truth, may be seen (in countries that have any Art) still forming the tendency of all artistic endeavour. In which sense, Diderot's *Essay on Painting* has been judged worth translation by the greatest modern Judge of Art, and greatest modern Artist, in the highest kind of Art; and may be read anew, with argumentative commentary and exposition, in *Goethe's Works*.

Nay, let us grant, with pleasure, that for Diderot himself the realms of Art were not wholly unvisited; that he too, so heavily imprisoned, stole Promethean fire. Among these multitudinous, most miscellaneous Writings of his, in great part a manufactured farrago of Philosophism no longer saleable, and now looking melancholy enough,—are two that we can almost call Poems; that have something perennially poetic in them: *Jacques le Fataliste*; in a still higher degree, the *Neveu de Rameau*. The occasional blueness of both, even that darkest indigo in some parts of the former, shall not altogether affright us. As it were, a loose straggling sunbeam flies here over Man's Existence in France, now nigh a century behind us: "from the height of luxurious elegance to the depths of shamelessness"; all is here. Slack, careless seems the combination of the picture; wriggling, disjointed, like a bundle of flails; yet strangely united in the painter's inward unconscious feeling. Wearisomely crackling wit gets silent; a grim, taciturn, dare-devil, almost Hogarthian humour, rises in the background. Like this there is nothing that we know of in the whole range of French Literature: *La Fontaine* is shallow in comparison; the *La Bruyère* wit-species not to be named. It resembles *Don Quixote*, rather; of somewhat similar stature; yet of complexion altogether different; through the one looks a sunny Elysium, through the other a sulphurous Erebus: both hold of the Infinite. This *Jacques*, perhaps, was not quite so hastily put together: yet there too haste is manifest: the Author finishes it off, not by working out the figures and movements, but by dashing his brush against the canvas; a manoeuvre which in this case has not succeeded. The *Rameau's Nephew*, which is the shorter, is also the better; may pass for decidedly the best of all Diderot's Compositions. It looks like a Sibylline utterance from a heart all in fusion: no ephemeral thing (for it was written as a Satire on Palissot) was ever more perennially treated. Strangely enough, too, it lay some fifty years, in German and

Russian Libraries; came out first in the masterly version of Goethe, in 1805; and only (after a deceptive *re-translation* by a M. Saur, a courageous mystifier otherwise,) reached the Paris public, in 1821,—when perhaps *all*, for whom, and against whom it was written, were no more!—It is a farce-tragedy; and its fate has corresponded to its purport. One day it must also be translated into English; but will require to be done by *head*; the common steam-machinery will not meet it.

† We here (*con la bocca dolce*) take leave of Diderot in his intellectual aspect, as Artist and Thinker: a richly endowed, unfavourably situated nature; whose effort, much marred, yet not without fidelity of aim, can triumph, on rare occasions; is perhaps nowhere utterly fruitless. In the moral aspect, as Man, he makes a somewhat similar figure; as indeed, in all men, in him especially, the Opinion and the Practice stand closely united; and as a wise man has remarked, “the speculative principles are often but a supplement (or excuse) to the practical manner of life.” In conduct, Diderot can nowise seem admirable to us; yet neither inexcusable; on the whole, not at all quite worthless. Lavater traced in his physiognomy “something timorous;” which reading his friends admitted to be a correct one. Diderot, in truth, is no hero: the earnest soul, wayfaring and warfaring in the complexities of a World like to overwhelm him, yet wherein he by Heaven’s grace will keep faithfully warfaring, prevailing or not, can derive small solacement from this light, fluctuating, not to say flimsy existence of Diderot: no Gospel in that kind has he left us. The man, in fact, with all his high gifts, had rather a female character. Susceptible, sensitive, living by impulses, which at best he had *fashioned* into some show of principles; with vehemence enough, with even a female uncontrollableness; with little of manful steadfastness, considerateness, invincibility. Thus, too, we find him living mostly in the society of women, or of men who, like women, flattered him, and made life easy for him; recoiling with horror from an earnest Jean Jacques, who understood not the science of walking in a vain show; but imagined (poor man) that truth was there as a thing to be told, as a thing to be acted.

We call Diderot, then, not a coward; yet not in any sense a brave man. Neither towards himself, nor towards others, was he brave. All the virtues, says M. de Meister, which require not “a great *suite* (sequency) of ideas” were his: all that do require such a *suite* were not his. In other words, what duties were easy for him he did: happily Nature had rendered several easy. His spiritual aim, moreover, seemed not so much to be enforcement, exposition of Duty, as discovery of a Duty-made-easy. Natural

enough that he should strike into that province of *sentiment*, *cœur noble*, and so forth. Alas, to declare that the beauty of virtue is beautiful, costs comparatively little: to win it, and wear it, is quite another enterprize,—wherein the loud braggart, we know, is not the likeliest to succeed. On the whole, peace be with *sentiment*, for that also lies behind us!—For the rest, as hinted, what duties were difficult our Diderot left undone. How should he, the *cœur sensible*, front such a monster as Pain? And now, since misgivings cannot fail in that course, what is to be done but fill up all asperities with floods of *Sensibilité*, and so voyage more or less smoothly along? *Est-il bon? Est-il méchant?* is his own account of himself. At all events, he was no voluntary hypocrite; that great praise can be given him. And thus his Mechanical Philosophism; and *passion vive*; working, flirting; “with more of softness than of true affection, sometimes with the malice and rage of a child, but on the whole an inexhaustible fund of goodnatured simplicity,” has he come down to us, for better or worse: and what can we do but receive him?

If now we and our reader, reinterpreting for our present want, that Life and Performance of Diderot, have brought it clearer before us, be the hour spent thereon, were it even more wearisome, no profitless one! Have we not striven to unite our own brief present moment more and more compactly with the Past and with the Future; have we not done what lay at our hand towards reducing that same Memoirism of the Eighteenth Century into History, and “weaving” a thread or two thereof nearer to the condition of a “web”?

But finally, if we rise with this matter (as we should try to do with all) into the proper region of Universal History, and look on it with the eye not of this time, or of that time, but of Time at large, perhaps the prediction might stand here, that intrinsically, essentially little lies in it; that one day when the net-result of our European way of life comes to be summed up, this whole as yet so boundless concern of French Philosophism will dwindle into the thinnest of fractions, or vanish into nonentity! Alas, while the rude History and Thoughts of those same “*Juifs misérables*,” the barbaric War-song of a Deborah and Barak, the rapt prophetic Utterance of an unkempt Isaiah last now (with deepest significance) say only these three thousand years,—what has the thrice-resplendent *Encyclopédie* shrivelled into, within these three score! This is a fact which, explain it, express it, in which way he will, your Encyclopedist should actually consider. *There* were tones caught from the sacred Melody of the All, and have harmony and meaning for ever; *these* of his are but enter discord, and their jangling dies away without result.

"The special, sole and deepest theme of the World's and Man's History," says the Thinker of our time, "whereto all other themes are subordinated, remains the Conflict of UNBELIEF and BELIEF. All epochs wherein belief prevails, under what form it may, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, wherein Unbelief, under what form soever, maintains its sorry victory, should they even for a moment glitter with a sham splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity; because no one chooses to burden himself with study of the unfruitful."

ART. II.—*Reflexions sur l'Etude des Langues Asiatiques, adressées à Sir James Macintosh; suivies d'une Lettre à M. Horace Hayman Wilson.* Par A. W. Schlegel, Professeur à l'Université Royale de Bonn, &c.* Bonn: 1832. 8vo.

IN one of those periods when the fine arts were most triumphant, there lived a painter of acknowledged eminence, to whose genius his cotemporaries paid instinctive homage, all whose works challenged and obtained universal approbation. He saw, however, that there were potent rivals to contest the palm with him in the ordinary branches of the pictorial art, and deemed it essential to his fame to discover some new department in which he might reign "alone in his glory." A bright thought struck him; most of the pictures of lions that existed in his day resembled rather the monsters of heraldry than any thing in nature—what better plan could he adopt than to remedy this gross defect, to displace the leonine caricatures, and substitute *bonâ fide* portraits of the monarchs of the wilds? He tried and he succeeded; his lions seemed ready to spring from the canvass, the timid shuddered as they contemplated the terrific representations, the curious in natural history deserted the menageries and crowded the painter's studio. He became intoxicated with success; his vanity took the form of a syllogism in Barbara, running nearly thus:

"Lion-painting is the very perfection of art;
I paint lions better than any one;
∴ I am the greatest man in the universe."

But, alas! the painter lived in the midst of a disputatious and perverse generation; his major proposition was denied almost as

* We have not copied the long list of titles which the author has appended to his name, but there is one among them which we cannot pass over without remark; he is, it appears, a Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order, the only literary person who has yet attained that distinction, such men as Leslie, Herschel, and Brewster being deemed worthy only of the Knight Companionship. Our rulers have on many occasions shown a desire to give foreigners a preference over English scholars: "Verily they have their reward," for those whom they have thus distinguished, have generally proved to be the most virulent libellers of England.

soon as propounded. Men came who spoke of Claude's sweet landscapes, of Salvator's wild scenery, of Raphael's sublime conceptions, and Murillo's repetitions, rather than representations, of human life. At first the reply was easy, "has any of them painted a lion?" for when the answer was in the negative, there came the obvious inference, "why then do you dare to compare him with me?" But in process of time some wicked wit advanced a step further in the argument, and declared that if they had not painted lions, they had painted what was just as good, if not better. Hereupon issue was about to be joined, when our painter learned that his minor proposition had not been permitted to pass uncontroverted; claims were made by and for other painters of lions, and one had the hardihood to assert that nobody could paint lions properly who had not visited tropical climates and actually seen the beast in his lair. Such conduct might have driven an angel to fury; no wonder that it roused our worthy painter to deeds of which he might well be ashamed in his more sober hours. He forthwith concocted a pamphlet, vituperating in no measured terms all the painters of the age; extolling lions, and himself, their only good delineator, to the third heavens, and accusing his oriental rival of having painted a lion with an unnatural curve in the tail, a gross exaggeration of the whisker, and a horrible distortion in the great toe-nail. The pamphlet was, however, eloquent, pointed and sarcastic; it proved equally the strength of the author's talents and the weakness of his temper, the depth of his knowledge and the shallowness of his discretion. In short, it was just such a *brochure* of splenetic egotism, wounded conceit and disappointed vanity, as the extraordinary pamphlet now lying before us.

A. W. Schlegel enjoys a European reputation, and deserves to enjoy it; we are not the persons to deny his extraordinary merits, or refuse homage to his great abilities. But we meet him now in a contest where he has voluntarily resigned his privileges, and descended from his vantage-ground. While Marius retained the stern majesty of virtue, no Cimbrian would dare to strike him, even in the dungeon; but when that same Marius had yielded to the petulance of wrath and the violence of passion, he forfeited those moral claims which had been previously his best protection. And in the same manner, when Professor Schlegel abdicates his dignity, rushes into the lists not as a noble cavalier but as an angry boxer, runs a muck like an insane Malay or an inebriated Irishman, he, too, forfeits his claim to deference, and must be treated like any other pamphleteer whom mortified pride and disappointed expectations had driven into authorship.

The principal subjects of the Professor's pamphlet are: an attack on the Oriental Translation Fund for their plan in general,

and the details in particular,—rather a curious specimen of logical arrangement; a complaint against the East India Company for not cancelling their edition of the *Hitôpâdêsa*, and adopting that of Professor Schlegel; an extravagant eulogy of the Sanscrit, with a cursory review of its grammars and dictionaries; a plan for the better cultivation of oriental literature in England; a complaint respecting the management of the British Museum, and a vindictive assault on Professor Wilson, for not having spoken of Professor Schlegel with sufficient respect. The offence given by the English professor is contained in the two following sentences;—

“I should think it an indispensable requisite, in the first professor of the Sanscrit language, that he had acquired his knowledge in India. Schlegel has not ventured in translation beyond those works which have been previously translated by English scholars.”

Will it be believed that the author calls these simple words a declaration of war? that he treats them as a deliberate denial of fame to the continental Orientalists, for he deems himself

“Knight of the shire, who represents them all,”

and regards them as a full justification for the constant depreciation of the labours of all the English writers on Eastern languages, which runs in an under current through every page of this book?

With only the first of the Professor's topics have we any concern; the others may be briefly dismissed. We trust that, if India stock rises, the Company will buy the whole edition of the *Hitôpâdêsa*; to the long and laboured praise of Sanscrit literature we say, as the philosopher did to the eulogy on Hercules, “*Quis vituperavit?*” Professor Wilson is right well able to defend his own cause, and would probably feel little obliged to us for volunteering his defence. Omitting, then, these matters, we shall examine the particulars of the accusation brought against the Oriental Translation Fund, *seriatim*; it will be scarcely necessary to refute them, for in the most important parts the Professor has spared us the trouble, and either in a note, or in a subsequent page, contradicted his charges almost as soon as they were made.

His first objection is to the entire system of publishing translations, as a means of diffusing information respecting the nations of the East. He says:

“I maintain that encouragements offered exclusively to translations, far from advancing a methodical and truly scientific study of the oriental languages, tend to injure it, and must exercise an influence pernicious in proportion to the extent that the committee's projects are realized. Now, if this fundamental study be neglected,—I say more, if Asiatic philology be not brought to greater perfection than it has yet attained, it will be impossible to procure good translations.”

The first assertion, in this brief paragraph, is contradicted by general experience; translations, even bad translations, have led

hundreds and thousands to study the originals in their native tongue; how many owe their first desire for the study of Greek to an early perusal of Pope's Homer? How many Italian scholars have been induced to learn that language by reading Tasso, in Hoole's or Fairfax's translations? Nay, how many have been induced to study Persian by reading the German translation of the *Shâh Nâmeh*? Though Atkinson's version of that poem has been but recently published, we know several ardent students whom it has led to a zealous cultivation of oriental literature. But there is another matter forgotten by the Professor, conveniently enough for his purpose, which we must not lightly pass over. There exist in most languages works of great historical and geographical value, which, in a philological point of view, are nearly worthless. Would a translation of the "*Gesta Dei per Francos*," prove injurious to the study of Latin, or is the text of Homer likely to be neglected, because we possess versions of Strabo, Pausanias and Josephus? It is of the first importance to England at the present moment that means should be afforded to the great body of the nation, of acquiring, at least, some general information respecting the history, the geography, the statistics, and the laws of the Eastern nations, either subjected to our sway or connected with us by trade; it is, in our opinion, a more important object than affording to a few laborious students an opportunity of entering deeply into the philosophy, the metaphysics, or the poetry of any sages, either in the eastern or western world. There is, however, no necessity for contrasting these objects; the plan of the Oriental Translation Fund excludes neither, and we are sufficiently utilitarian to rejoice that the greater portion of their attention has been given to the former.

The second objection of the Professor is, that the translators will probably be incompetent, and that, in many cases, even the best scholars will be impeded by difficulties almost insuperable. This he repeats in a great variety of forms, supports sometimes by arguments, sometimes by declamation, and not unfrequently by simple assertion; so that it is scarcely possible to form a condensed view of his reasoning. On this head we must, therefore, be almost as desultory as the learned Professor himself. He begins by expressing his fears, that many who have acquired a merely practical knowledge of oriental languages by residence in the East will offer their services to the committee, for the purpose of acquiring the reputation of authorship on easy terms. We regret that the title of author is not quite so honourable in England as to urge men to volunteer the wearisome toil of translation for the simple purpose of being able to boast that they had written books. But on the Professor's own showing, there are works which might fairly be entrusted even to such interpreters,

and though such may possess little attraction for the select few, they may contain much valuable information for the many. Can the Professor be ignorant of the distinction between the literature of fact and matter, and the literature of feeling and mind? Surely not. Has he then confounded them merely to serve a purpose? The complete answer, however, to this objection is the list of works already published under the superintendence of the committee; a list which the Professor has not ventured to quote; because it would at once have refuted his statements.

The difficulties which must impede even a competent translator are stated at great length; they are the imperfections of grammars and dictionaries, the errors of commentators, and above all, the impurity, in many instances, of the original text. Having dilated on these topics with great force, and some exaggeration, our author says,

"I think I have demonstrated that the translator of a Sanscrit, Persian, or Arabian book, of which there does not exist an edition printed and corrected with the utmost care, is necessarily compelled to undertake the labours of a judicious editor; to confront manuscripts, bring together commentaries, and, finally, make conjectural emendations. Can we imagine that a philologist, capable of executing this task, would consent to present himself in the humble attitude of an interpreter for the herd of readers?"

To the last question we can only answer, that a very distinguished philologist, named A. W. Schlegel, has published a very excellent translation of the Bhagavad-Gîta, and we are happy to add, that he designs soon to favour the world with a complete translation of the Râmâyana. It is true, that by translating into Latin, the disgrace of being "an interpreter for the common herd of readers" has been avoided; but we trust that he is not such an aristocrat in the republic of letters, as to maintain that the more capable a man is of giving instruction, the less willing he should be to instruct. The names of Jones, Wilkins, Wilson, Haughton, and many others, might be mentioned in proof, that in England at least, the most able philologists are not ashamed to appear "in the humble attitude" of "interpreters for the herd of readers."

The Professor follows up this division of the subject by charging the committee with neglect of the originals, and it is worth our while to quote the passage of the Prospectus on which the charge is founded, and compare it with the Professor's translation.

"Sect. 10. These translations are generally to be accompanied by the original texts, printed separately, and such illustrations as may be considered necessary. By the publication of the original text it is intended to multiply copies of such works as are scarce, and to furnish students, at a moderate expense, with correct copies of the best Asiatic works, to which they might not otherwise have access."

Now mark the translation.—

"Ces traductions seront *quelquefois* accompagnées des textes originaux, et des éclaircissemens qui seront jugés nécessaires; en publiant *occasionnellement* le texte original, on se propose," &c.

The version of "generally" by *quelquefois*, and the unauthorized introduction of *occasionnellement*, prove that the Professor's experience in translations may justly lead him to suspect their accuracy. Let it not be supposed that any variation in the copies of the Prospectus can have led him into error, for we have taken our extract from his own copy, published in the appendix. Neither can we consider the *quelquefois* to be an accidental mistranslation, nor the *occasionnellement* a casual insertion; for these very two words are made the foundation of a vehement tirade against the committee, for encouraging translators to the exclusion of editors. The words of the Prospectus have a signification directly contrary to that attributed to them, and the actions of the committee, as appears from their list of publications, fully prove that they have not neglected the encouragement of editorial labours, *where they were required*. They have only published the originals when they possessed a philological or ethnological value; but when the matter of the works alone deserved attention, they have wisely avoided a useless expense. They have not imitated Fleischer, the recent editor of *Abulfedu*, who declares in his preface that the work which he has edited is utterly useless and worthless.

We must leave for the present the supplemental matter connected with the second head of accusation, and come to the third. The Professor gravely asks, "Into what language are these translations to be made?" Now, after he had established to his own satisfaction, that the general system of translations was bad, one would have supposed that it was to him a matter of perfect indifference what nation was to be cursed by an enterprize which would injure "the methodical and truly scientific study of the oriental languages;" nay, rather, that he would have protested against France and Germany being allowed to share in such destructive proceedings. No such thing: the Professor in his zeal against England flings consistency to the winds; maintains in good set terms that the readers of French, Latin and German ought not to be excluded from the *advantages* that may result from the labours of the committee; and astounds us by the declaration, that English is inferior to any of the rival languages as a medium of translation. Had not rage clouded his intellects, the Professor might have stopped to consider, whether a speculation undertaken by British enterprize, supported by British money, and managed, for the most part, by British talent, should not be chiefly directed to the advantage of the British

people? Had he, however, consulted the list of publications, or rather, had he not chosen to forget the contents of that list, when a want of memory served his purpose, he would have seen that the committee have received and published both French and Latin translations of oriental works. This is not the place to enter into a defence of the capabilities of the English language: the Professor declares that it contains few compound words; will he furnish us with a compound epithet which it cannot express?

The wrath of the Professor is marvellously excited by the eulogium which the Prospectus bestows on Arabic and Persian literature, principally, we suppose, because he is, as he tells us, ignorant of both. We have heard that our painter of lions invariably vituperated tigers, leopards and elephants. To the Arabian literature, he objects its deficiency in epic and dramatic poetry, and generally in works of invention. He declares his intention of proving that the best portion of the "Thousand and One Nights" has been derived from an Indian original, and throws down the glove to the Baron de Sacy, who has undertaken to prove the direct contrary. "*Non nostrum tantas componere lites;*" we hope, however, to derive much both of instruction and amusement from the controversy. But though we by no means assent to the Professor's assertion in its present unlimited form, let us see if we cannot find some defence for the poor Arabians in this very book. What is said respecting the Chinese?

"This disdain of fabulous traditions, which Voltaire praises as a trait of wisdom, arises, perhaps, from a deficiency of imagination; but, as a compensation, this sobriety of intellect gives a great weight to their testimony."

Now we make the very same claim for the Arabians. It is chiefly as historians and geographers that we feel disposed to value the ancient Arabians and Persian writers; there are many important matters in both departments of knowledge for which we must seek elucidation from them—the history of the crusades, and the several routes of the Indian trade before the age of De Gama, will occur to every body; we shall mention another,—that mixed religious and political revolution which placed the Sassanides on the throne of Persia, restored the religion of Zerdusht to nearly its pristine splendour, checked the progress of Christianity eastwards, and threw it back upon the west; a revolution which has left traces of its influence in Jewish and Christian heresies, and in the religion of Mohammed.

To the Persians our author metes out even a less share of justice than to the Arabs; he says, and with truth, that "their literature has fallen into gross extravagances, and their prose usurped the most ambitious ornaments of poetry." It is true; the only proof

he quotes is the translation of the Bahar Danush, an Ossianic romance, translated by Mr. Jonathan Scott—a criterion about as fair as Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl, Maturin's Montorio, or Mrs. Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho, would be of the English language. We must confess that the style adopted very generally by the modern Persian writers merits the blame bestowed upon them; but does the Professor mean to insinuate that the earlier writers are subject to the same imputations? If so, he is either wholly ignorant of them, or perversely determined to misrepresent them. We must not pass over our author's parody of the modern Persian style, especially as a joke with him is a very serious matter.

"I shall not now mount the gallant courser of criticism, descended from the noble blood of the great Alexandrian steed Aristarchus, to combat the gasconading tribe of perverted taste, ranged under the banner of affectation. Firmly seated in the saddle of reason, supported on the stirrups of solid argument, I am sure to make head against the enemy effectively. But in pursuing the fugitives too obstinately with the arrows of derision, I might easily go astray in the sandy deserts of prolixity; and then, perhaps, in spite of myself, I would retain you, my worthy friend, who have hastened to accompany me on the dromedary of attention,—you over whose prosperity may Allah watch;—I would retain you, perhaps in spite of myself, near the briny well of weariness, under the gloomy tents of ennui."

Risum teneatis amici? This burst, in "Ercles' vein," offends not simply against good taste; it is a still grosser violation of good faith. If it means any thing, it must be taken as the general sample of Persian style; or, as the Professor declares himself ignorant of the language, as a fair sample of all the translations from that language with which he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted. Now previous to the date of his pamphlet, four translations from the Persian had been published by the Oriental Committee: the *History of the Afghans*, the *Adventures of Hatim Tai*, the *Autobiography of the Emperor Jahangueir*, and the *Autobiography of Sheikh Mohammed Ali Hazin*, none of which present the slightest trace of this bombastic style, but are, on the contrary, as remarkable for the simplicity of their construction, as they are for the intensity of their interest. Was A. W. Schlegel ignorant of their existence? Then must he forfeit all claim to the knowledge which alone would justify his assumption of the character of a censor. Was he acquainted with these works? We shall not write the sentence that would be dictated by belief in such an alternative.

But we shall be told, as some of Schlegel's admirers have told us already, that in the interval between the composition and publication of this pamphlet, the circumstances of the case had

altered, the committee had filled up the *lacuna* in the sketchy outline which alone their first prospectus presented, and that some allowance must be made for the disappointment of the Professor, when he found that his visit to London produced no great sensation. To such excuses we give their full weight; there is sufficient proof that between the writing and the printing of the pamphlet, Professor Schlegel had learned that some of his charges were groundless, and had an opportunity of making the same discovery with regard to most of the others. Before his pamphlet appeared, he had learned that the Armenian language was not excluded; he might have learned the same fact respecting the Japanese; it could not have been concealed from him, that the committee had, with prompt liberality, undertaken to print both French and Latin translations; he could not have been ignorant that the careful editing of the originals, when they were philologically valuable, formed an essential part of the committee's labours. For both facts he might have had the unimpeachable authority of his friend, A. F. Stenzler, who was then employed both in editing the *Raghuvansa*, and translating it into Latin. We shall not inquire too minutely how much of this possible knowledge was actual: and we are content to believe that the Professor acted under misapprehension when he wrote the pamphlet,—but where are we to find his excuse when he published it?

One word more before we leave this very painful part of our subject: the Professor says,

“The Sháh Námeḥ is the most ancient and most remarkable monument of Persian literature. Those acquainted with the subject assure me that the manuscripts vary very considerably. Until the extent and importance of these variations have been determined by the collation of a great number of manuscripts, and the text constituted according to the rules of criticism, a translation would be a hazardous, useless, and perhaps injurious (why?) enterprise.”

He adds in a note,

“In writing these lines, I was ignorant that this labour is in a great degree completed. A young German orientalist, Mohl, now at Paris, has been several years preparing a complete edition of the Sháh Námeḥ.”*

The Professor was unfortunately ignorant of some other matters which he might have known. To say nothing of Lumsden's labours, there appeared at Calcutta, in 1829, an edition of the Sháh Námeḥ, carefully collated with a number of the oldest and best manuscripts, by Turner Macan. The number collated was

* Every true lover of oriental literature will be delighted to hear that this able scholar has just commenced the printing of this edition, the expenses of which, by a generous rivalry, are to be defrayed by the Asiatic Society of Paris.

seventeen, and four fragments containing the greater part of the poem; and some of these MSS. belong to the fifteenth century.

We gladly turn from these effusions of pride, petulance, and passion, to the Professor's remarks on Sanscrit literature; they contain many suggestions equally practical and profound, but they are sullied by a spiteful spirit against all English scholars, living and dead. Yet, as if to prove the truth of the aphorism, that "anger is a short madness," the Professor even here scarcely ventures on a single insinuation of consequence, which he does not subsequently contradict. His theory of the similarity, almost amounting to identity, between the Sanscrit and the ancient language of the Medes and Persians, is not indeed original, as the reader might be led to suppose from the ludicrous self-complacency with which it is propounded, but still we trust that the Professor will further develope his views on the subject. The profound observations on Sanscrit grammar merit the attention of scholars; but their connection with the general purpose of the pamphlet it is not easy to discover. The carping critique on Wilson's Sanscrit Lexicon admits, however, of no such doubt; it was designed to depreciate that very meritorious work; but with cunning that defeats its own ends, the Professor prepares an escape from the charge of unfairness, by slipping in at the conclusion of the criticism, "for the first attempt to form a dictionary no other plan was practicable than that which has been adopted."

We come now to our author's remarks on the editions and translations of Sanscrit works published by English scholars. In no part of the work is the determination to depreciate the English more flagrant; occasions for censure are sought with Lyncean eyes; praise,—for in many instances praise was unavoidable,—is niggardly bestowed, and even then clogged by petty and trifling exceptions. A flagrant instance of this is his account of that noble monument of sound learning, deep research, and acute critical judgment, Haughton's edition of the Institutes of Menú; the Professor, however, regrets "that the words are not placed as far asunder as the rules for the junction of letters would permit." "How can they call Venus a perfect beauty?" said Momus, "I am sure I heard her slippers creak." The London edition of the Hitôpâdêsa deserves all that Mr. Schlegel has said in its dispraise, perhaps more. It was an edition hurried through the press to supply the immediate wants of the East India College; and it cannot compete for a moment with the one on which the Professor and his learned colleague, Dr. Lassen, have expended the labour of many years. We are serious in our wish that he may be well remunerated for his toil, and earnestly recommend the adoption of the Professor's work.

The translations are next criticised with capricious severity, for we are loth to attribute our author's strange selection of examples to a worse feeling than caprice. The character of Sir William Jones is tested by his version of the *Hitôpadesa*, a work which the Professor knows to be posthumous, and believes to have been written as a mere exercise when first that excellent scholar had begun to study Sanscrit. The same test is applied to Wilkins! Has the Professor forgotten his obligations to that admirable scholar's translation of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*? Has he tasted the waters of oblivion since he wrote in the preface to his own translation of the same poem, "*in interpretatione Bhagavat Gîtâ elaborandâ, interpretationem viri clarissimi Caroli Wilkins, magno mihi adjutumento fuisse, non modo non diffiteor, sed ultrô gratoque animo id agnosco?*" Were we disposed to adopt the style of carping criticism, we might easily show that "*maximo*" might with great propriety be substituted for "*magno*" in this passage; that many of Wilkins' slips have been faithfully copied by his successor, and that some of Schlegel's deviations from the English translation are any thing but improvements. We have no objection to the Professor's exulting merriment over the tricks played by the crafty Bramins on the first students of the Sanscrit; they were paralleled and surpassed in the middle ages, when Greek began first to be taught in western Europe. But it is not quite fair for the men who march at their ease into a stormed citadel, to laugh at those who first entered the breach, for having made a few false steps when surrounded by the enemy's smoke.

From translations in general, the Professor, after a long interval, comes to translations from the Sanscrit in particular. We agree in the necessity of all the requisites he authoritatively declares must be united in a judicious interpreter of this difficult language, and are especially anxious to state our cordial assent to the following:

"The nations of Asia, from a thousand causes, have a circle of ideas, an intellectual horizon far different from that to which we have been accustomed. Their authors often speak of matters, of which we, at least such of us as have not been in Asia, cannot form a clear idea from want of experience."

Professor Schlegel thus deliberately makes the very same assertion, for which he pours all the vials of his wrath on the head of Professor Wilson.

We cannot now examine the details of the noble plan of an academy for Oriental Literature, which concludes the letter to Sir James Mackintosh. The adoption of it, in its full extent, we believe to be impossible, but there are many admirable hints

in it by which our countrymen will profit; for no nation has more frequently and usefully applied the maxim, "*fas est ab hoste doceri*," than England.

Before finally taking leave of the Professor, we must notice a matter frequently insinuated, but never directly expressed in his pamphlet. He seems to think that he did not meet the reception in England which his merits deserved. What the amount of the Professor's expectations were, is beyond our powers of conjecture; but they must have exceeded the "*digito monstrari et dici* hic est," if they were not amply realized. The *Athenæum* has already amply vindicated the British Museum against the charge of discourtesy, by showing, from the example of the great Parisian Library, that permitting the loan of books leads to intolerable abuses. The Professor's claim to a special exception in his own favour is ridiculous; in the literary republic there must at all events be equality.

Professor Schlegel commenced the study of Sanscrit late in life, and manifestly regards the great proficiency he has made with the partiality proverbially bestowed upon "the children of old age." He has done but little,—a translation of the Bhagavad Gītā, and part of the Ramayana, and an edition of the Hitôpāṭhas, are all the works that have resulted from his ten years' toil,—but that little has been done well. He insinuates, indeed, that the lateness of the period when Indian literature began to be cultivated on the continent was owing to the continental system of Napoleon. We can assure him that the great European war operated as strongly in suppressing oriental literature here, as in France and in Germany. It is a merit of which the English scholars must not be deprived, that for many years they pursued a laborious and difficult study, uncheered by public sympathy, unsupported by public aid, not unfrequently ridiculed as patrous of "*difficiles nugæ*." Until the appointment of Professor Lee, the English Universities could show no successors worthy of Hyde, Pococke, or even White; in Ireland at the present hour, a limited acquaintance with the Biblical Hebrew only, is regarded as a sufficient qualification for the professorship of Oriental languages. On this subject we shall quote the words of Sir W. Jones.

"If learning in general has met with so little encouragement, still less can be expected for that branch of it, which lies so far removed from the common path, and which the greater part of mankind have hitherto considered as incapable of yielding either entertainment or instruction; if pain and want be the lot of a scholar, the life of an Orientalist must certainly be attended with peculiar hardships. Gentius, obscurely in Holland, and died in misery; Hyde, who formed important projects, had not the support and assistance which

and the *Oriental Translation Fund*.

they deserved and required. The labours of Meninski immortalized and ruined him."

The discouragements thus described by Sir William Jones, were aggravated during the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. Still there were persons who zealously pursued the study of what Mr. Haughton has well called "a gigantic language," and who were ready to offer themselves as guides and instructors, when a revolution in public taste brought oriental studies into fashion. If the honoured veteran Colebrooke had revealed the history of his own feelings, how frequently would he have recorded the sinking of the heart and the failing of the spirit, arising from the prospect there frequently appeared of his labours remaining, if not wholly unknown, at least unappreciated! A brighter day dawned; attention was drawn to the neglected treasures of the East, and the continental scholars began to follow in the paths which the English had laid open. The greater part of them owned their obligations to those who had first opened the road and smoothed its worst difficulties; they regarded them as modern classical students do the editors of the Greek and Roman authors at the revival of literature, not as perfect, but as guides to perfection. As such they were once praised by Mr. Schlegel himself, and would probably have retained his good word,—his good opinion they cannot have lost,—had not some unnamed disappointment to vanity, or some pecuniary loss on the edition of the *Hitôpâdêsa* soured his temper and warped his better judgment.

It is gratifying to add, that few continental Orientalists have shared these feelings of hostility to England. In the last advertisement issued by the committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, we find the names of Klaproth, Von Hammer, Stanislas Julien, and the lamented Rémusat, among those translators whose works are in a state of immediate preparation. Thus have they given the most convincing, because the most practical proof, of their approbation of the committee's proceedings. Schlegel indeed quotes the Baron de Sacy as at least in part supporting his views and sharing his suspicions. This is as gross a misrepresentation as any other in the pamphlet, and that is saying a great deal. De Sacy, having shown that the translation of the *Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir* differed in some particulars from a partial translation of the work previously published, expresses a wish that an opportunity had been afforded of deciding between the conflicting statements by a reference to the original. He then says,—

"With whatever reserve we hazard an opinion on this subject, we cannot avoid regretting that Mr. Price, who knew the fragments pub-

lished by Mr. Anderson, did not devote himself to the critical examination of the work which he has translated ; and we must, in the second place, express an anxious desire that the committee of translation, formed under the auspices of the Asiatic Society of Great Britain, should add to the works whose publication they so efficiently encourage, the original texts, or at least, all that can render the perusal of them more useful, and furnish a benevolent and enlightened criticism the means of appreciating their merit and importance. Doubtless, as the works presented to the committee become more numerous, the necessity will be felt of making a judicious selection, as necessary to the success of this honourable enterprise, as worthy of the knowledge and talent of those distinguished men who have associated their names for this eminent service rendered to the literature of Asia. We venture to hope that these reflexions will not be taken in bad part."*

Now, can our readers believe that Mr. Schlegel alludes to this candid, honourable, and manly criticism,—without however venturing to quote it,—as perfectly supporting his objections to the principles on which the labours of the committee are founded ? He also quotes Professor Lee's letter to Sir Alexander Johnston, *in the year* 1827, on the defective state of Arabic and Persian dictionaries, as a proof that the time has not yet arrived when translations may be undertaken with advantage. Is the Professor ignorant of all that has been done since that letter was written to remedy these deficiencies ? We cannot speak of such an excellent scholar and worthy man as Professor Lee, otherwise than in terms of respect and admiration, but we must remark that the letter here quoted has always appeared to us rather too highly coloured. Dr. Lee's extensive knowledge and wondrous powers of memory have given him a command over minute details which few students can hope to attain ; but from this superiority has arisen a taste for all the little particulars and trifling niceties of the old grammarians, and a dislike, or perhaps contempt, of the simplification of knowledge. It requires an extensive previous acquaintance with the Hebrew language to read the Doctor's Hebrew Grammar profitably, and his additions to the admirable Persian Grammar of Sir Wm. Jones seem to us any thing but improvements. The new edition, however, of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, edited by Mr. Johnston, under the auspices of the East India Company, obviates all the objections that might be founded on this out-of-date letter.

We had written thus far when we received a copy of Mr. Von Hammer's article in the Vienna Jahrbücher, on the subject of this pamphlet, and we regret to find that he has bestowed such

* The Baron de Sacy is at this very moment engaged in printing for the committee his celebrated metrical grammar of the Arabic language, called the *Alfiyah* ; thus practically showing how much he respects the objects and favours the plans of the committee.

severe castigation on the unfortunate Professor. In only one point does he agree with his compatriot—the necessity of the committee's exercising great caution in the selection of the works they honour with publication. This he illustrates by a harsh, but apparently not undeserved attack on Fraser's translation of the War in Bosnia; at the same time he bears honourable testimony to the great merits of Mitchell's *Turkish Maritime History*. On all the great points of Schlegel's pamphlet, Hammer is at issue with the Professor, and meets him with irresistible strength. He ridicules the display of titles in what with him is truly a title page; he defends the literature of the Western Asiatics with a display of spirit and learning which sets all competition at defiance; the presumptuous condemnation of the Arabic and Persian languages he exposes as it well merits, and he proves that from them both, important elucidations of that very Sanscrit literature for which Schlegel contends may be derived. He blames the Professor for appealing to the Asiatic Society as a stranger instead of as a member, and wonders at the real or assumed ignorance of the Society's usages that led him to declare,

“ I only *know* that at your general meetings, the president, the director, and the members of the committee, have alone the right to speak; the other subscribers only vote in silence by white and black balls.”

We more than share Von Hammer's astonishment, as we happen to know that Professor Schlegel claimed and exercised his right of addressing the Society when he was last in England. Mr. Von Hammer defends the East India Company from the charge of neglecting literature, insinuated rather than directly stated by Mr. Schlegel; he triumphantly exhibits the list of works which have issued from the presses of Calcutta and Madras since the year 1826, and answers the Professor's complaint of these works being printed on inferior paper by quietly observing that they are printed on better paper than that used for the complainant's own pamphlet. This however is not all; it is not even a fair specimen of the benefits that the East India Company has conferred on eastern literature and science. Truly ungrateful would the oriental scholars, both of England and the continent, be, if they forgot their obligations to that great commercial body. They have liberally patronized every undertaking, whether literary or scientific, that tended even remotely to promote the happiness and well-being of the people placed under their care. With respect to the education of their civil servants and writers, the following statement, taken from a work lately published by Parbury, will be sufficient to prove that every possible attention is paid to preparing these gentlemen for the important duties they have to discharge.

"The civil service of India, from which the executive, financial, judicial, and commercial departments are supplied, from the provincial magistracy to a seat at the Council Board (or sometimes to the governor-generalship), originates principally from the students of Haileybury College, an establishment founded by the East India Company for the better and surer supply of men qualified to fill the important duties which devolve on an English official, when transplanted to shores where the happiness or misery of millions depends upon his talent, his integrity, and moral firmness of character. The students at Haileybury, who must enter between the ages of sixteen and twenty, are classed in four successive terms of six months each; two entire days in every week are given to oriental literature, and part of other days. There are four European departments; seven months in the year are devoted to lectures on various subjects; for instance, a student who remains two years at the college, receives in three terms from seventy to eighty hours of law tuition, and altogether ninety hours; he is instructed in elemental knowledge on the limits between morals and law, political and civil rights; in the English and Mahomedan criminal law, and on the law of evidence; the moral and legal obligations of government are also inculcated; the laws affecting property, promises and contracts, and the obligations arising from public and private relations, are carefully taught, as well as the classics, mathematics, and in fact every branch of education which can be requisite for a statesman on the most extensive field of action.

"The ablest masters in every language, European or Asiatic, are employed at the college: for Sanscrit as well as Greek, Persian as well as Latin, and Hindoostanee and Bengalee as well as French and Italian, are sedulously cultivated; the most learned professors of philosophy are also in attendance, and every day, except Sunday, there are lectures."

That equally efficient instruction is bestowed upon the military cadets, is proved by the high authority of the Duke of Wellington, who declared that the attainments of the engineer and artillery officers educated in the East India Company's institution at Addiscombe surpassed those of officers of similar standing in the royal army.

Neither has the education of its subjects in India been neglected by the Company, as appears from the following authentic statement, taken from the same work.

"It was stipulated at the last renewal of the charter, that 10,000*l.* should be annually devoted from the surplus territorial revenue of India to the purpose of education; by the following extract from a parliamentary return in 1832 (No. 7), it will be seen that the company have doubled, and in some years trebled, the amount laid down in the Act, although there was no surplus revenue in India.

1824	21,884	1828	35,841
1825	66,503	1829	38,076
1826	27,412	1830	44,320
1827	45,313			

"As an instance of the efforts making for the diffusion of intelligence throughout the British dominions, I may quote the testimony before Parliament of the Honourable Holt Mackenzie, who states that since the renewal of the last charter, the Bengal Government have established a college at Calcutta for the Hindoos, and reformed very much the old Moslem College; that colleges have been established at Delhi and Agra, for both Hindoos and Moslems; the Hindoo College at Benares has been reformed; at the several institutions it has been the object of government to extend the study of the English language, and good books have been supplied, &c.; that seminaries have been established in different parts of the country, and schools established by individuals have been aided by government."

General science is indebted to them for the longest meridian line ever measured, which was accomplished at their expense by the late Colonel Lambton; that stupendous work, the trigonometrical survey of Hindustan has been nearly completed under their auspices, and the results are in the course of publication on a very extensive scale. The map of India, in the construction of which Colonel Reynolds of the Bombay establishment was for nearly thirty years employed, cost them from 100,000*l.* to 150,000*l.* They have also a magnificent botanical garden at Calcutta, and another at Sahárunpúr; the superintendent of the former, Dr. Wallich, after forming an immense collection of plants in Nepal and Ava, was permitted to come home for the purpose of selecting and arranging the most curious specimens for publication. His work was generously patronized by the Company, and his salary was continued during his residence in England, although contrary to the letter of the act of parliament. The duplicates of the plants brought over by Dr. Wallich, as well as of other collections in the Company's Museum, were liberally distributed to the various scientific institutions, both in this country and on the continent; in fact there was neither labour nor expense spared to make the results of Dr. Wallich's researches as extensively useful to science as possible. The publication of Buchanan's statistical survey of India, in three quarto volumes, under the patronage and chiefly at the expense of the Company, must also be mentioned; nor should we forget the presentation of a copy of that gentleman's valuable manuscripts to the library of the Royal Asiatic Society, for the use of its members. Every work that could be practically useful in India, or that had even a remote tendency to illustrate oriental literature, they have liberally patronized; and the list of works edited both by Europeans and natives, which have issued at their expense from the presses of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, extends to a goodly catalogue. They gave 10,000*l.* for the collection of coins, antiquities, gems, books, and manuscripts made by the late Colonel Colin Mackenzie of Madras. They purchased the late Dr. Leyden's books,

with delicate generosity, from his family. They have sent out ample supplies of astronomical instruments to India and appointed an astronomer. And they afford every inducement to their young officers to study the Persian and Hindustani languages, by appointing interpreters to their several corps. But alas! what is all this when compared to the *per contra* balance—they took only six copies of Professor Schlegel's *Hitôpâdêsa*!

We have no interest in being the advocates of the East India Company, but common justice and common honesty imperatively demand that we should bear testimony to their constant patronage of oriental literature. In the words of Junius, "these praises have been wrung from us, but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned."

We must now say a few words respecting the proceedings of the committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, a body whose institution we hailed with sincere delight, whose progress we have watched with ardent sympathy, and whose present triumphant position we contemplate with equal pride and pleasure. It commenced operations in the beginning of the year 1828; its professed designs were to open the scientific and literary treasures of the East to the natives of Europe, to facilitate the acquisition of the Asiatic languages both by supplying accurate translations and furnishing correct texts of works possessing a philological value; and subsidiary to these great objects, was the stimulating students of oriental literature, by affording them facilities for publishing the fruit of their labours and offering rewards for successful exertions. We refer to the list of their published works as a proof of the valuable results that have already followed from the institution, merely reminding the reader that, though the operations of the committee are closely and jealously watched, *one* only of their translations has as yet afforded room for the severity of criticism. It is our pleasing duty to add, that the benefits of the institution have not been confined to England; they have been felt all over the continent, and have given a new stimulus to the exertions of oriental scholars. We are particularly delighted to find that a branch-committee has been formed at Rome; the literary treasures accumulated during many ages in the libraries of "the Eternal City," have never been properly examined; we have reason to hope that among them will be found translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin classics; the Armenian version of the Chronicle of Eusebius so recently obtained shows what fruit may be derived from exploring more diligently the stores of monasteries. In treating of this part of our subject we cannot pass over in silence the exertions of the Earl of Munster, to whose indefatigable zeal and *personal* influence in procuring subscriptions the Oriental Translation Fund is not only

largely indebted, but may almost be said to owe its existence; it was by him that the "Branch corresponding Committee at Rome" was organized; it was he that "secured the sanction and approbation of the Roman government, and obtained the active and willing co-operation of the various learned bodies in that city and their erudite members, and acquired the aid of that powerful institution the College de Propaganda Fide." Through him too, we may add, Professor Schlegel was afforded the most ample opportunities of learning the nature and objects of the Oriental Translation Fund during his recent visit to England. But though the Professor seems not to have availed himself of such advantages, we are assured that the honourable exertions of this nobleman to forward the cause of oriental literature, will be duly appreciated by the scholars both of England and the continent.

That an institution formed for such noble objects, and pursuing them with such enlightened zeal, should have avoided rather than courted notoriety, has always appeared to us unaccountable. To this cause alone we attribute the brevity of the subscription list, for were the merits of the Oriental Translation Fund thoroughly known, it would, ere now, have reckoned among its supporters every true lover of literature in the empire. It would also have received offers of literary assistance from those, who, though not deeply read as oriental scholars, yet possess learning which would illustrate oriental subjects. We should gladly see the Armenian writers illustrated by notes from the cotemporary Byzantine Historians; the late edition of Mirkhond might have been rendered more valuable if his statements had been contrasted with those of the Grecian writers. If, as we ardently hope, the whole of Mirkhond shall appear, we trust that the notes will illustrate the interesting era of the Sassanides from Procopius, Agathias, and the scarcely examined pages of the Talmud. All the literary men of England are interested in the success of the committee; all should be ready to tender it assistance, and by a judicious division of labours the future works will be rendered worthy of the age, the country and the institution. Perhaps the publication of some work, such as the beautiful romance of *Hatim Tai*, in a more popular form, or a selection of judicious extracts from the books on the committee's list, might call the attention of the great body of the nation to the pleasure, the interest, and the advantage that must result from the cultivation of eastern literature; and prove the truth in modern, as well as ancient times, of the sentence so appropriately chosen by the committee for their motto—" *Ex Oriente Lux.*"

ART. III.—*Physiologie Végétale, ou Exposition des Forces et des Fonctions vitales des Végétaux, pour servir de suite à l'Organographie Végétale, et d'Introduction à la Botanique Géographique et Agricole.* Par M. Aug. Pyr. De Candolle. 3 tom. 8vo, Paris. 1832.

THE great importance of vegetable physiology is sufficiently evident. The agriculturist and the horticulturist can expect increased success in their several departments, in proportion only as their practice reposes on an improving knowledge of the laws which regulate the phenomena of vegetable life. We have long wanted a work in which the more recent discoveries of modern observers should be collected, and their facts generalized; and the present volumes will be found to supply this want in a very efficient manner. The great progress which has been made of late years in this subject, could be known only from consulting the papers of various contributors, scattered through the pages of different scientific journals; and there existed no complete treatise to which the botanist might refer for an extensive and combined view of the several laws and principles which had been either clearly established or strongly suggested by a closer examination of the complicated phenomena of vegetation than had previously been attempted. On the continent, a long list of names might be enumerated of those who have devoted their attention to vegetable physiology; but in England, with a few rare exceptions, our best botanists have suffered their continental brethren to outstrip them in this superior department of the science. Whilst we possess at least a sufficient number of works exclusively devoted to "descriptive botany," we can scarcely name one that makes any pretension to a close acquaintance with the more recent discoveries in "vegetable physiology."* Mrs. Marcet's little work, entitled, "Conversations on Vegetable Physiology," is, indeed, excellent of its kind, and may be read with advantage and pleasure by every one who wishes to obtain a superficial knowledge of the subject. It professes merely to give an exposition of some of the leading topics of M. De Candolle's lectures, in his annual course at Geneva. We have now, however, the views of De Candolle detailed by himself, and we turn to them in the full expectation of finding ample justice done to his subject. Not that we may expect to learn that all, or indeed that very many physiological questions have been settled by him, be-

* Whilst preparing this article we have received Professor Lindley's "Introduction to Botany," in which the physiology of plants forms the subject of one book. The well-known proficiency of this eminent botanist will satisfy every one that he has here rendered an important service to this science.

yond the possibility of further cavil; on the contrary, the science is still so far in its infancy, that scarcely any of the most important laws and functions of vitality can be considered as fully understood. His work, however, is most valuable, in presenting us with a clear and explicit detail of the phenomena of vegetation, and a sufficient exposition of the various hypotheses by which different botanists have proposed to account for their existence. It is at once a compilation and a review of nearly every thing at present known on the subject. The work itself forms the second part of a complete "Course of Botany," which the author has for several years had it in his view to publish. The first volume of this course appeared in 1813, and a second edition of it in 1819, under the title of "Théorie Elémentaire de la Botanique." This was succeeded by two volumes, entitled, "Organographie Végétale," in 1827. These three volumes completed the first part of the "Course." The present three, on "Physiology," constitute the whole of the second part; and the author proposes to publish hereafter a third part, containing "Botanical Geography," and other departments not yet discussed.

All researches that are undertaken in the several departments into which the study of nature is divided, may be classed under one or other of two general heads. They are either such as are made for the purpose of ascertaining the "sensible qualities" of bodies—as the materials of which they are composed, and their structure, whether internal or external; or else they are made with a view of discovering and estimating the laws which regulate the "various forces" acting upon, or by means of, the materials of which those bodies are composed—such as alter their condition, or produce in them various kinds and degrees of motion. We may say, therefore, that every branch in the vast study of nature has its "descriptive" and its "dynamical" department. The dynamical department of botany is denominated "Vegetable Physiology," whose immediate object is to determine the precise influence which the mysterious principle called "life" has upon the vegetable structure, under whatever conditions it may be placed. In his former treatises, our author had described the organs of plants, and their anatomy; in other words, he had shown us the construction of the machinery by means of which life is enabled to act, and to produce its effects; and in the present volumes he proceeds to show us this machinery in action. As, however, it seldom, if ever, happens that any single phenomenon in vegetation can be directly ascribed to an effort of "life" alone, but must also be considered partially dependent upon the simultaneous action of two other forces, "affinity" and "attraction;" it is a problem of no small difficulty to determine, what portion of the

effect ought to be ascribed to each of these three forces independently of the other two. In all cases where a single force only is known to operate, its laws may be ascertained with precision, from the direct results which it produces; but when two combined forces produce a result, it is necessary that we should first ascertain the effect that would be produced by one of them when acting alone, before we can hope to appreciate that which is due to the action of the other. Now, the laws of "attraction" have been ascertained from the examination of the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, whose motions depend upon the immediate action of this force only. The laws of "affinity" are not yet ascertained; and, consequently, we cannot expect to determine, with perfect certainty, what those other laws may be which regulate the circumstances under which "life" is exhibited by the vegetable kingdom. When the physiologist would search for additional data for conducting his inquiry, and turns to the vital phenomena presented by animals, he finds his difficulties to be further increased by the presence of a "sentient" principle, which is in them superadded to the three forces above mentioned. Since, however, it would be impossible to await the final result of future researches into the nature and laws of "affinity," before we would proceed in our investigations of those which belong to "life" itself, we must endeavour, as well as we can, to carry on the examination of each of these forces simultaneously; being cautiously guarded not to ascribe to any effort of vitality what is actually due to the action of either of the two other forces; nor, on the other hand, be tempted to consider "life" itself as resulting merely from their joint operation upon a previously organized body. Every fact, then, connected with the existence of life in plants, should be carefully weighed in a double point of view: first, to see whether it has resulted from the action of one or more forces; and, secondly, how far each of these forces may have been modified by the peculiar structure of the body acted on. For the tissue itself of which the vegetable structure is composed possesses certain peculiar properties, and these must be first determined, lest they should be mistaken for vital properties. The physiologist, then, ought first to ascertain, as clearly as the case will permit, what portion of the result must be ascribed to the effects of attraction and affinity; what must be allowed to be the peculiar properties of the tissue itself; and, having abstracted these, he will arrive at what must be due to the specific action of the vital force.

In comparing vegetable with animal physiology, we find a striking analogy between many of the facts presented in each kingdom of organized nature; and since some departments of

inquiry are more advanced in the one than in the other, the two studies may mutually assist each other in arriving at the solution of many questions of general physiology.

There are three properties more peculiarly distinguishable in the tissue of which the elementary organs of plants are composed. These are "extensibility," "elasticity," and "hygroscopicity." These it possesses whether in the dead or living plant, and therefore so much of every phenomenon as may be explained by their action should be ascribed to the inherent properties of this tissue, and not confounded with the functions of "life" itself. The cellular tissue of plants is enabled to accommodate itself to the development and growth of any organ, by its property of "extensibility," up to a certain point, beyond which it becomes ruptured, and must then be considered as dead matter. Upon its "elasticity" depends the action by which certain organs are maintained in particular positions, or by which they constantly return to such positions when any counteracting force is removed. Thus, in the common nettle, the stamens are curved forward in the early state of the flower, when they are held together by the anthers; but afterwards, as the filaments elongate, their elasticity alone is quite sufficient to dissolve the union of the anthers, and the stamens then fly back with violence and with a shock sufficient to cause the anthers to discharge their pollen. This particular movement therefore, and some others of a like kind, must not be ascribed to any specific vital action, but merely to the elasticity of the vegetable tissue. The "hygroscopic" action of the vegetable tissue is very considerable, and indeed constitutes its most important property. It ought not, perhaps, to be considered as any other than a peculiar case of "capillarity," where the pores which perforate the tissue are too minute to be capable of detection under the very highest powers of the microscope. It is most eminently conspicuous in the purest states of the tissue; as in the newly formed spongioles at the extremities of the root, and in the wood of the stem. We suspect, however, that De Candolle has in this latter instance confounded the action of the capillarity of the whole mass, originating in the presence of the intercellular passages, with the hygroscopicity of the tissue itself, and we can by no means assent to his explanation of gum and other matters being dislodged from the bark by an expansion of the wood, swollen by the hygroscopic action of the tissue composing it. Gums and resins, when secreted in superabundance, must necessarily be protruded externally, from the want of sufficient internal reservoirs appropriated for their reception.

After having noticed these three properties of the vegetable

tissue, our author proceeds to examine three vital properties admitted in the animal kingdom, and which have sometimes been supposed to exist also in the vegetable. These are "excitability," "irritability," and "sensibility." "Excitability" is that property by which the "cellular tissue," forming the basis of the nutritive organs, manifests its susceptibility of certain impressions during the lifetime of the animal. "Irritability" is the property which causes the "muscular fibre" to contract upon the application of any stimulus. "Sensibility" is that property by which the "nervous matter" carries the knowledge of external impressions to the mind, or conveys the decrees of the will to the several organs of the body. Whether each of these three properties of animal life are also to be found in the living vegetable, admits of considerable doubt, and the difficulty of determining the question is principally owing to the great homogeneity of the vegetable tissue. The presence, indeed, of an "excitability" in the living principle of vegetation seems to be sufficiently clear: the cellular tissue resists destruction, and also effects certain chemical changes during the lifetime of a plant, which it is unable to accomplish after its death; and there are numerous phenomena which are totally inexplicable without admitting its presence. The boundary, again, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms is scarcely definable; and it seems impossible to allow this property to exist in those animals which seem to approach the nearest to the conditions of vegetable life, and yet to deny its presence in vegetables themselves. It is a property, however, which is much less active, though it is far more permanent, in vegetables than in animals. The existence of the vital property of "irritability" has often been suspected, though never clearly established, in the vegetable kingdom. In animals it resides in the muscular system, to which there is nothing analogous in the vegetable structure; and De Candolle considers all those phenomena which are usually cited as examples of an irritability in vegetables, to depend entirely upon the principle of excitability, modified in a few rare cases by certain remarkable peculiarities of organization, which are not yet well understood. But if "irritability" be not allowed to be a property of vegetable life, it seems still less likely that "sensibility" can. And, notwithstanding several plausible reasons for extending this vital property beyond the limits of the animal kingdom, it certainly does not appear to us that any facts which have been hitherto detailed can be brought forward with sufficient force to justify us in doing so, and we perfectly coincide with our author in believing, that so far as the present state of our information extends, "we can scarcely admit, without fresh proof, the existence of 'sensibility'."

in plants, and that we consider them endowed with an 'excitability' only; that is to say, with a life analogous to that which resides in such parts of the animal frame as are insensible."—vol. i. p. 34. From these remarks, then, it follows that we consider the ultimate object of Vegetable Physiology to consist in ascertaining the precise effects which the only known property of vegetable life, its "excitability," is capable of producing.

The two great functions of life, to which all minor efforts are subordinate, are "Nutrition" and "Reproduction;" and before any inquiry can be instituted into the various causes which influence and direct these functions, it is necessary that we should examine the character of those elementary organs which are the seat of the vital "excitability," and then, if possible, to ascertain the manner in which these organs act. Now the internal structure of vegetables is exceedingly simple, being entirely made up of a congeries of cells and ducts, alike composed of a delicate and apparently unorganized membrane. Most authors have considered the ducts or tubes to be the chief seat of vitality, but De Candolle, and, we think, most justly, ascribes to the cells the office of carrying on the chief functions of life. Many plants are known to be composed entirely of cellular tissue, and, therefore, in these at least, we must allow that the vital force resides there, and consequently that all the more general functions of life are most probably carried on by this tissue in all other plants also. But although we agree with our author in considering the cellular tissue to be the seat of the "excitability," we cannot assent to his explanation of the mode in which he supposes it to act. His idea is, that every cell is endowed with the property of successively dilating and contracting itself; the effect of which would be to diminish and increase alternately the size of the intercellular passages. This, he fancies, would cause a progression of whatever fluid may be introduced between the tissue of the plant. But there are serious objections to this view, even if it were clearly proved that such intercellular passages did always exist, and were filled with fluid. We cannot understand how any close cell or vesicle, containing an incompressible fluid, can be capable either of contracting or dilating itself. The analogous examples in the animal kingdom, which he produces in support of his hypothesis, are not at all to the purpose. In these cases the contraction of the vessel is accompanied by an expulsion of the fluid which it contains, and its dilatation by the introduction of the ambient medium, whether liquid or gaseous; but in the kind of peristaltic motion which he would attribute to each of the vesicles composing the cellular tissue, no expulsion of the contained fluid is supposed to take place; and as this fluid is also incompressible,

neither can we imagine how any dilatation of the cells can arise. We consider his attempt to explain the progression of the sap by the action of these vesicles, as the weakest part of the whole work. To say the least, it is purely hypothetical, and we also think it contradictory to known physical principles. On a subject of such extreme difficulty we ought not to speak very positively, but it does appear to us that M. De Candolle has treated somewhat too slightly the recently discovered property of Endosmose, and has shown too great an attachment to an early theory of his own, which perhaps served very well as a conjecture at the time it was first proposed, but which he ought to have given up after a cause had been discovered, which is apparently sufficient to account for the general diffusion and progression of the fluids introduced into the vegetable tissue. We shall presently revert to this subject when we come to consider the progression of the sap. In whatever way, however, the cellular tissue may be supposed to perform its functions, we believe it to be the chief instrument through which the only vital power allowed to plants produces its effects. Light and heat appear to be the two great causes by which its energies are stimulated; and to these we must probably add electricity, and the more remote excitations induced by various chemical and physical actions.

Nutrition and Reproduction have been called "organic, or vegetative" functions, from belonging equally to the animal and to the vegetable kingdom. Notwithstanding the great differences observable in the external forms of organized bodies, the function of nutrition possesses certain general traits of resemblance in both kingdoms. In both, its operations may conveniently be separated into seven periods, and we shall attempt a brief sketch of the phenomena exhibited during each of these.

First period of nutrition.—This comprises the introduction of the food into the plant. As vegetables do not possess the power of locomotion, it is necessary that their food should be so generally diffused in nature, that they shall run no risk of perishing from their inability to search for it. Now it is a fundamental principle in vegetable physiology, that every thing capable of being imbibed into the tissue must previously be brought to a state of solution; but water is present every where in the earth, and in the atmosphere, and the material which constitutes the chief food of plants is carbonic acid, which is almost constantly to be found dissolved in all water. The root is the only true absorbing organ of this nourishment; for although, under certain circumstances, the leaf and some other organs may be made to absorb moisture, these are not to be considered as

the organs originally destined for the introduction of food, any more than the pores in the skin of animals, which possess a like property, may be considered as their mouths. Neither is it by the whole surface of the root that this absorption takes place, but only through the "spongioles," which are small expansions of cellular tissue situated at their extremities. It is not clearly ascertained, whether the force which regulates the absorption of the spongioles is wholly vital, or whether it is the result of a vital action, in combination with the hygroscopic property of the cellular tissue. De Candolle had formerly attributed this action of the spongioles to their hygroscopicity alone; but he is now disposed to consider it dependant, to some extent at least, on the vital force. It does not, however, appear, that because there is a cessation of this absorption in the dead plant, and a continuance of it only in the living one, that we must therefore conclude it to be the result of a vital action in the spongioles themselves; for if it were really due to their hygroscopic property only, still the immediate removal of the absorbed fluid, by the organs which cause its progression through the plant, would continually renew the conditions necessary to secure a momentary repetition of its action. This absorption also has more of the aspect of a mechanical than of a vital operation, from the circumstance of all plants being equally indifferent as to the quality of the solutions which they imbibe, the quantity being regulated chiefly by the state of liquidity in which they occur: a more liquid solution of some substances, deleterious to the health of the individual, being more readily imbibed by it than others which are more viscous, though composed entirely of materials which are highly nutritious.

From the great uniformity in the means employed for absorbing them, and the general similarity of the matters absorbed, arises a great resemblance between the nutritive apparatus of all vegetables; which makes these organs ill adapted to the purposes of classification, and compels us to search among the reproductive organs for the characteristics necessary to establish a scientific arrangement of plants.

The usual aliment of plants we have stated to be water, containing carbonic acid in solution, or, we may add, at least containing some proportion of animal or vegetable matter capable of being converted into carbonic acid. But, besides this, air and various salts and other matters are absorbed in solution. Where, however, more substances have been found in the ashes of plants, than were supposed to have composed the materials by which they had been nourished, we must not conclude that the plants have created these substances, as some have imagined, but must consider them to have been extracted little by little, from some me-

dium in which they really existed, though in such minute quantity as to be incapable of being detected by chemical tests. We may easily allow that plants surpass us in their powers of abstracting the minutest portions of any material disseminated through a given menstruum.

Second period of nutrition.—The water introduced by the absorption of the spongioles is called “sap, or lymph.” It is then conveyed directly to the leaves, without sustaining any appreciable change in its progress, otherwise than by mixing with the vegetable juices it meets with in its course. The particular route which the ascending sap takes has often been a matter of discussion and dispute; but it has been clearly ascertained, by repeated experiments, that it ascends along that portion of the cellular tissue which constitutes the woody fibre, and not through the vascular tissue, which is intended primarily for the conveyance of air, though its tubes may occasionally be found filled with fluid. With respect, however, to the mode in which the sap is conducted along this cellular tissue, there is still much uncertainty. De Candolle favours the hypothesis of its passing along the intercellular passages, as we before mentioned, by means of the successive contractions and dilatations of the cells themselves. But we decidedly consider the newly-established principle of endosmose to afford a much better prospect of accounting for the fact. Endosmose is that property of all membranaceous substances, by which two opposite currents are established through their texture, whenever two fluids of unequal densities are placed on opposite sides of them. That the vital force must also be employed in securing any lengthened continuance of this action is evident; for in every apparatus constructed for the purposes of experiment, the effect must cease as soon as the two fluids have acquired the same density. Now, without attempting to account for the manner in which the healthy condition of the membrane is secured, we may easily imagine the constant development of fresh vesicles, and the continued secretion of fresh materials, to be sufficient to maintain the conditions necessary for the establishment of a perpetual endosmose during the lifetime of the plant, without considering this property itself to be directly dependant on the vital force. This property also explains the prodigious force with which the sap rises in certain seasons of the year; a force sufficient, as Hales determined, to support a pressure equal to two atmospheres and a half, and five times that by which the blood is propelled in the crural artery of the horse. The ascent of the sap is the result of a compound action, partly depending on a force “à tergo” propelling it forward, and partly on a force attracting it towards the foliaceous parts of the leaf; each, however,

resulting from the endosmose carried on by all parts of the cellular texture.

Third period of nutrition.—When the sap has arrived at the leaves, and at the other green parts on the surface of the plant, a considerable portion of its aqueous particles is transpired.* A cabbage, for example, transpires from a given surface seventeen times as much as a man by his insensible perspiration. A small portion, indeed, of this effect must be ascribed to the process of evaporation; but this is comparatively very trifling, and the greater part must be attributed to the action of a vital function. This is so decidedly remarkable in the vegetable kingdom, that De Candolle proposes for it the name of “exhalation,” in order to distinguish it from the less conspicuous effects of the insensible perspiration of animals. It is manifestly produced by the instrumentality of the stomata, or glandular pores, seated on the green parts of plants, and which are more especially abundant on the under surface of the leaf. Heat exerts a trifling influence in producing an increase of exhalation, but light is the chief stimulant which determines its extent. Plants do not exhale moisture in the dark, and as they still continue to absorb a little, they soon become dropsical. The fluid exhaled is nearly pure water, and consequently the sap must become considerably altered by this circumstance alone, as the materials introduced in solution will now bear a higher proportion to the whole quantity of water retained in the plant. This great exhalation of the superabundant fluid may be considered analogous to the combined effects produced both by the insensible perspiration and excrementitial rejections of animals.

Fourth period of nutrition.—We have now arrived at the complicated phenomenon of vegetable “respiration,” the most important of all the processes which together constitute the function of nutrition. One circumstance in this process is strictly in accordance with what takes place in the respiration of animals: the presence of oxygen being equally essential to the life of the individuals of each kingdom, though the ultimate results are diametrically opposite in each. In animals, the oxygen inhaled unites with the superfluous carbon in the blood, and the carbonic acid thus formed is exhaled into the atmosphere. In plants, a similar effect takes place by night, when the leaves and other green parts inhale the atmosphere, whose oxygen unites with the carbonaceous matters dissolved in the sap; but the carbonic acid thus generated is, for the most part, retained in solution within the plant, and not exhaled again. All the coloured parts of plants perform this function as well by day as by night; but the green parts always decompose carbonic acid by day, from

whatever source they may be able to derive it; and the result of this decomposition is to fix the whole of the carbon, and a small portion of the oxygen, in the substance of the plant, and to exhale the rest of the oxygen into the air. The chief supply of carbonic acid provided for this purpose is that which is introduced by the roots in a state of solution; but the small quantity universally present in the atmosphere is also inhaled and decomposed by the leaves. That which is formed within the plant itself is either retained in solution, or it is exhaled and disseminated in the atmosphere, whence it may re-enter the plant by one or other of the two methods just specified. Although the decomposition of carbonic acid is always proceeding during the day, yet it is never so rapid, nor so decidedly appreciable, as when the plant is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It is independent of the presence of the stomata, which we have already described as being the true exhaling organs of the green parts; and it is certainly effected by means of the cellular texture of these same parts, whose green tint must be ascribed to the result of this very action. There can be no question that the "decomposition" of the carbonic acid is the direct operation of a vital function; but the "formation" of this gas in the coloured parts of plants, at all times, and in the green parts by night, appears to be the result of a chemical action similar to the ordinary process of decomposition in all dead organized matter. If a plant be exposed to the light in an atmosphere deprived of oxygen, it soon dies, unless (which is very remarkable) it be enabled first to form a little oxygen by decomposing some portion of the carbonic acid within it, and thus to impregnate the atmosphere with a sufficient quantity to enable it to act as a further resource and constant stimulus for the formation and decomposition of fresh supplies of carbonic acid.

The result of all these compositions and decompositions of carbonic acid in the living plant, is the fixation of the whole of that carbon which is found in the entire mass of vegetation on the surface of the earth. Thus the atmosphere is continually being purified of every fresh addition of this material with which combustion, respiration, and putrefaction are perpetually adulterating it. For though all living plants do themselves generate carbonic acid in the way which we have specified, they also decompose much more than they form, and this excess is considered to be sufficient to counterbalance the quantity introduced into the atmosphere by other causes. In this single function, then, of vegetable life, we see an efficient yet simple means of restoring to the atmosphere that proportion of oxygen which is necessary to the health and existence of organized beings.

Thus, the consideration of the humble functions of vegetable life may serve to elevate our thoughts in wonder at that universal order which prevails throughout the works of the great Creator and Preserver of all things.

Fifth period of nutrition.—This period comprises the return of the newly elaborated sap into the system. The course which it pursues in its altered condition is, for the most part, down the innermost layers of the bark; as several very satisfactory experiments have decided. In the process of “ringing,” which consists in stripping a branch of a circular rim of bark, the descending sap is stopped, and a swelling is formed at the superior edge of the ring. The alburnum, or soft wood immediately below the bark, will also, if properly protected, serve to convey a portion of the descending sap, which is then further elaborated, and the alburnum hardens to solid wood. It has been a subject of considerable controversy, whether the new layers of wood and bark have resulted from the development of the old tissues nourished by the descending sap, or whether they have been generated partly in this way, and are partly formed of fibres descending from the buds which are seated on all parts of the stems and branches. Perhaps the question ought not to be considered as finally settled; but certainly we agree with our author in considering the latter opinion, of the descent of the fibres, as one which is little supported by facts, or by analogy, and that it rests for the present entirely upon vague conjecture and hypothetical reasoning. The elaborated sap descends to the roots, and causes their further development, whilst a portion of it is intercepted by the rising sap by which it is conveyed to the buds on the stem. There is, in fact, no true circulation in plants; but a portion of the elaborated sap, in its descent towards the roots, becomes mixed with the ascending sap, and is thus conveyed to all parts of the system.

Sixth period of nutrition.—In detailing the fourth period, we accounted for one alteration in the condition of the sap, by the circumstance of a considerable exhalation of its aqueous particles taking place, and for another, by its having received an addition of carbon from the decomposition of carbonic acid in the green parts. The nutritious material thus formed is essentially composed of carbon, and the two elementary ingredients of water, viz., oxygen and hydrogen. There are, however, several vegetable products, differing materially in their sensible qualities, which are composed of these three elementary substances only, and it is a task of some delicacy to select that particular one from among them which may most reasonably be considered as the universal pabulum prepared for the nourishment of the different vegetable

tissues. Our author considers "gum" to be the simplest combination of the three elementary ingredients mentioned; and argues, from its universal prevalence, that it must be the true nutritious principle of vegetables. There are some other substances nearly allied to gum in their chemical composition, which appear to be slight modifications of it, effected in some after process, by the secreting powers of the cellular tissue. The preparation of these fresh substances constitutes our sixth period. They seem to serve some purpose connected with the nutrition of the plant; but what this may be, it is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to decide. Three of these substances are *fecula*, *sugar*, and *lignine*, each differing very little from gum in their chemical composition. If we consider the solution of gum, so constantly found in the sap of plants, as analogous to blood, the formation of these other materials may then be likened to certain local secretions in the animal kingdom. Each grain of "*fecula*" appears to be a reservoir of gum incased in an insoluble integument. It is diffused through various parts of the plant, serving as so many magazines of nutriment for the future development of its several organs. It bears a striking analogy to the fat of animals. "*Sugar*" bears a strong resemblance both to gum and *fecula* in its composition. It is found in a liquid state in the cells, and is probably intended to serve some purpose or other of nutrition. "*Lignine*" is insoluble in water, and is a secretion deposited in the cells, which compose the woody portions of the plant.

Seventh period of nutrition.—The three substances mentioned under the sixth period, appear to be destined to serve some purpose or other of nutrition, as well as that universal pabulum, "gum," of which they are only slight modifications. Besides these, there are many other substances which result from the specific action of distinct parts of the vegetable structure, and which bear a still closer analogy to the peculiar products secreted from the blood of animals by the action of particular glands. In animals, however, the glands destined for this purpose are very conspicuous, the ducts through which the secreted matter is conveyed being clearly defined, and the secretions themselves presented to us in an isolated form. But in plants, the glands are generally minute, their structure scarcely distinguishable, and many of their secretions so much blended with other materials, that it requires a chemical process to separate them.

The enumeration of these various substances occupies a considerable portion of the first volume; and an attempt is made to classify them under a few general heads; but as no light is thus thrown upon the function of secretion, we shall

allude very briefly to these details. Every separate vesicle of the cellular tissue may be considered as a secreting organ, and some of them appear to elaborate peculiar compounds without assuming any of the ordinary characters of distinct glands. In other cases, a glandular structure is clearly distinguishable from the rest of the tissue. The matter elaborated is either destined to appear on the outside as an excretion, or it remains within the plant, but is so arranged in separate cavities as not to intermix with the nutritive juices. These all differ from those other secretions which we have considered as eminently nutritive, by having their oxygen and hydrogen in a different proportion from that in which they exist in water; and hence it seems probable that they result from a later and more complicated process than that which produces the nutritive secretions belonging to the former period. They all moreover act as poisons when imbibed by the roots; and this again shows us, that in the living subject they must necessarily be contained in specific cells provided for their reception, and that they can form no part in the process of nourishing and developing the plant. There are certain local secretions which can only be separated from the general admixtures in the sap by chemical processes; such are the various vegetable acids and alkalis, the origin of which is not at all understood. In the ashes of plants also we find variable quantities of different earths, metals, and salts, all of which have been introduced in solution with the water absorbed by the roots. A supposition which has been made, that some of these materials may be the direct produce of an effort of vegetable life, is wholly untenable, and their presence is clearly to be accounted for on the principle of their absorption in a state of solution. It is a more delicate question to determine, whether these materials ought to be considered as merely adventitious, and unnecessary to the health of the plant, or whether their presence is really beneficial to it. When received into the system they are conveyed by the sap to the leaves and surface of the stem, where they are always found to be deposited in greater abundance than in any other parts of the plant; which arises from the constant exhalation of the water in which they were dissolved taking place there. Hence, the annual fall of the leaf secures a constant discharge of these earthy matters from the plant, and a renewal of those organs takes place, which otherwise must ultimately have become choked by them.

Having completed the account of the various processes into which the great function of nutrition may be separated, some account is given of the progress made in the annual growth of a plant during each of the four seasons.

In "winter," the vital action remains nearly torpid. A continued but feeble absorption takes place at the root, sufficient merely to supply the slight degree of exhalation still carried on by some of the organs seated towards the surface. In "spring," the increased temperature is the great stimulant to the vital excitability, and the bark now begins to attract the sap towards it, and a fresh current proceeds from the roots. The formation of new radicles and spongioles adds increased vigour to this flow of the sap, and the immediate consequence is, the development of the buds. Independently, however, of these stimulating causes by which the vital energies of the plant are roused to action at the return of spring, it should seem that there is a special law of vitality, predisposing the plant to make these efforts after certain periodic intervals. Their success also depends, in a great measure, upon the conditions under which the plant has been placed during the previous year. During the "summer," the function of nutrition gradually diminishes in the intensity of its action. By the "autumn," the leaves have become choked by the earthy particles deposited in them; their fall commences, and the true sleep of the individual takes place. This, as is well known, is the best season for transplanting, when the juices are stationary, and the new fibrils have not yet been developed on the roots.

In explaining the mode in which the young branches and roots are developed, it is to be noticed that the former expand throughout their whole length, while the latter are increased by successive additions at their extremities only. During the process of development, something like periodic returns of intensity has been remarked, and it is stated that these efforts are twice accelerated and twice retarded every day; but the account wants confirmation.

There is another phenomenon, however, and that of a most curious description, which ought to be considered as the result of a specific vital action; though some observers have supposed it may be accounted for on physical principles. We allude to a constant rotation of the fluids contained in the cells and short tubes of some plants. This rotation is rendered apparent by the presence of little globules, or rather granules, of vegetable matter swimming in the fluid, and it may be seen very readily in all the species of *Chara*, under any ordinary microscope. It is found also in several other families of *Cellulares*; and has also been detected in the genera *Caulinia*, *Hydrocharis*, and *Valisneria*, among *Vasculares*: to which we may add an observation of Mr. Brown, who has noticed a distinct rotation of the fluid contained in the joints of the moniliform hairs which clothe the

base of the filaments in *Tradescantia*. These details conclude the first volume, which closes the account of the all important function of nutrition.

II.—We now proceed to consider the second of the two chief functions of vitality—"Reproduction." The continuation of the species is secured in the vegetable kingdom by two distinct methods: the one by the "fructification" of the plant, by which its reproduction, strictly speaking, is effected; and the other, by the "subdivision" of the plant, by which its multiplication is obtained without the intervention of any reproductive process. These two means of propagating plants should be separately examined, and then the conditions essential to secure success in each case should be compared, in order that our ideas of what is a "species," and what a "variety," may be fixed. We shall follow our author in his account of the function of "Reproduction," by separately considering the five periods into which he has divided the process of "fructification," viz. flowering, fecundation, maturation, dissemination, and germination of the seed.

First period of fructification.—This comprises the well known phenomenon of "flowering," in which one of the fundamental organs of the plant, we mean the leaf, by the operation of certain causes totally unknown, has ceased to obey the ordinary conditions of development essential for securing the nutrition of the individual, and has assumed a totally different character, in which it performs entirely new functions. As the predisposing causes which determine this phenomenon are unknown, we must be content to compare the actual period of a flower's expansion with the age of the plant, and the time of its duration; without pretending to say why or when the nascent organs first obtained the character of a flowering bud.

The flowering of plants may be compared to the age of puberty in animals; and the laws which regulate its commencement, as well as its periodical returns in perennials, are sufficiently definite for each species, though liable to considerable modification under peculiar circumstances. An elevation of temperature, for instance, decidedly excites and accelerates the flowering propensity, whilst a superabundance of moisture counteracts and retards it. Hence it happens that when the fruits and legumes of a temperate climate are cultivated within the tropics, although the increased temperature might dispose them to flower more freely, yet the moister atmosphere of those climates predetermines their running to leaf. Whatever, on the other hand, tends to check the luxuriance of vegetation, predisposes the plant to show

more flower; and hence the effects of our winters are undoubtedly beneficial in allowing the sap time to be prepared for this important function. In India, it is customary to uncover the roots of fruit-trees during the violent heats, which causes the leaves to fall, and thus the effects of winter are artificially produced upon the constitution of the plant. The periodic return of the flowering season is sufficiently constant in each species, to be considered as a general law of vegetation; for, although it is subject to modification from a variation in temperature, yet it is evidently dependant also on the idiosyncrasy of the individual. De Candolle mentions two contiguous trees in a row of horse-chesnuts at Montpellier, one of which always flowered the earliest, and the other the latest, of all the trees in the row. It is important, in an economic point of view, to note this variety in the periodic times of flowering in different individuals of the same species, since cultivators, by continually taking advantage of it, and so propagating from the earliest and latest of the same crop, may gradually obtain plants which will yield a much longer succession of flowers or fruit than could otherwise be obtained.

Light, and not heat, appears to be the stimulating cause most effective in determining the particular hour of the day in which flowers expand. Some never expand if the weather is likely to prove rainy, though a sudden storm will occasionally surprise these natural hygrometers, cheated by a brilliant sunshine into a state of unsuspecting security.

In general, the flowers are developed with a regularity conformable to the rate of increase of the whole plant; but in some species, the vital energy appears to become excited in an unusual degree, as the period for flowering approaches. Thus, the American aloe (*Agave Americana*), which in the south of Europe continues vegetating for three or four years without flowering, and in our own country for forty or fifty, and which during this period has increased very slowly, suddenly exhibits a rapidity of development, when the flower is about to make its appearance, which is very remarkable. In three or four months its flower stalk acquires a length of fifteen or eighteen feet. A plant of the *Agave fatida*, which had been in the Paris garden for nearly a century without showing any indications of flowering, and which had scarcely appeared to grow at all, in 1793 acquired a flower stalk twenty-two feet and a half in length, in the space of eighty-seven days, and was observed at one time to be growing at the rate of more than one foot per diem.

Second period of fructification.—When the flower has expanded, and its various organs have attained the requisite development, the important process of fecundation takes place, by which the

fertility of the seed is to be secured. M. De Candolle prefaces his account of the fecundation of the ovule by a brief historical review of its discovery. It had been ascertained from the earliest antiquity that some preliminary act was in all probability required for impressing a vitality on the embryo contained in the seed, before it could become capable of a separate and independent existence. No certain information, however, had been acquired as to the precise nature of the process; and the few notions which prevailed were very vague, and for the most part erroneous. Herodotus confounds the phenomenon of the caprification of the fig, practised in the East, with the fecundation of the date, obtained by suspending bunches of the barren, or male flowers, over those trees which bear the young fruit. But it is now ascertained that the caprification of the fig is serviceable merely in accelerating the ripening of its fruit, owing to the puncture which it receives from the larva of a *Cynips*, a small insect abounding among the blossoms of the wild figs, which are suspended over the cultivated plants in the flowering season. We shall add nothing further to our account of this history of the final establishment of the sexual distinctions of plants, because the subject has been so often discussed, and is now so securely settled, and so generally known as to need no fuller notice. But before we proceed to examine those facts which have been most recently discovered concerning the mode in which the process of fertilizing the ovule is carried on, we must advert to the experiments of M. Lecoq, because De Candolle appears to consider them to be worthy of credit. They tend to prove that the female plants of certain dioecious annuals, as the hemp, are capable of ripening their seed without the necessity of any previous action of the pollen. But these rare exceptions to an otherwise general law militate nothing against the well established doctrine of the sexes in plants. They may show us the necessity of modifying our ideas on the subject: but they no more disprove the fact itself than the phenomenon which results from the impregnation of an *Aphis*, whose offspring are capable of producing young without fresh impregnations to the fifth generation, can persuade us of the non-existence of sexes in the animal kingdom. It is quite right that we should be mistrustful of maintaining the existence of too strict an analogy between the two kingdoms of organized beings; but there is no point of analogy between them that is more striking than this; and it would be far more advantageous to the progress of science, if certain modern objectors would direct their researches towards examining the process by which the fecundation of the ovule is effected, instead of wasting their time in framing doubts of its existence.

We find various provisions made for securing the success of the fecundating process. In some plants, one or other of the organs destined to this purpose are endowed with specific motions, by which they are brought nearer to each other at the time. In most others they are placed so advantageously, that there is no chance of failure, under ordinary circumstances. Various precautions are provided to enable them to avoid the deleterious effects of moisture, which might cause the pollen to explode, if brought into contact with it. The organs destined for securing the fertility of the seed are, as every one knows, the stamens and the pistil; the essential part of the former being the anther, which contains a fine dust named the pollen, and each grain of pollen is filled with exceedingly minute granules, called the fovilla. The pistil is crowned by the stigma, which is the organ destined to receive the grains of pollen on its surface; and then the process of fecundation consists in that influence, whatever it may be, which is exerted by the fovilla being carried through the pistil down to the nascent ovules seated within the ovarium. There is a material interruption in the chain of evidence hitherto brought forward, which would account for the manner in which the influence of the fovilla is conveyed to the ovule; and three hypotheses have been proposed, each of which is at present without sufficient proof to warrant its unqualified reception. Observers have long agreed that the grains of pollen, when placed in water, discharge their fovilla with violence through certain pores on their surface; but Amici first discovered, in 1823, that when they fall upon the stigma, and are left attached to it by means of a glutinous exudation which coats its surface, they do not explode; but that after the lapse of a few hours, they protrude from their surface one or more exceedingly delicate tubes, which insinuate themselves between the vesicles composing the stigmatic tissue, and subsequently extend to a considerable length down the style. From later observations of the same, and other observers, it has been shown that these tubes in some cases actually penetrate into the ovarium, and that they there appear to distribute themselves between and around the ovules. The fovilla enters these tubes; but whether its granules ever reach the ovules, as M. A. Brongniart supposes, or whether they only produce upon them a certain stimulating effect, as Mr. Brown imagines, are questions not yet decided. In researches of such extreme delicacy, no direct observations seem likely to bring us to a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and it is only by arguments derived from analogy, and by a comparison of the whole of the phenomena, that we can expect to solve it. Before we dismiss the subject, we must refer to two remarkable papers

alluded to by De Candolle in a note at p. 524, but which he did not receive in sufficient time to incorporate the discoveries made by their authors into the body of his work. These papers, the one by Mr. Brown, and the other by M. A. Brongniart, contain successful attempts to reduce the mode of fecundation in *Orchideæ* and *Asclepiadeæ*, under the laws previously ascertained to exist in other plants. The two Orders here alluded to, from the anomalous structure of their pollen, and several other peculiarities, had long puzzled botanists, and it was very generally supposed that their mode of impregnation was totally different from that of other plants. The labors of the two eminent botanists here mentioned have separately and satisfactorily shown us that this is not the case; and thus our former notions on the subject have been confirmed in a very unexpected manner. There are some facts so very remarkable in the appearances detailed, that Mr. Brown, whom no one will ever accuse of broaching an extravagant or hasty opinion, but who is deservedly celebrated, beyond all other observers, for the extreme caution with which he conducts and publishes his researches, has here ventured to hazard an opinion, which we shall give in his own words.

"In conclusion, I venture to add, that in investigating the general problem of generation, additional light is perhaps more likely to be derived from a further minute and patient examination of the structure and action of the sexual organs in *Asclepiadeæ* and *Orchideæ*, than from that of any other department either of the vegetable or animal kingdom."

Although it is natural to suppose that the various floral envelopes, the bractæas, calyx, corolla, and nectaries, are in some way or other serviceable to the plant in the process of fecundation, yet their specific functions have not been ascertained. It seems, however, not to be improbable that they exist in some families without any specific use, and are intended only to mark that general symmetry which prevails throughout the different departments of the vegetable kingdom.

Third period of fecundation. As the gradual maturation of the fruit commences from the moment after the ovule has received the fecundating stimulus, it may be considered as analogous to the period of gestation in animals. The great majority of plants ripen their fruit within a year after the fecundation of the ovule has taken place; but many species of the pine tribe are more than a twelvemonth in perfecting their seeds. The cedar is the most remarkable example of this fact, which carries its cones for twenty-seven months after they have flowered, before their seeds are spontaneously shed from them.

So soon as the embryo appears, or rather from the instant that the ovule has received the fecundating influence of the

fovilla, it becomes a centre of vital activity; and, like all parts of organized bodies that have become specially excited, it immediately attracts from the surrounding parts those juices which are required for its own nutrition. The development of the ovarium also takes place, and it now assumes the character of a pericarp; and those ovules which have received the fecundating influence enlarge to the condition of seeds, whilst the rest of them decay, and are soon shrivelled up. The great regularity with which a specific number of the ovules always becomes abortive in the same species, is very remarkable; thus the ovarium of the oak contains six ovules, but the pericarp of the matured acorn contains one seed only; the ovarium of the horse-chestnut contains six ovules, but it rarely happens that more than one of them is perfected, the other five having been strangled in succession, whilst the pericarp was enlarging.

The pericarp of some fruits will enlarge and ripen without requiring the impregnation of the ovule to have taken place, whilst in others it will not increase unless this has been effected. The cultivated pine-apple is an example of a pericarp not only ripening, but greatly improving by the abortion of the ovules; for the wild variety, in which alone the seeds ever ripen, has its pericarps very little developed, and the fruit is proportionably dry. The bread-fruit cultivated in the Friendly Islands, is another example of a variety in which the seeds are abortive, and the pericarp in consequence proportionably increased. Other plants, as corn, produce no fruit unless the fecundation of the ovule has been secured. So long as the pericarp continues green, its action is precisely the same as that of the leaf; it exhales the superfluous moisture, and decomposes carbonic acid; but as it gradually ripens, its cellular texture begins to elaborate the sap into those various materials which form the peculiar qualities of different fruits. An increased temperature both accelerates and improves the ripening of fruits; and the puncture of insects stimulates the secreting function, and produces an earlier fall. It is this effect which, as we have already observed, follows the caprification of the fig practised in the Archipelago, and which enables the cultivator to procure two crops in one year, by its causing the spring buds to ripen so much earlier, that time is allowed for the summer buds to ripen also, which otherwise they would not be enabled to do.

The process of ringing, discovered in 1776, which consists in removing a narrow ring of bark from a branch about the time of flowering, checks the descent of the sap, accelerates the maturation, and often enlarges the size of the fruit. When the ring has been judiciously made, the bark unites again over the wound,

and no apparent injury results from the operation. De Candolle considers the grounds upon which this practice has become unpopular as insufficient to condemn it, and proposes that fresh researches should be undertaken to show the precise extent to which it may safely be trusted.

The chemical alteration which takes place whilst the process of maturation is proceeding, consists principally in a diminution of water, and an increase of sugar, at the expense of the lignine and other matters.

Passing from the ripening of the seed covers to that of the seeds themselves, we must first consider what was the state of the ovules previously to their being fecundated, and then trace the changes which they gradually undergo till they have assumed the condition of ripened seeds. In its earliest state the ovule consists of a fleshy nucleus surrounded by one or two coverings, which are pierced by an opening at one end, which end is called the apex of the ovule. After the fecundation of the ovule, the embryo sooner or later makes its appearance within the nucleus and near its apex, and is then surrounded by a membranaceous coat called the embryonic-sack. The materials prepared within the ovule for the nutriment of the embryo are the "amnios," which immediately surrounds it, and the "spermoderm," by which the amnios itself is surrounded. As the embryo enlarges, these materials are more or less absorbed by it; but in some seeds, where there remains a considerable supply over and above what was required for its full development, this nutriment becomes the albumen; that substance which so remarkably and providentially supplies the wants of man in all the various kinds of grain which he cultivates for food; but which otherwise was destined to nourish the young plant during the early stages of its germination. When the seed is ripe, all the free water which it contained has been elaborated either into fecula, or into a fixed oil, and the completion of this process may be considered as the termination of its maturation; in which stage, all the nutritious materials previously stored in the stem for this purpose have been exhausted.

There are various contrivances provided for protecting the fruit from injury which we need not here allude to, but shall proceed to the

Fourth period of fructification.—It is not sufficient that the seed should be perfected and protected, and the soil prepared in which it is to germinate: there are other conditions necessary to secure the continuance of the species; among which are to be ranked the various modes appointed for the dispersion and dissemination of the seed, which will form the fourth period in our account of the progress of the fructification of plants. A pro-

secution of the inquiry into the various laws which regulate the co-existence of certain forms and organs, with the relations which they bear to each other in securing the continuation of the species, is connected with the loftiest questions of metaphysics, as well as with the most abstruse points in natural history. We cannot here pretend to describe all the various means by which the dispersion of the seed is secured, but we may notice very briefly the three divisions into which our author throws fruits in general, as connected with their mode of dispersion and dissemination. In his *first* division, the pericarp invests the seed so closely as not readily to be separable from it; as in the case of corn and many other plants, whose seed-covers are sown together with the seed itself. Seeds of this kind are frequently furnished with chaffy, membranaceous, or feathery appendages, by which they are wafted by the wind to considerable distances. His *second* division consists of those fleshy and succulent fruits whose covering rots off, and appears to be of no use in promoting germination, and which must be removed if we wish to preserve the seed from rot. These fruits are in a less favourable condition for being dispersed than any others; though there is one obvious mode by which this may be effected, when, after they have been swallowed by animals, their kernels are voided containing the seed in an undigested state. His *third* division includes those fruits in which the seeds are contained in dry capsules, many of which open in a way that best admits of their being gradually scattered. Some capsules burst in dry and others in moist weather, according as the nature of the plant requires a dry or moist condition for its germination. A remarkable instance of the latter description occurs in the plant vulgarly known by the name of the Rose of Jericho (*Anastatica Hierochuntina*).

"This little plant grows in the most parched deserts. By the time it dies, owing to the great drought, its tissue has become almost woody; its branches fold over each other till the whole mass assumes the form of a ball; its seed vessels have their valves tightly shut, and the plant remains adhering to the ground by a solitary branchless root. The wind, which always acts powerfully along the surface of a sandy plain, uproots this dry ball, and rolls it along. If it now chance to meet with a splash of water whilst performing its constrained but necessary journey, it speedily imbibes the moisture, which causes the branches to unfold, and the pericarps to burst; and the seeds, which could not have germinated if they had fallen on the dry ground, now sow themselves naturally in a moist soil, where they are able to grow, and where the young plant may support itself."—p. 613.

Whatever wonder the superstitious accounts recorded of this plant may have excited in the ignorant, it is assuredly surpassed

in our thoughts by a steady contemplation of that wisdom which has so marvellously provided that a humble weed should thus, by means so simple, secure the preservation of its species amidst the many chances of destruction by which it is surrounded.

Some seeds, if thoroughly matured and placed under such conditions as may secure them from the united influence of water, heat, and oxygen, the three requisites in germination, seem capable of preserving their vitality for an almost indefinite length of time. There are numerous instances recorded of seeds, which must have lain dormant for centuries, having immediately vegetated when the ground has been trenched for the first time within the records of man. It is stated on the authority of Gerardin, that French-beans, which had been in the herbarium of Tournefort for at least a century, have been caused to germinate; and De Candolle informs us that a sack of the seeds of the Sensitive-plant, brought to Paris sixty years ago, still furnishes the annual supply required for raising young plants. The preservation of seed in a sound condition is of the highest importance in an economical point of view, and can be brought to perfection only by studying the laws by which nature provides for their dissemination and germination. The main object is to secure them completely from moisture, and also as much as possible from the influence of oxygen. Various methods have been proposed for preserving them on a great scale, the best of which consists in enclosing them in large wooden cylinders hermetically sealed, or else in sacks impervious to moisture and the influence of the atmosphere.

Fifth and last period of fructification.—Few seeds, comparatively speaking, escape the various dangers to which they are subject, either from being devoured by animals, or from falling upon a soil unfit to receive them, or from perishing by exposure to the inclemencies of the weather. In such, however, as escape these dangers, the process of germination commences as soon as they are supplied with the three requisites of water, oxygen, and heat, in a proper proportion. This process consists in the revival of the embryo from its state of torpidity, when it bursts its integuments, and for a short time exists only upon the food previously laid up for it in the seed, until at length the development of its nutritive organs is completed, when germination is considered to cease, and the function of nutrition begins to be carried on in the ordinary way. This period may be considered analogous to that of suckling in quadrupeds, or more strictly to that of incubation in birds. After an absorption of moisture has taken place, at least equal to the weight of the seed, the descent of the radicle

and ascent of the plumula begin, which constitute the characteristic phenomena of germination; and the exhaustion of the cotyledons, or the consumption of the albumen, if there be any, at length completes the process. Although there are other circumstances usually attending this phenomenon, they do not appear to be among the conditions absolutely essential to its success. The soil, for instance, is of material assistance in supporting the plant, in regulating the quantity of water with which it is supplied, and in furnishing the materials for its future growth; but still the want of a soil is not fatal to germination, though without one we cannot expect a successful issue during the future progress of the plant. The action of light, again, has either no effect on germination, or else it is actually injurious to it: for light promotes the decomposition of carbonic acid, and the fixation of carbon, whereas the process of germination requires the presence of oxygen, in order that it may become united with the superfluous carbon already in the seed and so carry it off. Water appears to be absolutely requisite for diluting the nutriment contained in the cotyledons, or in the albumen; and heat probably acts only as a stimulus. When the certainty of germination is once secured, the radicle is the first part of the embryo which is developed.

We stated that there was a second means of propagating plants, by subdividing them; and we shall now enter upon an examination of this process, and shall compare the results with those obtained from the mode of reproduction just described.

It has been ascertained that the outer coat of the seed, the cotyledons, and the albumen, may each be removed from the embryo when put into a state of germination, without absolutely destroying its life, though the plant can never afterwards recover the shock, but always remains stunted and dwarfish. If the plumule be removed, a further development of the radicle will still take place, and if the radicle be removed, the plumule still continues to increase; at the same time also an effort is made to restore the mutilated part. There is of course a limit beyond which these mutilations cannot be carried without destroying the life of the plant; but these facts tend to show us that life is actually present in every part, and that it makes an effort to supply the loss of any organ that is removed, by the formation of a new one. It is upon the success of this effort that the property of "multiplication by division" depends: where those organs which are wanting in the detached part become renewed by the appropriation of part of the nutriment originally stored in this part for its further development. The power of multiplying by division, exists, indeed, in a small number of individuals of the animal

kingdom, and forms one of the most remarkable characteristics of vegetables, among which it appears to be almost universally possible. De Candolle proposes to restrict the name of "tubercle" to every kind of gem or bud which is capable of being developed into a perfect plant when detached from the parent stock. The peculiarity of the tubercle consists in its first developing its ascending organs, by which it differs remarkably from the seed, in which the descending organs are always first protruded.

The reproduction of the descending organs takes place whenever a portion of the stem is exposed to moisture, and may proceed also from other organs, as the leaf. Although there are evidently very considerable differences attending these two modes by which a plant may be propagated, by seed or by division, yet in the formation of the embryo and of the tubercle upon the same individual, these bodies evidently exert a mutual influence on each other. The law which regulates this influence is not known, but it is most probable that in all plants which produce both seeds and tubercles, the one sort fails in proportion as the other succeeds; there seems, therefore, to be considerable plausibility in the notion that each of them is only a peculiar state of some common germ of vitality, modified by circumstances, of which we are, and perhaps ever shall remain, utterly ignorant.

If the laws which regulate the reproduction of flowering plants are to be considered as undetermined, we must allow that scarcely anything is known of those which provide for the reproduction of the cryptogamic tribes. Many species among them possess two modes of reproduction, the one by the formation of sporules, and the other by the subdivision of their parts. There appears to be no solid foundation for the old notion, now, indeed, scarcely entertained by any one, that some species originate from spontaneous generation; for though the assertion, "*omne vivum ab ovo*," may, perhaps, be justly considered too hazardous, yet every well-attested fact tends to show us that the appearance of a fresh individual on the surface of the earth must be the result of one or other of the two modes of reproduction here described.

The study of "species" forms the basis of every scientific classification of plants, and one inquiry of the vegetable physiologist should be directed to ascertain the limits within which the characters of a given species may vary. Botanists have hitherto sadly neglected the only sure means of bringing this question to a satisfactory issue, namely, the test of careful experiment. Various theories have been framed by different observers, some of whom suppose with De Candolle that originally there were a certain number of primitive types, or forms of species, created, from

whence all subordinate varieties have resulted; and although, as in hybrids, a form intermediate between two of these original types may arise, yet they imagine that no very considerable or essential deviation from them has ever been subsequently introduced; and also, that no entirely new type has ever originated from them. Others again, with Linnæus, have not only imagined that many new forms have resulted from a combination of different species, but that, by crossing the species of different families, even new genera may have arisen. All hypothesis, however, on this subject, remains hitherto unsubstantiated by any thing like the satisfactory evidence of experimental proof, which can be considered the only legitimate basis of philosophical speculation. In our present state of knowledge, the various modifications to which a species is subject, are severally called its varieties, races, variations, deformations, monstrosities, and hybrids. Some of these kinds of modification originate from the influence of external causes alone, others are the result of certain peculiarities and combinations connected with the fecundating process; and, as these latter belong strictly to the inherent qualities of organized bodies, they are consequently more difficult to comprehend, and impossible to be accounted for. According to the notions by which botanists are at present guided in their classifications of the different individuals of the vegetable kingdom, we may often find two distinct species, apparently differing less from each other than two varieties of one and the same species; but whether such notions are correct must depend entirely upon the accuracy of our idea of what a species is. De Candolle considers a species as embracing every possible variety of form which may be produced from seed prepared by a single individual, or by a couple of individuals. But this definition includes all hybrids, and would therefore compel us either to consider the parents of a hybrid to be of the same species, or the hybrid itself to be a newly created species. He is, moreover, disposed to consider all permanent varieties, or true races of plants, as hybrids more or less removed from the parent types, and which have become capable of reproducing their kind by seed. As a conventional term, and until the subject is better understood, the ordinary idea attached to this word had better remain; which supposes a single species to embrace all varieties which sufficiently resemble each other, to allow of our considering them to be not improbably the offspring of a single individual, or (in the dioecious species) of a pair of individuals of the same kind. Hybrids we would still class apart from true species, until the laws which regulate their formation shall become better understood. The permanence of true species seems to be strongly attested by the fact, that any of those modi-

fications in form which have resulted from the operation of external causes, may often be removed, by subjecting the individual to the effects of other causes of an opposite description. As when plants, for instance, which have assumed one character whilst growing in a moist situation, are made to assume another when they are transplanted into dry ground. The production of hybrids, also, and of such varieties as constitute distinct races, never introduces any entirely new form, but merely modifies those which are already in existence. The permanent character of particular forms has also been fully established by authentic records in the history of the last three thousand years; a fact which must outweigh any vague conjectures or unsubstantiated theories to the contrary. More than eighty plants have been recognized on the monuments of Egypt as being identical with such as are still in existence, and the fragments of twenty species at least have been actually found among their mummies. Our ignorance of the origin of species is no argument for concluding them to have been produced by the agency of external causes, and it is far better for us to confess these facts to be beyond the limits of our knowledge, and to confine our attention to what is clear and comprehensible. Hybrids are manifestly analogous to mules in the animal kingdom, and their rarity in a wild state is nearly equally great in each case, although they may readily enough be procured by art. As the smallest possible quantity of pollen is sufficient to fertilize the ovules, and as these, when once impregnated, are rendered incapable of receiving any fresh influence, it could not often happen that the stigma would receive the pollen of another plant, with which it might be capable of hybridizing, before some portion of its own must have fallen upon it.

Besides the several peculiar phenomena which belong to the separate functions of nutrition and reproduction, there are others which may be considered as equally allied to either of them. The consideration of these forms the subject of a separate book in our author's second volume.

A marked law of symmetry regulates the conditions under which the vegetable structure is presented to us, in such plants as are closely allied in natural affinity, however much they may differ in certain individual peculiarities; these peculiarities always depending upon some modification in the mode of development in certain organs, or upon the partial or entire suppression of them in the one and not in the other species. Repeated examples have shown us, that certain organs may sometimes be accidentally developed in plants in which they are generally absent, or else may disappear in some individuals of a species where they are usually present. It is by the study of these peculiar "monstrosities,"

that we are enabled to ascertain the actual existence of particular organs in a latent or undeveloped state; and it has been by connecting the results of such inquiries, that the whole theory of the natural classification of plants has of late years undergone a complete revolution. The chief phenomena which regulate the conditions essential to the extension of this kind of knowledge, are the abortion, degeneration, metamorphosis, and adhesion of certain parts. The account of these belongs more especially to the organographical department of botany, and very little is known to the physiologist of the causes which produce them. The non-development, or "abortion" of any latent organ in a plant, seems to arise very frequently from its compression by some contiguous part, or else from an abstraction of its nutriment by another part which exerts a greater vital activity. As these effects depend upon the relative position of such parts, the influencing cause begins to operate even from their nascent state, and long before their form is discernible by us. We have, consequently, no control over these causes, and their influence could never have been noticed by us, if nature herself had not assisted in the discovery by producing those occasional aberrations from the ordinary state of plants which are known by the name of "monstrosities." That all the various parts of the fructification are modifications only of the leaf, is demonstrable by an appeal to numerous examples of monstrosities in which these parts may be seen to possess an intermediate character. But we are still utterly ignorant of the nature of those predisposing causes which are capable of effecting such wonderful modifications in the form, colour, consistency, and nervation of this single organ, and, above all, such a complete dissimilarity between its various functions.

The modifications resulting from the "adhesion" of corresponding parts are of great importance in studying the affinities of different species, and the laws which regulate this phenomenon are of high interest to us in an economical point of view; for it is upon the knowledge of them that a true theory of grafting must depend, an operation no less useful to the horticulturist, than its effects are wonderful to the physiologist. "Adhesion" consists in the perfect union or blending of the cellular tissues of two parts, which are supposed to have been originally distinct in their nascent state; and it is to be met with in every class of plants. Besides the ordinary causes of adhesion, resulting from some constant predisposition in the plants themselves to produce this effect in certain parts of their texture, we often meet with it in nature, where it has evidently been the result of accident. Two fruits, or two branches, by growing close together, will gradually adhere by the union of their tissues,

and then continue to grow as one specimen. Now grafting is nothing more than the artificial production of the same effect. The art is reputed to be of Phœnician origin; and the Romans have left us many fabulous accounts of the wonders which, as they asserted, might be performed by it; none of which, however, are so wonderful as the simple truth itself. It has been customary, in all works on this subject, to describe the union of the graft and stock as commencing between the *libers*, or inner layers of bark, in each; but De Candolle exposes the fallacy of this opinion, and has shown that it is their *alburnums*, or outermost layers of wood, which first unite. It is through the *alburnum* that the rising sap is conducted to the graft, and the adhesion of the *libers* cannot be affected until afterwards, when the descending sap returns into the stock by this channel. A graft never succeeds, excepting between such species as are nearly allied, or which at least belong to plants of the same natural family, and no credit is to be given to the accounts of fruit and flowers having become considerably modified by being grafted on plants of an opposite nature from themselves: such as the pretended case of a rose, on a black currant, being rendered black; or of a jessamine, on an orange, obtaining the scent of the latter. The only apparent exception to the law which requires that the graft and stock should be at least of the same family, occurs in certain parasites which are found on trees of different natural orders. The misletoe, which is a seeming exception in many particulars to the ordinary laws of vegetation, is a plant of this kind. But there is this very essential difference between the manner in which the misletoe adheres to the tree upon which it lives, and the union of the graft and stock: whilst the latter unite both by their wood and bark, the former unite by their wood alone. This parasite, requiring only a supply of the rising sap, which is much the same in all plants, is afterwards enabled to nourish itself by elaborating this material in its own organs; but then it can restore nothing to the tree upon which it is supported, owing to the want of union between the tissues of their barks. But although, generally speaking, grafting appears to produce no material change in the character of the plant, yet there are certain slight alterations which arise from this cause in particular cases; the size, habit, duration, and even flavour of the fruit being sometimes modified by it. Grafting is, in the economy of vegetation, what commerce is in the political arrangements of society: it creates nothing, but serves as a means of transporting and disseminating that which is most useful and most required. It is of some importance also to the botanist, enabling him to ascertain the affinities of plants in certain doubtful cases.

An ingenious proposal has been made of changing the characters of dioecious plants into monoecious, by grafting a branch from the male upon the female, and thus superseding the necessity of cultivating the former in plantations where it has hitherto been found necessary to do so, merely for the purpose of supplying the fertile individuals with the pollen requisite for setting their fruit.

Another phenomenon to be noticed here, is the constant descent of the root and ascent of the stem; which philosophers had been puzzled to account for. Some had ascribed it to a kind of instinct in plants, analogous to that which is observable in animals; others considered it to arise from a peculiar effect of the vital force. At length Mr. Knight, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1806, demonstrated experimentally, that the proximate cause at least of this phenomenon depended on the law of gravitation. This he proved by causing seed to grow on the circumference of two revolving wheels; one of which was placed vertically, and the other horizontally. The seeds on the vertical wheel germinated with their plumules directed towards its centre, and their radicles from it, which effects could be ascribed only to the centrifugal force having been substituted by this arrangement for the force of gravity. In the horizontal wheel, the radicles were inclined outwards, and the plumules inwards with respect to the vertical axis of the wheel; the action of gravity not being nullified, but merely having its effects modified in this case, by combining with those produced by the action of the centrifugal force. Still, however, a question arises, as to the precise manner in which the force of gravity produces these effects upon the germinating seeds. De Candolle explains this by referring to the difference between the mode of growth in the root and stem. The root increases in length by successive additions to its extremity only, which is continually in a soft state, and always tending to descend vertically by its own weight; but the stem increases for some time throughout its whole extent, and if it be at all inclined to the horizon, the grosser and more nutritive particles in the sap tend towards the lower surface, which is in consequence rendered more vigorous than the upper, and the fresh fibres, extending themselves more rapidly on that side, produce an incurvation upwards. Upon a similar principle he explains the tendency of the ascending organs to turn to the light, which, by decomposing the carbonic acid in the young shoots, would necessarily cause that side which is most exposed to its influence to fix most carbon in its tissue; and, consequently, to become sooner rigid than the other side, whose fibres would be more extended, and thus produce the incurvation observed. The causes of the tendril twisting itself into a spiral, and of the convolution of the stems of climbing plants,

are unknown. Dr. Wollaston suggested that these effects might depend upon the diurnal course of the sun, and proposed that plants should be raised in the southern hemisphere from the seeds of certain climbers which had grown in the northern hemisphere, in order to see whether the direction in which the convolutions would take place, might not be different from what it was before; but it does not seem to us evident why any such result should be at all expected from this experiment, and we have climbers from the southern hemisphere turning the same way as other species of the same genus which grow in the northern.

One great distinction between animals and vegetables consists in the power which the former possess of spontaneously moving various parts of their bodies; for, although there are certain plants which are known to have a power of motion in some of their organs, yet this is very different in its character from that which animals exhibit. The sleep of plants, as it is termed, is a phenomenon of this class. Not only do many flowers close and expand at different hours during the day and night, but the leaves also of many plants exhibit a similar property. This is extremely common in the compound leaves of the *Leguminosæ*, whose leaflets close together in pairs, either by their upper or under surfaces. Eleven distinct modes have been observed in which leaves fold together in the sleep of plants; but in all these cases, the sort of effect which takes place is very different from that which is manifested by the sleep of animals. It is a mere change of position, without any relaxation of the parts affected, which remain equally rigid as before. The action of light evidently produces an effect in determining and modifying the sleep of plants, though it does not appear that this agent can be regarded otherwise than as a stimulant, and not as the efficient cause of the phenomenon, which seems to reside in a predisposition of the plant itself to assume these periodical changes. A singular example is noticed of a species of *Acacia*, whose leaves sleep by night, and its flowers by day. In a few species, similar motions may be excited in these organs, by the application of mechanical or chemical stimulants, of which the Sensitive-plant affords the best known and most remarkable instance.

The different colours in plants are probably owing to different degrees of oxygenation in their chromule, which is every where present in their cellular texture in the forms of minute globules. It is colourless in its primitive state; but as soon as the parts capable of becoming green are enabled to decompose carbonic acid by their exposure to light, the chromule assumes a green tint. In the autumn, when oxygen continues to be absorbed, but

ceases to be given out again by the leaves, the chromule assumes a yellow or a red tint. As the small globules contained in the cellular tissue of the flower and other coloured parts appear to be of the same nature as those in the leaf, it is the most plausible conclusion to suppose, that all vegetable colours are modifications of this single substance. A very small portion of light seems to be all that is necessary for colouring the chromule of some plants. Humboldt observed a sea-weed (*Fucus vitifolius*), brought up by the lead from the depth of one hundred and eighty feet, to be perfectly green, though the light diffused at the spot where it had grown must have been nearly fifteen hundred times less than at the surface of the sea. It is almost a general rule, that those species which possess varieties of a blue colour, do not embrace varieties of a yellow colour, and *vice versâ*, though either class may possess others which are red or green. The following scale will represent what other varieties may, *à priori*, be expected in a given species, upon observing a variety which possesses one or other of the colours mentioned in the right or left-hand column :—

GREEN.	
{	Greenish blue.
	Blue.
	Violet-blue.
	Violet.
	Reddish violet.
RED.	
{	Greenish yellow.
	Yellow.
	Orange-yellow.
	Orange.
	Orange-red.

There are, however, several decided exceptions to this rule; and it does not hold good in some partly-coloured flowers, as in the *Convolvulus tricolor*, which has a yellow zone in the throat, and a blue band at the summit of the corolla.

All white flowers are exceedingly diluted tints of different colours; a fact which first furnished a valuable hint to the flower painter Redouté, who arrived at very great perfection in the art of representing white flowers on a white ground. All blacks are intensely deep tints of various colours.

Nothing is known of the causes which produce so great a variety in the taste and scent of different plants. The senses are bad criterions for enabling us to decide and classify these phenomena, as we may readily perceive when we find the odour of asparagus to be exactly like that of garlic, and the smell of musk to exist in several plants. It is observed that the vegetable substances which are the most tasteless are frequently those which afford the most nutriment, and hence it is customary to improve their flavour by the addition of some condiment. This result is often obtained naturally in certain alimentary species, which are

nearly allied to others of a dangerous quality, or is produced by blanching some poisonous plants themselves, when their bad qualities are masked by the superabundant quantity of wholesome nutriment that is thus formed.

The discussion on the "individuality" and "duration" of plants is of great interest; involving, as it does, questions of national importance respecting the improvement and growth of timber plantations, and connecting the inquiries of the botanist with those of the geologist respecting the previous conditions of the earth's surface.

Various opinions have been broached as to what ought to be considered an "individual" in botany; some would apply the term in its ordinary acceptation to every separate plant, whilst others consider each separate bud as a distinct "individual;" and others, again, would have every cell of the cellular texture to be elevated to the rank of an "individual" being. De Candolle allows each of these suppositions to maintain its ground, by calling a single cell "an individual cell," a single bud "an individual bud," &c.; whilst he himself proposes to consider the duration of an "individual plant," without caring whether it may have originated from the development of a cell, seed, tubercle, slip, or from any other source. There are two modes of considering an "individual plant:" either as an assemblage of buds round a common axis, where each bud is supposed to be endowed with a separate existence; or else as a single being, whose functions are performed by certain organs, the whole of which are annually replaced by a completely new set. Either hypothesis will allow for the life of an individual plant being indefinite in duration. If we consider the trunk of a tree to be increased by the materials accumulated by fresh crops of buds annually produced upon its surface, then it bears a strong analogy to a coral reef, the animals of which possess an individual existence, and are separately employed in increasing the aggregate mass of their habitations. Strictly speaking, then, the death of a tree can never result from any effects of old age at all similar to those which necessarily destroy life in the animal kingdom, where we find a very limited period of existence assigned to each individual, in consequence of the obstruction of those organs which are destined to perform the function of nutrition, which may be carried on during the old age of the tree as vigorously as it was performed by the young plant. Those causes, then, which ultimately destroy life in plants must be classed as accidents, or as proceeding from various diseases, induced by the influence of external agency; large limbs are broken off by their own weight, and thus rottenness is introduced into the heart of the trunk, which gradually becomes too feeble to support the foliage, and

is blown down. But wherever these and similar accidents have been prevented, trees have attained to a vast antiquity, and there are very plausible reasons for believing that there are at this time in existence many which have endured far beyond the records of history, and must have been standing shortly after the last general catastrophe to which this earth has been subjected. That the life of very many plants is necessarily short, as in the case of annuals, biennials, and others, seems to arise from the complete exhaustion which they suffer during the maturation of their seed, all the nutriment prepared in their stems being wholly abstracted by this effort.

In order, however, to give some weight to these conjectures respecting the possible duration of certain trees, it is necessary that we should point out the method by which we are enabled to approximate to the age of very old trees, with some tolerable degree of certainty. In many exogenous trees, which is the character of all the timber of temperate climates, the number of concentric zones observable in a transverse section of their stems, affords an exact measure of their duration, provided the section be made near the root. By placing a strip of paper upon the surface of such a section, and extending it from the centre to the bark, the distances between the several zones can be marked upon it, and thus a register may be formed both of their number and of the relative growth of different years. On account, however, of the frequent inequalities in different parts of the same zone, it is better to take the girth of the tree, and obtain the mean rate of increase, by dividing the mean diameter by the number of zones. No good result can be obtained from any observations of this kind upon trees that are much below a hundred years, as their rate of growth is too unsteady, and varies too much in different individuals prior to this period; but very useful averages may be obtained from old trees, because, after a certain age, they obtain a more settled rate of increase. The averages which are thus obtained, will serve us for approximating to the age of others. They may also serve as a test for calculating the relative worth of timber of the same kind, as a building material: since the preserving quality in wood depends upon its compactness, and this again upon the slowness of its growth, it may be seen, by simply inspecting the layers of any particular specimen, whether its age is above or below the general average of trees of the same bulk, and consequently whether the compactness of the timber is greater or less than usual. There are various methods of obtaining a scale, which may serve for approximating to the ages of trees, besides the one just mentioned. Their rates of increase may be obtained by measuring their trunks at successive intervals of

time; or a lateral incision may be made, and the number of layers counted to a certain depth. In all these expedients, however, the observer must be careful to make great allowance for the fact, that trees increase more rapidly in the early stages of their growth than afterwards. The dimensions of several very large trees have been recorded both by ancient and modern observers, and various conjectures have been offered respecting their probable ages. Some of these trees, indeed, like the celebrated chesnut of Mount *Ætna*, appear to have resulted from the union of several trunks which had grown near together. There are others, however, as the oaks, and more especially the yews, recorded by Evelyn, which are single trees of vast antiquity. De Candolle, by computing the results of several observations, has ascertained the average increase of the yew to be about one line, or the twelfth of an inch, in diameter, yearly. Applying this rate for calculating the ages of the four most celebrated yew-trees in Great Britain, whose dimensions are on record, he finds them respectively to have lived 1214, 1287, 2558, and 2880 years. In the first of these examples, we have the testimony of history for knowing that this tree was in existence, and must have been of considerable size, in the year 1133, it being recorded that the monks took shelter under it whilst they were rebuilding Fountain's Abbey. These and other facts respecting the probable duration of some of the largest European trees, throw considerable plausibility on the views of Adanson, who, nearly a century ago, had constructed a table, from a regular geometrical formula, for calculating the probable ages of the enormous Baobabs of Senegal. The extended duration of these trees is favoured by the circumstances of their not attaining to any great height, and by their growing in a country where they are never exposed to the effects of frost; there are several examples of their trunks attaining to the enormous dimensions of sixty, and even ninety feet in circumference. Adanson mentions the data upon which he proceeded in constructing his table, and there is no apparent reason for our supposing that his conclusions do not lie within the truth. For example, his table ascribes the age of 210 years to a trunk six feet in diameter: but he had found some trees of this size in a small island off Cape Verd, upon which he noticed the traces of inscriptions, some of which were dated from the fourteenth, and others from the fifteenth century.

Now we can hardly suppose their diameters to have been less than four feet at the time when the inscriptions were first carved upon them: a supposition which allows an increase of only two feet in 300 years, and which would consequently make them 300 instead of 210 years old, as shown by the table. What, then,

must be the age of a similar tree of thirty feet in diameter? The table itself ascribes to it a life of 5150 years! But this subject has hitherto engaged so little of the attention of observers, that we want additional testimony before we can be expected to place much confidence in speculations which, it must be confessed, are, at first sight, very startling. De Candolle, indeed, seems to consider the question in some measure settled, and sums up his account with the following remarks :

"I think that I have given a detailed proof in this section of the existence, past or present, on the earth, of some very old trees, viz. of an

Elm	of 335 years
Cypress	about 350
Cheirostemon	about 400
Ivy	450
Larch	576
Orange	630
Olive	700
Oriental Plane	720 and upwards
Cedar of Lebanon	about 800
Oak	810 ; 1080 ; 1500
Lime	1076 ; 1147
Yew	1214 ; 1458 ; 2588 ; 2880
Taxodium	about 4000 to 6000
Baobab	5150 (in the year 1757)"

—p. 1007.

Before we quite dismiss these wonders, we must mention that M. de Candolle appears to have somewhat exaggerated, or, as some may think, improved upon, the account of the Baobab given by Adanson in his "*Familles des Plantes*." That excellent observer stated the inscriptions which he examined to have been on the *surface* of the tree, but M. de Candolle has somehow made out that he had detected them in the *inside*!

"The Baobab," says he, "is the most celebrated instance of extreme longevity which has hitherto been noticed with any degree of accuracy. In its native country it bears a name which signifies 'a thousand years;' and, contrary to what is usual, this name expresses what is in reality short of the truth. Adanson has noticed one in the *Cape de Verd Islands* which had been observed by two English travellers three centuries earlier: he found *within* its trunk the inscription which *they* had engraved there covered over by three hundred woody layers, and thus was enabled to estimate the bulk by which this enormous plant had increased in three centuries."!!—p. 1003.

Let us compare this account with Adanson's own words, observing the passages we have noted in italics.

"Those which I saw in 1749 on the '*Iles de la Madelaine*,' near

Cape Verd, with inscriptions of Dutch names, such as Row, and other, French names, the former dating from the fourteenth and the latter from the fifteenth century, which inscriptions I renewed, merely adding below them, 'renewed in 1749,' were then about six feet in diameter. These same trees were seen in 1555, that is to say, two hundred years earlier, by Tevet, who notices them in the account of his *Voiege aux Teres Antarktiques*,* describing them merely as 'fine trees,' without mentioning their thickness, which must at least have been three or four feet, judging from the little space occupied by the characters forming the inscription; they had therefore enlarged about two or three feet in two hundred years."—*Familles des Plantes*, Preface, p. ccxvi.

If, again, we compare these passages with De Candolle's former observation on the subject, in his *Organographie*, we confess ourselves at a loss how to account for his present mistake, otherwise than by supposing it to have arisen from his trusting merely to memory, which in this, as well as in some other instances we have marked, has been treacherous.

"Whenever we find on old barks the traces of some ancient inscription, it may be made use of as an index where to search for it in the corresponding part of the wood, and then, if it has originally penetrated to the alburnum, traces of it will be found buried beneath the woody layers: in this case an exact verification may be obtained of the age of the inscription, and of that of the tree. If Adanson could have done this on the Baobab of the 'Madeleine,' we should be in possession of a more certain document of the real age of these veterans of the organized world."—*Organog.* vol. ii. p. 192.

There is no direct method by which we can ascertain the age of endogenous trees, and as these are chiefly confined to tropical climates, botanists are as yet in possession of very few documents on this subject. The celebrated Dragon's-blood (*Dracæna draco*) of Orotava, in Teneriffe, appears to be an individual of prodigious antiquity. When the island was first discovered, in 1402, this tree was held in veneration by the natives for its great size; and the four centuries which have since elapsed had seemingly produced very little alteration in its general appearance up to the year 1819, when a large portion of the top was blown down in a violent tempest: the remainder, however, still continues to flourish in its pristine vigour,

III. We have already seen that, in order to comprehend the phenomena connected with the two grand functions of Nutrition

* The title of Tevet's work is *Les Singularitez de la France Antarctique*, 1 vol. 12mo. Advers, 1558, and the account alluded to occurs at p. 18, accompanied by a rude wood-cut of this arbre estrange.

and Reproduction, it is necessary to have recourse to experiment, and to examine the various results produced on vegetation by the influence of certain external agents, as light; heat, &c., under different circumstances. When we have examined into the several causes which may have tended in any way to modify the action of the vital principle, and have thus learnt to appreciate the precise share which each has borne in producing the whole effect, we may then separate these results into two classes, the one embracing such as may be ascribed to the action of the vital principle alone, and the other including such as are due to the operation of the external agents. The details already attempted properly belong to the first class; whilst those of the second form a distinct subject, under the newly invented title of "*Vegetable Epireology*." The presence of some of these external agents, as light and heat, is essential to the condition of life itself; and therefore the only effects produced by their agency, which require further examination, are those in which their influence is exerted in a greater or less degree than is essential to the healthy state of the plant. Others, however, no way essential to its life, are nevertheless instrumental in modifying its form, or in injuring its health. Surrounded as all organized beings are by an assemblage of various matters, some useful and some noxious to them, their life consists in a constant series of attempts to profit by the presence of the one kind, and to repel the attacks of the other; and as plants are less provided with a variety of resource for accommodating themselves to existing circumstances than animals, we might, *à priori*, expect to find them subject to greater modifications. It is this part of our subject which furnishes the data upon which our speculations in the geographical and agricultural departments of the science must depend, and upon which also we must frame our notions of Vegetable nosology. Epireology may be considered as the counterproof of physiology, the latter teaching us the effects produced by the living plant on the external agent, and the former the effects produced by the agent on the plant. The *first* of these agents is "light," whose action is that of an excitant. If it be too strong for the nature of the plant exposed to its influence, the several functions of nutrition, *viz.* the suction of the spongioles, the exhalation of the leaves, and their decomposition of carbonic acid, are performed in excess, and a proportionate defect accrues in perfecting the seeds, few or none of which are then ripened. If the light be too feeble, these necessary functions are not completed, and the plant

* *Excessus, influxus; vel excessus, increpus.*

becomes pale and dropsical. Many effects which are popularly ascribed to the influence of the atmosphere, are in fact due to the action of light. Thus the more robust condition of such trees as grow on the outskirts of a forest must be attributed to the greater light which they enjoy; and thus there is an increased produce from corn which is grown upon ridges alternating with others that are allowed to lie fallow. Stove plants in our northern climate suffer much from a want of light in winter, and an ingenious suggestion has been thrown out for remedying this defect by supplying them with gas-light.

A *second* external agent is "electricity," whose action, however, upon vegetables is so little understood, that it need scarcely be alluded to. It seems to operate as a stimulant; and it has been observed that vegetation is more vigorous in stormy weather, and that rain is always more serviceable than any artificial irrigation, circumstances which possibly may be ascribed to the electrical conditions of the atmosphere at these times.

A *third* agent is "heat," which also acts as a stimulant to vegetation: an increased temperature augmenting the suction of the roots, determinating and accelerating the germination of the seed, the period of flowering, the maturation of the fruit, &c. &c. Different degrees of temperature are suited to the constitution of different species, but the effects which an increase of temperature produces on the "excitability" of plants are not so well understood as those which it produces on the various materials of which the plant is composed, and the several substances provided for its nutrition. These effects are less decided upon the solid parts than upon the liquids contained within them, and hence the plant is rendered more capable of resisting the extremes of heat and cold in proportion as it contains less water or possesses a more viscid kind of sap. But independently of all the physical causes by which we would explain the influence of temperature on vegetation, there is certainly a specific "excitability" peculiar to different species, by which they are better adapted to live in one temperature than another, and by which, therefore, the natural limits of their several ranges on the surface of the earth are fixed. The effect of an excess of temperature upon the health of a plant varies according as it is accompanied by drought or by humidity. In the first case, the plant has a greater tendency to produce flowers, and in the latter leaves. Where the temperature is too low, vegetation becomes languid—a fact which affords us a useful hint not to sow seeds too early, since the stronger plants, which are produced by the warmer season, make up for the lateness of their germination by the greater vigour of their growth. The important subject of the "naturalization" of plants depends

chiefly on considerations connected with the effects produced by different temperatures upon their several constitutions. It is not merely the mean annual temperature which is to guide us in these inquiries, but we must also be watchful of the circumstances connected with the inequalities in its distribution; for it is the extremes of heat and cold at a given place which are found to be most influential in fixing limits to the range of each species in its natural condition. We must also remark, that the laws of agricultural geography will differ from those assigned to botanical geography, inasmuch as there are many species which may be cultivated with success in places where the function of nutrition may be carried on, but where they have not the power of completing the function of reproduction; and then man may continually import fresh seed, and so obtain a constant supply of the young plant. Many erroneous opinions have been advanced on the subject of naturalizing plants, and it has been imagined that, by obtaining a succession in the culture of any species at the same spot, it might gradually be made to sustain a much greater or much less degree of heat than it could support in its native country. It is quite clear, however, that the real fact has been very much overrated, and that the limits within which a plant admits of being "acclimatized" are generally very confined.

A fourth agent is the "atmosphere," whose influence has frequently been confounded with that of light. The homogeneity of its chemical composition in all parts of the world excludes the idea of its having any effect in producing those differences of climate which exist under the same parallels of latitude; but these effects must principally be ascribed to the several degrees of moisture with which it is charged in different places. Thus, where fogs prevail, the chances of sterility are increased from the moisture injuring the pollen. It is only by means of the various ingredients accidentally mingled in the atmosphere that this agent produces any striking alteration on the general conditions of vegetation. The deleterious influence of the sea breeze is well known; a smoky atmosphere is also injurious, but the quantity in which various gases are to be met with in it is generally too minute to be productive of any appreciable effects, and we must look to its mechanical and physical properties for producing the greatest influence in modifying the ordinary conditions of vegetation. The agitation of the atmosphere, when not too violent, is decidedly serviceable; its diminished density in high altitudes does not appear to produce any material influence; but this is very difficult to be calculated, as it is connected with other effects, which result from the increase of light and the diminution of temperature and humidity.

A *fifth* external agent is "water," whose presence is so very essential to vegetation. The effects which result from a deficiency in its supply are flaccidity and death: an excess produces an increased tendency in the buds to run to leaf instead of to flower, and the whole plant becomes inclined to rot. Although the basis of all agricultural speculations for a given district ought in some measure to be formed with reference to the mean quantity of rain which annually falls there, yet it is equally necessary to take into consideration the periods of the year in which the rains are most prevalent. Thus the autumnal rains of the south of France are more influential in excluding the naturalization of the cotton-tree from those parts, than any deficiency in the temperature of the climate.

A *sixth* agent is the "soil." However strongly it may have been asserted that the soil has no direct influence on vegetation, because it can be shown that plants may be raised without its assistance, yet it is manifestly of too great importance, both physically and chemically, in the ordinary process of nature, to be passed by unnoticed. It seems, indeed, to be clearly established that this influence is chiefly to be ascribed to the variable degrees in which different soils retain their moisture; but it is not so clear that the earthy particles composing them, when introduced into the system with the water absorbed by the spongioles, produce no effect whatever upon the plant. The alkalis most certainly produce a very marked influence, though even here there are some plants which seem to be indifferent as to which of them they may happen to be supplied with. We think M. de Candolle advances a singularly untenable hypothesis when he suggests that maritime plants do not require the presence of salt as essential to their healthy condition, but may rather be considered in the light of individuals which are better capable of repelling its deleterious effects than others of a less robust constitution. It is true that maritime plants will not live where salt is in excess, any more than others; but this is no argument for supposing that the precise supply which they receive in their natural state is not essential to their perfect health; otherwise, why are so many of them limited to the sea shore, and why do some of them re-appear inland in the neighbourhood of brine-springs and salt-pits? In general we may allow that the direct influence produced on vegetation by the chemical composition of the soil is extremely trifling, and that the greatest effects are due to the mechanical and other physical properties which it possesses, such as its mobility, tenacity, colour, &c. &c. It is over these peculiarities that man possesses the greatest control, and where he is often enabled by his art to bring under culture extensive districts which otherwise

would continue for ever bare of vegetation. No districts of country appear so hopeless of being reclaimed from utter barrenness as those which are subject to a periodical invasion of sand, blown over them by the prevalence of certain winds. The sands on the sea shore, from whence this supply in general originates, by their capillary action attract and preserve in their interstices the water which may chance to be beneath them, or perhaps the soft portion of the sea water itself, and consequently they are always somewhat moist at a little distance below the surface, though the extreme dryness of the surface itself prevents any vegetation from fixing itself upon it. In Holland, England, and other countries where this is the case, it is usual to plant, and to preserve with great care, the sea grasses and sedges (*Arundo arenaria*, *Elymus arenarius*, *Carex arenaria*, &c.), which possess long creeping rhizomata, sufficient in some measure to bind the sand, and check its being drifted by the wind. But this expedient is very limited in its effects, and not to be compared with the benefits that have resulted from planting timber in the manner that has been practised on the coast of Gascony, where it was first adopted by an engineer of the name of Bremontier.

"Bremontier's plan," says De Candolle, "is wonderful for its great simplicity. He sows, in the dryest and most shifting sand, the seeds of the broom (*Genista scoparia*) mixed with those of the sea-pine (*Pinus maritima*), and then covers over the spaces that are sown with branches from the nearest pine forests, by which means the sand is, to a certain extent, prevented from shifting. The broom springs up first, and thus serves the double purpose of further restraining the sand, and of nursing the young pines. The latter grow for seven or eight years under shelter of the broom, whose foliage becomes mingled annually with the sand, which it thus partially fertilizes. After this period the pine overtops the broom, and frequently entirely kills it with its shade. In ten or twelve years the rising forest is thinned for the manufacture of tar, and for procuring branches to cover the newly sown districts. After twenty years have passed, a fall of the trees commences for the manufacture of resin. These forests, placed on the dunes (drifting sand-hills) along the sea side, shelter the whole country behind them from the continuous action of the westerly winds, and thus, whilst they themselves yield a supply of an important article of commerce, they protect the produce of the rest of the country. It is highly desirable that this prodigious undertaking, the most splendid agricultural enterprise of our age, should gradually be completed, and thus provide a shelter for the whole district between the mouths of the Adour and Garonne. I regret that the character of this work does not admit of my entering into further detail, and I close this account by stating that I have herborized during a whole day in these forests sown by Bremontier on perfectly dry sand, upon which, before his time, there could scarcely be seen any trace of vegetation."—p. 1236.

It is difficult to estimate the influence which the chemical

action of an earthy substance may be supposed to exert on plants, since all soils contain nearly the same ingredients in various degrees of intermixture. Any botanic garden is sufficient evidence how large a number of different species may exist in the same soil. The various methods adopted for rendering soils more fertile must depend upon the different modes in which each particular soil is observed to affect the plants that grow upon it. De Candolle devotes a chapter to these inquiries, and estimates the effects produced by manual labour, the addition of stones, of sand, of clay, &c. &c., and describes the process and result of manuring with decomposing organized matters. As these details are somewhat foreign to the specific object of his work, we shall not dwell upon them, but pass on to a subject more strictly physiological in some of its details, and of nearly equal importance in the practical results which it involves—we mean the process employed by nature in healing whatever wounds trees may receive externally. It is upon this that the whole success of pruning rests, and we shall the more willingly dwell upon the subject, as it is one which has lately given rise to considerable discussion, it having become a matter of doubt among some extensive landed proprietors of this country, whether the old system of “close pruning” has not been productive of immense damage to our forests, and whether it ought not to be entirely laid aside in favour of another system, which has been termed “fore-shortening.” These inquiries appear to have originated from an examination of the effects which are always produced in timber whenever a branch is cut off close to the trunk of the tree; and it is rightly asserted, that wherever this had been done, a complete solution of continuity exists between the old wood and that which had been formed over the wounded surface; and that in many cases, though by no means in all, decay and rottenness has been introduced to a greater or less extent into the very heart of the tree. Where the pruned branch is large, the blemish thus introduced is proportionably great, and must always diminish the value of the timber, even though it should not have caused the introduction of any rottenness. But although such, it must be allowed, are undeniably the bad effects of close pruning, it does not follow that the proposed alternative of fore-shortening is any way preferable to it; and we shall first consider the mode in which all wounds are healed over, and then examine the question whether the damage produced by fore-shortening is more likely to be counteracted by the subsequent efforts of vegetation than those which are introduced by close pruning.

Whenever the stem is wounded by the removal of a portion of the bark, and the wood becomes exposed to the action of the atmosphere,

a double influence is exerted in gradually decomposing its texture: one arises from the union of its carbon with oxygen, as in the ordinary process of decomposition; and the other from the humidity by which it is penetrated, dissolving some parts of the tissue, and in reducing it generally to a soft and disorganized state. These results will of course be very different according to the nature of the wood attacked, and to the length of time that the wound requires to be healed over. As soon, however, as the wood is secured from further exposure to the atmosphere, the damage ceases to increase, though the blemish which has been introduced admits of no remedy. The new wood and bark which form over the wound, are derived from the growth of the alburnum and liber, which gradually extend themselves from its upper edge, and from along each side, till they meet in the middle and then unite and blend together as in the case of grafting. By judiciously splitting a block vertically at the zone which corresponds to that year's growth in which the surface of a pruned branch was covered over by the fresh wood, every mark of the pruning knife will be found on the discoloured surface of the old wound, as fresh as when it was first impressed upon it, and the new wood will have received a reverse impression of this surface as accurately as a counter receives the stamp of a die. Vertical wounds on the surface of the trunk are those which heal the most readily, because their direction tallies with the course of the cambium, which soon forms a tumour at the upper extremity of the wound and down each side, in the manner just described; and this is more readily extended over the wound in proportion as its surface is smoother. Various composts are useful for protecting the exposed surface from the atmosphere, whilst the healing process is in progress: but nothing of an oily or poisonous description should be employed. Whenever, therefore, pruning is absolutely necessary, it is advisable to prune close, in order to reduce the exposed surface to the condition of a vertical wound; unless, indeed, the limb be very large, when it may be more advisable to prune at some little distance from the trunk, lest the blemish which would be introduced into the timber should be so considerable as more than to counterbalance any advantage that would be obtained. There is no direct means by which a transverse section through the wood may be healed over, and if a branch be lopped at a distance from its point of union with a main branch, or with the trunk itself, the exposed surface never heals over, but causes the decay and death of the branch for some distance back, until this is stopped at some spot where the returning sap is in sufficient quantity to produce fresh wood and bark. The system of "limb-shortening" rests upon the gradual decay of the pruned

branch, until it be ultimately killed by the increasing shade of the superior branches, when its fall will take place in the natural way; as in all branches which grow low upon the stem, and are early stifled by the shade of the upper branches, and which slough off, without producing any very marked blemish in the heart of the tree. Here, however, we must observe, that there is no process for "sloughing off" the decayed parts of vegetables which at all resembles that which takes place in animals; but when the branch has become so completely rotten, as to fall off upon the application of the slightest force, it will be found that the new bark and alburnum which are formed round the base of its stump, always envelops more or less of the rotten wood, which forms a rough and jagged surface to the wound. It is erroneous to suppose that those branches which fall off by a sort of natural pruning, resulting from their being killed by an obstruction of the light, leave comparatively little or no trace of their decay in the heart of the tree; but since it happens that those branches which perish early are always proportionably small, when compared with the bulk to which the trunk attains, the blemishes which they leave may easily be underrated, and this we believe to have been the origin of the error which supposes that the blemish introduced upon the natural decay and fall of a branch is, *ceteris paribus*, of less consequence than that which results upon closely pruning it. The danger which attends all pruning may be diminished by paying attention to a few rules, such as cutting the surface quite smooth, cutting it obliquely so as to prevent the wet from lodging upon it, and especially by cutting close to the main branch or stem. The main object is to procure a rapid development of the new wood, in order that the exposed surface may be secured as speedily as possible from the action of air and moisture; and this, we believe, is best obtained by reducing the cut as nearly as possible to the condition of a vertical wound on the stem. All pruning, then, should be avoided as much as possible: but where it is absolutely necessary, it should be performed as soon and as completely as the young plant or branch may bear it with safety.

We have yet to detail the effects produced by poisons on the vegetable structure, and to refer to some of the important practical results which follow from their consideration. The action of poisons on vegetables is analogous to that which they produce on animals. One class is corrosive, and destroys the tissue on which it acts; whilst another class is narcotic, and destroys vitality without producing any decided alteration on the tissue itself. It has been ascertained that nearly all substances which are poisonous to animals, are likewise so to vegetables, though

the intensities of their several actions are different in the two kingdoms; but, besides these, there are many substances innoxious to animals which are destructive to vegetable life. In fact, it should seem that almost every thing that vegetables can imbibe is injurious to them, excepting water, the insipid earthy salts, carbonic acid, and other gases, gums, and mucilaginous substances; and finally, certain animal matters when introduced in very weak solution. It has been supposed that the presence of a nervous system might be assumed to exist in vegetables, from the mode in which they are destroyed by narcotic poisons; but there is this remarkable difference in the mode in which these substances act on animals and on vegetables: on the former they act by "sympathy" upon certain parts with which they have no immediate contact, whilst in the latter they produce their effect only on those parts of the tissue into which they are introduced. In vegetables, also, all poisons exert their action upon the cellular tissue, whilst in the more complicated structure of the animal frame different poisons will attack only particular tissues; which again seems to prove the existence of no more than one single faculty in vegetable life, as we concluded to be the case, from other considerations, in the beginning of this article. It is a curious fact in the action of vegetable poisons, that a plant may be killed by the poison which it has itself secreted, as a viper may be stung to death by its own venom. Hence it has been very generally noticed, that the soil in which any particular plant has grown, and into which it has consequently discharged the excretions of its roots, is rendered noxious to the growth of plants of the same or of allied species, though it be quite adapted to the support of other species. This fact is of the greatest importance in an economical point of view, as the whole theory of the rotation of crops may be considered to depend upon it. The discovery of this important step in agriculture was probably made by the Belgians; at least they have the merit of having developed the theory of it. Formerly it used to be said, that the whole secret of good husbandry consisted in ploughing well, and in manuring well; but to these must now be added the equally important art of so arranging the cultivation of different crops that they may mutually assist each other, and thus enable the farmer to obtain the greatest possible annual return from the same land. The whole theory depends upon the fact, that all plants succeed badly upon lands which have lately borne crops of the same species with themselves, or even of the same genus, or of the same family. This effect is not owing to any exhaustion of the soil that must have taken place during the growth of the previous crop, but arises from a corruption of the soil, by the

intermixture of vegetable excretions given out at the root, which excretions are always more deleterious to plants of the same kind than to others. It is even ascertained that the excretions of some plants are beneficial to the growth of others of a different family; the *Leguminosæ*, for example, improving the soil for the *Graminææ*. Agriculturists have proposed various theories to account for the beneficial results obtained by a rotation of crops. Some have supposed that one species, by its denser foliage, chokes the weeds which otherwise would spring up, and assists the crop in exhausting the soil; others have attributed the improvement that has taken place to the remains of the previous crop, which they suppose may have served as manure; a third have said, that the roots of different crops extend themselves to different depths, and so extract their nourishment from portions of the soil which do not interfere with each other; and lastly, it has been urged, that plants of different families may possibly derive their nourishment from different materials. It may be true that some of these causes have a certain degree of influence in determining which may be the most proper plants for a rotation, but they can only be considered as of very secondary importance when compared with that which relates to the deterioration of the soil, by its intermixture with the radical excretions of a previous crop. After enumerating some of the collateral circumstances which should direct the judgment of cultivators in selecting such plants as may be best adapted to a rotation of crops in any particular district, De Candolle proposes the following fundamental and physiological principles, which ought to be attended to where complete success is to be expected. *First*, a new crop ought never to succeed another of the same kind, unless under some very peculiar circumstances, as where the soil is annually renewed, or where it is naturally so fertile as to be capable of resisting the inconveniences which ordinarily result from such a system. *Secondly*, a new crop ought not to succeed another which has been raised from plants of the same family. A remarkable exception to this rule occurs in the practice adopted in the valley of the Garonne, where the soil admits of a biennial alternation between wheat and maize. *Thirdly*, all plants with acrid and milky juices injure the quality of the soil, and their remains should never be buried after the removal of a crop. *Fourthly*, plants with sweet and mucilaginous juices improve the soil for others of a different family. The chief of these are the *Leguminosæ*, which are commonly adopted in practice for this purpose.

The great importance of this subject may well excuse our author for having entered somewhat more into its details than a work devoted to vegetable physiology might otherwise have war-

anted. But botany and agriculture are like two provinces of the same empire, which are separated by a broad river, with theory on the one side, and practice on the other; numerous bridges ought therefore to be constructed across this river, and our author has succeeded in erecting some, and in rebuilding others, on better principles than those which have hitherto been adopted. It now becomes the duty of the agriculturist to take advantage of them, and to study botany more zealously than he has hitherto done, and perhaps than it was possible for him to do, whilst the descriptive department of the science was still restricted within the limits of an artificial system, and its physiology was entirely based upon vague hypotheses.

An Appendix is added to the work, for the purpose of pointing out to those who may be desirous of rendering their assistance towards the further elucidation of the subject, how they may best accomplish this object. There are many points of first-rate importance in the establishment of a correct theory, which are as yet undetermined; so that any one who chooses to enter on this field may soon expect to find ample opportunity for making fresh discoveries. Not only the descriptive botanist, but the chemist, the natural philosopher, the agriculturist, the distant traveller, and the physiologist, are all called upon to lend their aid in determining certain questions within the sphere of their respective observation, and we cannot possibly do better than close this long article by seconding the wishes of our author, that they may be persuaded to listen to his advice.

ART. IV.—*Yurii Miloslavsky, ili Russkie v' 1612 godu.* (Yurii Miloslavsky, or the Russians in the Year 1612.) By M. J. Zagoskin. Second Edition. Moscow, 1830. 3 vols. 8vo.

It was our intention to have noticed this production at some length, in a former article on Russian novels;* but we then contented ourselves with briefly adverting to it, from a belief that an English translation of it, which had been long-promised, would appear simultaneously with that number of our Review. As all idea of publishing that seems now entirely abandoned, our readers will probably not be sorry to be furnished with the means of judging whether the non-appearance of the projected translation need be matter of regret.† Perhaps the very circumstance of this literary miscarriage here, may excite more curiosity to learn

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. viii. pp. 117 and 139.

† It is such as are unacquainted with the language of the original—and we are afraid that the number is very large compared with those that have that advantage—the information that translations of this romance have been published both in French and German, may be an acceptable piece of intelligence.

something of M. Zagoskin's romance, than would be caused by the celebrity it has procured for its author in his own country, where it obtained on its very first appearance the almost unanimous suffrages of the public, besides unequivocal marks of imperial favour.

Much of this popularity may, undoubtedly, be ascribed to the particular point of history chosen by the writer as the ground-work of his narrative; for it is one well calculated to have prepossessed the good people of Russia in behalf of a weaker pen than M. Zagoskin's. Few epochs in their annals possess greater interest for them than that when their patriots, Minin and Pozharsky, liberated their country from internal dissension and foreign oppression,—from anarchy on the one hand, and from the yoke of Polish dominion on the other. Such a theme is far better calculated for the meridians of Moscow and St. Petersburg, than for those of London or Paris; and to say the truth, we are somewhat inclined to suspect that the strong popular feeling in this country in favour of the Poles may have had its weight in preventing the appearance of the work in an English dress. We are not, however, deterred by that feeling from fulfilling the intention we had entertained—and but for the reason above mentioned should have long since carried into effect—of making our readers acquainted with the production before us, which, in our candid opinion, possesses sufficient merit to entitle it to a very respectable place among the fictitious literature of modern Europe. If we were politicians, the book might afford us a most tempting opportunity for adding another to the many elaborate discussions with which the public has been favoured on the present unfortunate relations between two nations which have for centuries before and since the period to which this romance refers, been accustomed to regard each other alternately in the light of oppressor and oppressed; but as our ambition at present aims no higher than to furnish an entertaining article to the novel reader, we shall at once put aside all political topics, and proceed to the matter in hand.

The events which M. Zagoskin has taken for the ground-work of his story are important not merely in a historical, but in a political point of view, inasmuch as the results of them are not yet obliterated, although the condition of the two nations is now reversed; and as patriotism is a virtue that seldom observes the golden mean, his countrymen are likely to perceive only a vindication of their present conduct towards Poland,* in those cir-

* It is but fair towards the author to keep in mind that this romance made its appearance several months prior to the insurrection.—we can no longer call it revolution—of Poland in 1830.

circumstances from which others may possibly draw a very opposite inference. Yet even the friends of the Poles are not more likely on that account to be pleased with a picture that exhibits Poland as a ruthless oppressor in her days of power. Most calamitous was the state of Russia after the death of Boris Godunov: scarcely had the elevation of Shuisky to the vacant throne promised some restoration from the distractions caused by the first Demetrius, when another usurper, who gave himself out as the son of Ivan, again threw the country into a state of anarchy. Moscow was occupied by the Poles, and at this conjuncture, despairing of any other resource, many of the principal boyars agreed to accept Vladislav, or Ladislav, the son of Sigismund III., as their sovereign, on condition of his abjuring Catholicism, and embracing the faith of the Greek church. Among these was Yurii Miloslavsky, a young noble, who, notwithstanding his hatred of the Poles, vowed allegiance to the Polish prince, hoping that his authority would put an end to civil dissensions, and check the insolence of his own countrymen towards the Russians.

At the opening of the narrative we find Yurii and his faithful servant Alexei proceeding on their route to Nishnei Novogorod, whither Miloslavsky is sent by Gonsævsky, the Polish voivode of Moscow, on a mission to the stubborn inhabitants, to persuade them to acknowledge Ladislav as their sovereign, instead of involving their country in still greater disasters by holding out against him, and urging others to follow their example. The travellers have lost their way in a snow storm, and are in imminent danger of perishing, when they discover the body of an unfortunate Kozak, who seems already to have met with the fate they are anticipating for themselves. With some difficulty they succeed in restoring animation, and afterwards, in company with the stranger, whose life they have thus opportunely preserved, are so fortunate as to reach a small solitary inn or *postoyaloi dvor* where they are again exposed to some degree of peril. That this accidental meeting with the Kozak is a most opportune circumstance for Miloslavsky, becomes more and more evident as the story proceeds, since, were it not for the intrepidity and resolution of the grateful Kirsha, his adventures would terminate most disastrously, even before he could arrive at Novogorod. In one sense, indeed, Kirsha may be termed his rival, he being in fact quite the hero of the tale, if not of the history—frequently a more prominent personage than Yurii himself—evidently the author's favourite, who has finished up his character more spiritedly and naturally than those of his other actors—and consequently most likely to be the general favourite with readers.

Before our wearied trio arrive at the *postoyaloi dvor* or inn we

have mentioned, we are admitted to the conversation of the guests who are already housed there, and who, with the exception of one individual seated silently apart from the rest, are discussing over their *braga* the political intelligence just communicated to them by a merchant present, that Moscow has sworn allegiance to the son of Sigismund. Some are of opinion that it is disgraceful for Russia to place a stranger on the throne of her tzars, when she has Pozharzky and so many other native princes and boyars, from among whom she might choose herself a sovereign. In this opinion the party are not unanimous, for one of them exclaims with more of cosmopolitan philosophy than patriotism—"What matters it to us who reigns at Moscow—whether it be a Russian tzar or a Polish korolévitch?" On this the taciturn stranger strikes the bench he is sitting upon with much violence, and accompanies his action with such indignant expression of countenance as to startle and intimidate the whole company, especially as his Herculean form convinces them he is one whose strange humours are entitled to respect. A disagreeable pause hereupon ensues, from the awkwardness of which they are relieved by the arrival of Yurii and his two companions.

"'From what part is your worship?' inquired the merchant.

'From Moscow, brother.'

'Indeed! from Moscow! And prithee, sir stranger, is it true that the people there have sworn fealty to the korolévitch Ladislav?'

'It is even so.'

'A most worthy example to be set by our capital!' exclaimed the strelitz. 'The good people of Moscow do as they please; but, for my part, I would rather obey Demetrius.'

'Obey whom?' asked the zemsky—'the usurper, the *tutinsky vor*?'

'No matter what you call him, he is neither Pole nor unbeliever; but that Vladislav, that heretic—'

'Hark ye, friend,' interposed Yurii, in a tone of no little dissatisfaction; 'I am not fond of wrangling about such matters; you are at liberty, therefore, to think just as you please of the Polish korolévitch, only beware how you let your opinions out of your mouth.'

'Why so? I pray.'

'Because I myself have taken the oath of allegiance to Vladislav, and therefore will not permit any one to abuse him in my presence.'

Compassion and sorrow depicted themselves on the countenance of the silent stranger. He cast a look of melancholy sympathy towards Yurii, who stood, with his arms quietly folded, an image of generous youthful indignation, with a glance that announced defiance to any one who should be hardy enough to contradict him.

The strelitz looked around at the company, but observing no one disposed to support his side of the argument, held his tongue. For some moments no attempt was made to renew the conversation, till the zemsky, in a very altered tone, and with an air of extreme servility,

asked Yurii: "Will it be long before his Polish highness enters his loyal capital of Moscow?"

"He is expected there," bluntly answered Miloslavsky.

"Knows your worship for what purpose ambassadors were sent to Poland some time ago?"

"No, they were not sent to Poland," interrupted the taciturn stranger, in a tone of awful loudness; "they were sent to Smolensk, which city the Polish king has given up to destruction and famine, at the very time that Moscow acknowledges his son for its sovereign."

Yurii was visibly discomposed by this speech. "And what better usage have those dogs at Smolensk a right to expect," exclaimed the zemsky, "when, instead of meeting the Polish king with 'bread and salt,' they refused to open their gates to him?"

"But, *khopodin* zemsky," observed the merchant; "Sigismund did not approach them as a guest, but attended with an army, and wished to help himself to their good things, without giving them so much as an opportunity of offering hospitality."

"What if he did?" continued the strelitz; "surely when we have submitted to the son, the father is at liberty to take what he pleases. Is it not so, your worship?"

Yurii's face crimsoned with indignation. "No!" exclaimed he; "we have not kissed the cross to the Polish *korolévitch* in order that these foreigners, like a flock of hungry kites, should prey upon Russia, and tear it to pieces between them. No true Muscovite would have lifted his hand in favour of Vladislav, neither would a single voice have uttered the oath of allegiance towards him, had he not promised to preserve to Russia both her honour and her power."

"But, noble sir," interrupted the zemsky, "what is to prevent us from acknowledging the King of Poland as sovereign of Smolensk? A single city is of no such mighty importance: and for the bargain we have made, we might consent to give up not only Smolensk, but Moscow itself."

"Again I say," observed Yurii, without seeming to notice the zemsky's speech, "all Moscow has vowed allegiance to the *korolévitch*. He alone is able to put a stop to the miseries of our unfortunate country, and if he proves faithful to his word, I for one shall be ready to lay down my life for him. But whoever," continued he, casting a contemptuous glance at the zemsky—"whoever can express any satisfaction that, in order to rescue our country from utter ruin, we are obliged to call a foreigner to the throne, he is not a Russian, but an alien from our faith—aye, worse than an unbaptized Tatar!" The silent stranger here extended his hand eagerly to Yurii, while his eyes were fixed upon him with a look expressive of the liveliest satisfaction.

After the other guests have departed, and while our travellers and the stranger are sleeping, their slumbers are interrupted by the arrival of Pan Kopetchinsky, an insolent, cowardly Pole, who audaciously insists upon their giving up their accommodation to him. Instead, however, of meeting with that prompt compliance

which he expects as due to him, he only incurs sundry mortifications, among the rest that of hearing some anecdotes of his pusillanimity made public by Kirsha, who has himself been in the same regiment in which this hobadil has been disgraced for his cowardice. There being no other provisions in the inn, the Pole very unceremoniously orders those to be set before him which Yurii had brought. Miloslavsky does not interrupt his banquet, but compliments him on his appetite, and expresses his hope that it will last as long as the viands before him, since he insists upon his making an end of a roast goose which he has attacked. In vain does the Pole entreat and expostulate; Yurii is determined to give him a lesson that he will not soon forget, and poor Kopatchinsky, preferring to have a whole goose lodged in his maw to having a bullet lodged in his brain, contrives to cram down every mouthful.

Having satisfied himself by this odd piece of revenge, which it must be confessed, borders rather too much upon the burlesque, Yurii and his servant resume their journey, leaving Kirsha to follow as soon as he can get a horse with which the host engages to provide him. On being overtaken, by the Kozak, they learn from him that Kopatchinsky is determined to have his revenge, for that several companies of Polish cavalry having come to the *postoyaloi dvor* shortly after, he had ordered some of them to pursue Miloslavsky, who he assured them was not only an enemy of the Poles, but was actually conveying a considerable sum of money to the inhabitants of Nishnei Novogorod. The appearance of the detachment sent after them soon convinces them of the accuracy of Kirsha's intelligence. Yurii's horse is shot under him, on which Kirsha dismounts, seats him on his own, and then giving the animal a cut with the whip that sends him off at full speed, remains singly to encounter his adversaries. He manages to escape into a thicket, where he lurks until his pursuers have given over the search; after which he finds his way to a cottage. Although he meets with no one, it is evident that the place is not deserted; he therefore thinks it better to conceal himself behind a kind of partition, and wait to see what circumstances may turn up. Kirsha's good genius seems to have suggested to him how to act on this occasion, since he is indebted to his hiding place for the discovery of sundry secrets, of which he afterwards contrives to make such a clever use as to gain himself considerable honour. Arkhip Kudimovitch, the owner of the dwelling, enters along with an old woman, who brings him a present from the nurse of Anastasia, the Boyar Shalonsky's daughter. She informs Kudimovitch, who seems to be carrying on a thriving trade as a fortune-teller, that Anastasia is pining away in hopeless

love for a youth whom she had frequently seen at the *Spass na Boru*, a church so called in Moscow. This dialogue does not at first promise to be particularly interesting to the listener in ambush; when however he hears the name of Yurii Miloslavsky mentioned, he takes care not to lose a syllable of it. Having despatched her mission and requested Kudimovitch to consult with Vlasovna as to Anastasia's disorder, the old woman next solicits him to instruct her in some of those mysteries which enable him to pick up so comfortable a livelihood. The fortune-teller agrees that she shall assist him in discovering some linen that has been stolen from the boyar's house, and which he has hidden near a barn belonging to a peasant to whom he owes a grudge. Scarcely has he tutored her in the part she is to act, ere the soldiers, who are in pursuit of Kirsha, make their appearance; they are however prevailed upon to depart without searching any further, after pulling the old woman out from behind the partition, where she had been secreted from the unwelcome intruders, without suspecting that she had a neighbour in her asylum. Although it for a while places him in great jeopardy, this incident turns out upon the whole far more advantageous to Kirsha than it is agreeable to Kudimovitch, for the latter is obliged to go along with the soldiers, to show them the way to the main road, while Kirsha being again left quite alone, has an opportunity of decamping without its being known that he had overheard what had passed between the fortune-teller and the old woman.

Having cleared his pursuers, who had suffered their attention to be diverted from him by Kirsha, Miloslavsky inquires his way to the residence of Shalonsky, to whom he delivers a letter from Gonsavsky. Yurii is aware that Shalonsky intends to marry his daughter to the Polish commander, but has no suspicion that Anastasia is his charming incognita of the *Spass na Boru*. After a brief interview, in which the host and the guest are not at all pleased with each other, Yurii retires to recruit himself from his fatigue, and Kirsha again engages our attention.

The Kozak having joined a party of villagers who are celebrating a wedding, there recognizes Kudimovitch and his female confederate, who had agreed that, for the sake of greater éclat, the discovery of the lost linen should be made on this important occasion, when there would be so many witnesses of their skill. The pre-arranged mummeries concerted between them, is duly performed, and inspires the rustics with most respectful awe; when however they proceed to the spot where they are to meet with the linen, it is not to be found. The wizard is quite confounded, as indeed he has some reason to be, from having previously arranged every thing so as to ensure success. To humble him still more in

the eyes of his followers, Kirsha himself declares where the linen is to be found, namely, the spot to which he had taken the precaution to remove it, in order to defeat the pretended wizard's plot.

This and one or two other comic scenes may appear rather too trivial, and to detain the reader too long; still they have their value as sketches of manners, although some portion of their humour is lost to those who are not Russians, owing to the dialogue being in a kind of patois not very easy for a foreigner to understand. The incident we have just noticed, however, leads to something really important in the plot, for the report of the miracle Kirsha has performed soon reaches the boyar's household; and the Kozak is forthwith summoned to try his art, in ascertaining, if possible, the cause of Anastasia's illness, and in effecting its cure. The gossip he has overheard between Kudimovitch and the old dame, stands him here instead of either divination or medical skill. He says enough to convince the young lady that he knows much more; and bids her be under no apprehension, for Gonsævsky cannot quit Moscow, and he will persuade her father that it will be certain death to her to go thither. Her apprehensions for the present being quieted by this assurance, Kirsha's patient suddenly recovers to a degree that appears quite miraculous, and which calls forth the expression of as much gratitude on the part of Shalonsky, as so stern and imperious a nature is capable of. Kirsha refuses, however, to accept any thing beyond a trifling sum of money, and a horse, which he is at liberty to select from the boyar's stud. In the meanwhile he is to defer his departure for three days, during which time he is to be entertained by the *prekashtshik* or steward. Shalonsky has his reasons for wishing to detain him, since he has learnt that he is acquainted with Miloslavsky, against whom he meditates the most treacherous designs. His malice against the youth is still further exasperated by the latter's refusing to comply with his insolent request to drink the health of the Polish king; and he is even about to compel him to do so by main force, when Pan Tishkevitch, a Polish commander, one of the guests at the entertainment, interferes, on which the boyar is obliged to desist from his brutality; and he afterwards suffers Yurii to depart unmolested.

Kirsha, in the meanwhile, who is detained a sort of state prisoner at the *prekashtshik's*, accidentally overhears a conversation between two assassins, from which he has no doubt but that Shalonsky has engaged one of them, named Omliat, to waylay and seize Yurii before he reaches Novogorod.* He is now determined, happen what may, to apprize his benefactor of the danger that awaits him; and with considerable difficulty prevails upon the

prekashtshik to allow him to make trial of the Arabian he has selected. The steed is so unmanageable, that there seems far more danger of Kirsha's being flung from the saddle, than of his attempting to make his escape; besides which, the *prekashtshik* considers his prisoner tolerably safe so long as he has the money in his keeping that is to be bestowed upon him. To the astonishment of every one, except the reader, the Kozak soon renders the animal perfectly submissive, after which he darts off at full speed, telling the *prekashtshik* that he will be all the richer by the three golden *korablenniks* he was to have paid him. He soon falls in with Miloslavsky and his servant; when, after a few minutes' conversation, their discourse continues in the following manner :

“ ‘Pray inform me, Kirsha,’ said Yurii, “ how you came to get into such favour with the boyar?’

‘ By meddling in a trade that does not, by right, belong to me.’

‘ What is it you mean?’

‘ I will tell you as well as I can, Yurii Dmitritch. When a youngster, I was a fisher-boy; had work enough to do all day long, and sometimes all night too, into the bargain, besides being five times on the point of being drowned. But although I had plenty of hardship, I found I was likely to have but very little else; so I joined the Ukraine Kozaks; served our Hetman loyally, was in many a skirmish with the Poles, and fought, not like a coward, against the Tatars. I was frequently obliged to stomach both cold and hunger when there was nothing better to stomach; yet for all this, I could get little to send to the old people at home. I next, therefore, enlisted among the Zaporozhetz, though it was greatly against the will of a pretty damsel whom I had bespoken as a wife. Here I was obliged to put up with a good deal from my brother Kozaks, because I was tender-hearted towards women and children—neither cut off the limbs of unarmed men, nor set fire to houses out of sheer sport, like the rest, when we could find nothing in them to divert ourselves with. Once they were very near burying me alive with a varlet of a Kozak, whose skull I had laid open with the end of my whip, for his scoundrelly insolence. After this escape I dragged on two years among the Poles, where I shed plenty of Christian blood, and saved the life of Pan Lisovsky. With all this, I found myself no nearer to being a rich man than before. At length it came into my head that I would play the conjuror, and, lo! for my first experiment in that way I obtained three golden ships (*korablenniks*, a coin so called) and this capital Arabian, a better than which never was crossed,’ added Kirsha, fondly patting the animal, and eying him with a look of delighted tenderness.

“ ‘What am I to understand by all this nonsense?’ said Yurii: ‘What do you mean by playing the conjuror?’

“ ‘Ah, boyar, I am not the only one in this world who plays a part never intended for him, yet it is not every one who gets through it so well as I have done. Would you imagine now that I am turned fortune-teller in good earnest; and if so be you wish to try me, I will

this very instant tell you what it is that occupies your thoughts, and makes you thus melancholy.'

'Thou must be an honour to thy new profession, if thou canst guess the truth.'

'Well then you shall judge of my skill. What if I should say,—continued Kirsha, looking steadfastly at Yurii,—'What if I should say, a dark-eyed maiden is the cause of your disquietude?' Yurii eyed the Zaporozhetz with astonishment.

'Do not heed this jesting knave,' cried Alexei; 'it is no very great wonder he can guess that, when I blabbed out as much to him myself.'

'Come, what will you give me, Boyarin,' continued Kirsha, without attending to Alexei, 'if I inform you who this fair lady-love of yours is, and where she is now to be found?'

'Prithee desist from your jesting.'

'I am not jesting, Yurii Dmitritch. You used to see her every day at Moscow in the church of the *Spass na Boru*.'

'He has hit it there,' cried Alexei; 'as heaven is my witness, I did not tell him that.'

'How did you know it, Kirsha?'

'Pshaw, that is nothing. Look you, Yurii Dmitritch, you do not yet know whether she returns your love or not: but I do.'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed Milovlavsky, pulling up his horse.

'Yes, Boyarin, she frets about you, even worse than you do for her.'

'Then she is not married?'—'No.'

'But who is she? Where does she live? How have you discovered it all? Tell me, tell me as quickly as possible.'

'And has not your heart already told you that you passed last night beneath the very same roof with her?'

'Then she is the daughter of Shalonsky?—the bride of Pau Gonsavsky!' cried Alexei.

'Betrothed to him, but not yet espoused.'

'The daughter of Krutchena Shalonsky!' exclaimed Yurii, turning as pale as a criminal sentenced to death; 'then indeed all is ended!'

'No, not quite ended yet, Yurii Dmitritch; things often take a strange turn, and if it is destined that you are to marry her—'

'Marry her!—never, never,' interrupted Yurii. 'But perhaps you have been mistaken; yes, my good Kirsha, you must really be so. Can that angel of sweetness, that perfection of loveliness, be the child of Shalonsky?—impossible!'

'Well, but why should we stop here prating? Our horses need better provender than our words; so let us proceed to that village, about three versts off, and I will tell you every thing, after which you will hardly suppose that I am deceiving you.'

Yurii listened with the utmost attention, while Kirsha related what had passed; and the more assured he became that his fair incognita and the daughter of Shalonsky were the same person, the greater sorrow did his countenance express. Not that he was discouraged by the obstacles he foresaw to the union; these might be removed by change of circumstances and by time; neither was he alarmed by the idea that Anastasia

was affianced to Gonsævsky; but the thought of ever calling by the name of father a man whom he regarded with just aversion—of connecting himself by family ties with a base-hearted wretch, a traitor to his country—this converted all his hopes into bitterness and anguish. Were every thing besides to favour his passion, his own principles would henceforth present an insuperable obstacle to its gratification. Could he, as the husband of Shalonsky's daughter, hear of treachery and disaffection to his country without a blush of shame? Could he, as such, invoke the vengeance of heaven and his fellow-citizens on the heads of those rebellious, seditious partisans, who would sacrifice their fatherland and give it up to disgrace? If in renouncing Anastasia he must also renounce happiness—at least an unsullied conscience, a pure and hallowed attachment to the land of his fathers, the conviction of having fulfilled his duties as a member of the state, of not having sullied the name inherited from his parent—this, at least, would suffice to tranquillize him, and ought to confirm him in the resolution of resigning the fondest wish of his heart. But when Kirsha related to him all the particulars of his interviews with Anastasia, when he could no longer doubt that he was fondly beloved by her, Yurii's firmness began to give way.

'Enough, enough!' he exclaimed, in a trembling voice; 'let me hear no more.'

'As you please, Boyarin,' returned Kirsha, looking at him with astonishment.

'Unfortunate being that I am!—could I imagine that the most blissful moments of my life would prove for me the vengeance of heaven. Let me not hear a syllable more.'

'I am silent, Boyarin.'

'Ah! Kirsha, why did you permit me to hear any thing at all? What angel of darkness instigated you—'

'To say the truth, Yurii Dmitritch, I thought my intelligence would have proved rather agreeable than the contrary. Anastasia Timotheevna—'

'No more! Never let me hear that name pronounced again.'

'As you please, Boyarin.'

'Never again remind me—, or stay, let me know, once for all, what she said to you. How did she confess her attachment? Does she know that I live but for her—that all else is a blank to me?'

'You should have seen how life returned to her when she was assured of your attachment! You should have witnessed the tears that trickled down her face.'

'Tears!—O heaven!—'

'How she wept and prayed by turns.'

'No more, Kirsha, no more, I beseech you.'

'Ah, Boyarin,' said the Zaporozhetz, who could not comprehend the cause of Miloslavsky's distress, 'wherefore are you so uneasy when you have so much reason to rejoice? In the first place, you have at length ascertained who the fair unknown is; in the next, what is to prevent your wooing her? You are of an honourable family, more than

passing wealthy, young, and comely withal. To be sure her hand is promised to Pan Gonsævsky, but never will the marriage take place. Rely upon it, ere long there will not be a single parish church within the Hetman's jurisdiction, and neither himself nor any of his Polish horde will venture to show their noses out of the Kremlin. All true-hearted Russians are only waiting till they receive succours from Nishnei and other places, and then there will be rare work. By my troth, were they but staunch to each other, they would soon drive out those infidel Poles—aye, even by waving their caps.'

'You forget, Kirsha, that I myself have sworn allegiance to Vladislav.'

'Nay, Boyarin, but if the Polish Korolévitch is to be our sovereign, why does he shut himself up in Krakow? He might at least let us see his face. Let him turn to the true faith, and then, if needs must, let him be our ruler. Instead of this, an army has been sent here, and a Hetman set over us, as if we were the subjects of the Poles. It is evident, Yurii Dnitritch, that Sigismund is playing an odd game with us.'

Simple as it was, this idea had never occurred to Miloslavsky, and although it was more honestly than polishedly expressed, he could not help being struck by its probability.—'Ah, Kirsha,' exclaimed he, with evident delight, 'I should forget all my other disquietudes could I but be assured of the truth of what you say. But, alas! it is all mere conjecture; and I, besides, am bound to observe my vow.'"

Apprehensive that, if informed of the deadly treachery Shalonsky meditates against him, Yurii might be impelled to take summary vengeance on the father, and thereby be compelled to resign all idea of the daughter, Kirsha does not acquaint him with his danger, but hopes to avert it by his own vigilance. His silence, however, is very near being attended by fatal consequences, for while they are stopping at a hut to get some refreshment, Omliat enters and forces his company upon them, as a fellow-traveller to Novogorod. Kirsha keeps a watchful eye upon him, and when they approach a ruined chapel, where, according to the preconcerted plan, the bravo's companions are lying in ambush, knocks the villain off his horse, and secures him. But at Yurii's intercession his life is spared, and they content themselves with gagging his mouth and binding him to a tree. They then strike off into a bye road, till they are out of danger, and shortly after reach Nishnei Novogorod without further adventure.

Arrived at Novogorod, Yurii proceeds to the house of Istoma-Turenin. This boyar, who had formerly been a friend of his father, is not a little surprised at learning the nature of the business that has brought his young friend to Nishnei, and concluding that there is no occasion for further dissimulation, suddenly changes his tone, and expresses his hopes that instead of negotiating with them, the Poles will shortly have recourse to more decided measures, and reduce the obstinate Russians to submission. Yurii

is filled with horror at Turenin's hypocrisy and baseness; neither is the boyar better satisfied with what he considers the double dealing, or rather the unintelligible conduct of Miloslavsky. The next day our hero has an opportunity of witnessing the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Novogorod, who assemble in the great square, where they are addressed by Kozma Minin (the silent traveller of the *postoyaloi dvor*) whose unstudied eloquence prompts them to sacrifice every thing they can spare, for the purpose of furnishing supplies to Pozharsky. We have not room, however, either to extract this scene or the following one where Yurii, as Gonszavsky's envoy, acquaints the principal boyars assembled at the house of Prince Mamstriukovitch, with the proposals offered them. They almost unanimously declare that they will listen to no conditions from the Poles, nor hold any parley with them until they reach the walls of the Kremlin; in which sentiments Yurii agrees with them, and only regrets that he is prevented by his oath from drawing his sword against the invaders of his country. On returning to the street, he finds Alexei waiting for him, who informs him that he has removed his baggage to an inn, being certain that Turenin harbours some sinister designs against him, as he has seen Omliat with one or two other ill-looking fellows enter the boyar's residence. This intelligence is fatally verified almost immediately after, for the bravoës rush upon them, and lay Alexei weltering in his blood.

Some four months after this event, a smart *Yesaul*, at the head of a party of Kozaks, on the high road to Nishnei Novogorod perceives a poor fellow resting himself upon a bank. The good-natured Kirsha—for the *Yesaul* is no other than our interesting Zaporozhetz, who, we ought to have said, had taken leave of Yurii on their reaching Novogorod—invites him to partake of some refreshment, when, to his astonishment, he discovers, in the pallid features of the stranger, his former acquaintance Alexei. The latter informs him how his master has been murdered; for that he was assassinated there can be no doubt, although no tidings could be obtained of what had become of his body. So far he has a decided advantage over us readers, who are deprived of the opportunity of being so disconsolate, not because we can account for Yurii's disappearance, or remove Alexei's arguments, but because there is full a third of the story still before us, and we are therefore morally certain that the author has taken good care of his hero, for the present at least. Even Kirsha begins to think there is still some hope left, when he hears that Omliat was one of those who attacked them, knowing that his orders were to seize Miloslavsky alive, and convey him a prisoner to Shalonsky. He therefore determines to ascertain the truth at

once, and after ordering his troop to wait for him near a wood, proceeds to Kudimovitch's cottage, as they are now quite close to the village where Shalonsky resides. Partly by coaxing and partly by threats, Kirsha forces an avowal of the truth from his old acquaintance, the fortune-teller, and learns that Yurii is confined in the vaults beneath a ruined chapel in the solitary castle of Teplii Stan, which Shalonsky has occupied for some time past. Hardly has he gathered all the particulars from Kudimovitch, when Omliat and some of his companions, who have overheard the whole conversation, make their appearance. The miserable fortune-teller is soon dispatched, and we this time tremble for Kirsha himself, when we find that they are going to hang him upon a tree without further ceremony. His presence of mind, however, does not forsake him at this terrible crisis, and he offers to show them a treasure concealed in the wood, on condition of their saving his life. He takes care to conduct them not far from the spot where he has left his own men: then drawing a circle on the ground, and ordering them to stand with their faces in one direction, and on no account to turn their heads at any noise, otherwise the spell would be broken and the treasure lost, he contrives to detain them by his pretended ceremonies till he sees some of his troop, to whom he makes a signal, which the assassins suppose to be some part of the incantation. The Kozaks take their aim so well that all are shot dead at the first fire, except the zemsky, whose life they spare on condition of his guiding them to Teplii Stan. As Omliat and his companions are expected to return to the castle that same night, the arrival of the troop excites no alarm, they having taken care effectually to quiet the warder on his opening the gates to the zemsky. Shalonsky and Turenin, who has also concealed himself at Teplii Stan, have just had a long conversation together, and the latter has actually prevailed upon his friend to allow him to dispatch their unfortunate prisoner, when Kirsha and two Kozaks rush into the apartment, and insist upon their conducting them, without daring to utter a syllable, to the place where Miloslavsky is confined. Yurii is forthwith liberated, the two boyars are left in durance in the same cell, and the whole party instantly quit the castle, before any one but those who have been secured is aware of what has happened.

Disgusted with the world, altogether despairing of being ever united to Anastasia, and prohibited from drawing his sword in defence of his country, Yurii determines to take monastic vows. He makes choice of the convent of St. Sergius, of which the celebrated Abraham Palietzin was then the superior. That patriotic ecclesiastic absolves him from his oath of allegiance to

Vladislav, and commands him to show his obedience to the church by taking up arms in defence of his country; forbidding him to return to the cloister so long as his sword shall be required. Miloslavsky hastens to obey an injunction so much in accordance with his most eager wishes, as all that he now looks forward to is an early and honourable death. While he and Alexei are on their way to Moscow, they fall in with a party of armed peasantry at Kudimov, and are taken before Father Jeremias,* an ardent patriot, who has organized a kind of guerilla system throughout that district, where his authority is universally acknowledged. While Yurii is partaking of the good father's hospitality, a Kozak enters with the intelligence that they have had a skirmish with one of the boyars attached to the Polish party, slain him and nearly all his followers, and seized upon his treasures and his daughter, who was with him. In the unfortunate captive who is shortly after brought in, Yurii discovers his Anastasia. As soon as it is known, from the unwary exclamations of her attendant, that she is the affianced bride of the Polish commander Gonsævsky, the soldiers and populace insist upon her being executed without delay. In vain does Father Jeremias endeavour to appease them: the crowd become more clamorous in their demand.

"Yurii observed with horror that the priest's firmness began to give way, and that his countenance betrayed signs of irresolution and alarm. The latter perceived that the disorderly crowd, inflamed with wine and intent only upon vengeance, were becoming quite forgetful of all subordination, and that although his menacing look, and well known Herculean strength, still kept their leaders from breaking out into open violence, it was evident this could not continue long. The cries of the infuriated multitude without, mixed at times with opprobrious epithets applied to the Father himself, and with threats towards his person, increased every minute. His agitation visibly increased also, while he cast a look of compassion, now on the unfortunate Yurii, now on the insensible Anastasia; when suddenly his features became more tranquil, and seizing Miloslavsky's hand, he said to him, so as not to be overheard, 'are you prepared to do whatever is necessary to save this unfortunate maiden?'

'Any thing, any thing, Father Jeremias!'

'If so, she is rescued! Now, my good people,' continued he, addressing himself to those who had forced their way into the house, 'I see it

* This father Jeremias is not a fictitious character; neither is the share here ascribed to him in the warfare carried on by the peasantry against the Poles, at this period, an invention of the author, although contemporary chroniclers have not left any further information as to what he achieved. The good Father was, it seems, destined by nature for military exploits, since he was quite a Sampson in bodily strength; besides which, he almost rivalled the patriarchs in longevity. He took priests' orders in 1600, in the reign of Boris Godunov, and continued to watch over his flock for ninety-seven years, giving up his cure to his son in 1697. Similar examples of extreme longevity are by no means uncommon in Russia.

is of no use to dispute the matter with you any longer, therefore, it must even be just as you insist upon it. Remember, however, that this poor wretch has been baptized as well as ourselves, and that it would bring down a curse upon us all, were we to suffer her soul to perish. Let us carry her as carefully as we can into the church; she will soon recover herself there, and you must allow me time to confess her and prepare her for death; after that, she is in your hands to do with her what you list.'

'A fair request, Father,' said Vietchura, 'no one can object to that. Come then, lads, help me to carry her into the church. But you must, some of you, get out of the place: we are so squeezed up here, that there is no making one's way. Do you go first, Father Jeremias, and we shall not be far behind you.'

In a few minutes the apartment was quite cleared of all, except Yurii, Alexei and Anastasia's *scennaya dævushka* (fille de chambre), who wailed aloud in an agony of grief. Notwithstanding the assurance given him by Father Jeremias, Miloslavsky was hardly in a less disconsolate state; he kept pacing backwards and forwards like one distracted; now he seized the hilt of his sword, then again, covering his eyes with his hands, he abandoned himself to utter despair, flung himself upon a seat, and sobbed like a child. Not daring to try to appease him, Alexei uttered not a syllable, but remained as if transfixed to the spot where he was standing. Many minutes had not passed, when the door was gently opened a little way, and an old man of diminutive figure, by whose smooth lank hair and long tail it was easy to perceive that he was the sacristan of the parish, beckoned to Miloslavsky, and when Alexei would have followed his master, whispered to him to remain where he was. Accompanying his conductor through the churchyard, Yurii soon reached the porch. While ascending the steps he turned his head, and beheld a fearful spectacle: all around the external inclosure, fires were blazing on the ground, and cast their glare on the armed figures that encircled them; their furious exclamations and gestures, the savage laughter with which they every now and then pointed to a gibbet, beneath which a fire was also kindled, and a tumultuous crowd assembled,—altogether formed a picture so truly horrible, that Yurii turned away from it with a shudder, and hurriedly followed the sacristan into the church. A solitary lamp was burning before the *ikonostass* or holy screen, and at the altar, beside a desk, stood Father Jeremias, arrayed in his pontificals, and before him the trembling Anastasia.

'Quick, Yurii Dmitritch,' said the priest, advancing to meet him, 'make haste, take your place beside your bride.'

'My bride!' exclaimed Yurii with horror.

'Even so: there is no other way of saving her. Do you not hear what an uproar the people are making? A few minutes longer delay may cost her her life. Once again, therefore, I ask you, do you wish to rescue her?'

'I do,' replied Yurii, in a determined tone; when Father Jeremias, taking two rings off Anastasia's hand, began the nuptial ceremony. Yurii made his responses with a firm voice, but a deadly paleness was

on his countenance. Big drops rolled from the eyes of Anastasia, her voice trembled, but her cheeks glowed, and her burning hand shook violently in that of Miloslavsky, which was chill and insensible as marble.

In the meanwhile the impatience of Anastasia's blood-thirsty executioners had reached its height.

'What is the meaning of all this, Father? Are you deceiving us?' exclaimed a voice, which was that of Vietchura. 'Does it take two hours to hear a confession? Had it been for one of us, your worship would have despatched the business in a twinkling. Come, my lads, let us go into the church. A priest may not confess a person when others are present, you know, so that we must make an end of the business at once, whether he will or no.' 'Let us all go in, let us all go in,' exclaimed the rest, and the porch was instantly thronged.

'What is the meaning of all this,' grumbled Vietchura; 'why, the doors are fast locked.'

'Never mind boys,' exclaimed Materoi, 'give me a hatchet, and I will soon try the strength of their hinges.' On a sudden the doors flew open, and Father Jeremias, attired in his full robes, and darting a look filled with wrath at the audacious multitude, stood before them, like the angel of the Lord. 'Sacrilegious wretches!' exclaimed he, in a tone like thunder; 'how dare ye thus impiously to enter the temple of your God! Impure and profane men, what is it ye require of him who ministers at his altar?'

'Father Jeremias,' said Vietchura in a submissive tone, as he looked at his humbled companions, did not you yourself promise to deliver up to us the bride of Gonsœvsky?'

'And I would still fulfil that promise, were it in my power to give you the bride of that traitor.'

'What then prevents your doing so?'

'Because she is not here.'

'Not here! We do not understand you.'

'There is no one here except Yurii Dmitritch Miloslavsky, and his newly married wife. Behold them before you,' added the priest, pointing to Yurii and Anastasia, who, holding each other by the hand, had now advanced to the porch, where they stood beside their protector. 'My brethren,' continued Father Jeremias, without giving the crowd time to recover from their astonishment, 'our holy church hath pronounced its blessing upon them, nor is it for man to separate those whom the Lord hath united.'

This scene is, we think, very cleverly and effectively managed; and not the less so, because, instead of immediately bringing on the conclusion, these ill-omened nuptials, which fulfil a prediction made to Miloslavsky's mother, that the marriage of her son should be rather like a funeral than a bridal ceremony, give rise to new difficulties and embarrassments. Although Yurii has consented to espouse Anastasia, in order to rescue her from impending death, the monastic vows he has so precipitately taken forbid

him to consider himself as a husband. His widow-bride retires to a convent, of which her aunt is the superior, while Miloslavsky proceeds to join his friends in arms, hoping more earnestly than ever that a soldier's death may terminate an existence which is otherwise doomed to a cloister. We are now carried into the midst of warfare. A decisive conflict takes place, in which Pozharsky routs the Polish troops, and compels such as escape to shut themselves up in the Kremlin, which they afterwards surrender on the 22d of October, 1612. On this day of universal festivity for every Russian patriot, the heart of Miloslavsky alone is sorrowful. Withdrawing from the joy in which he cannot thoroughly participate, he enters the church of the *Spass na Boru*, where he is found by Abraham Palietzin, who reproaches him for giving way to sorrow.

“ ‘ Wherefore art thou so sad, my son? ’ What secret sin boweth thee down thus? ’

‘ It is a horrible secret! ’

‘ A secret? Wherefore hast thou thus long concealed it from me? ’

‘ Father Abraham, I am married. ’

‘ Married! ’ exclaimed Palietzin, ‘ Married! ’ repeated he after a pause, during which he had been gazing upon Yurii. ‘ Why then, unhappy man, hast thou deceived me? And thou hast dared to pollute thy soul by forswearing thyself in the very temple of thy God, and before His presence? Ah, Yurii Dmitritch, how greatly art thou guilty! ’

‘ No, Father, I did not deceive thee. I was not married when I vowed to dedicate myself to a life of celibacy, nor did I ever meditate the breaking of an oath pronounced before the shrine of a holy martyr; how was it possible for me to imagine that so soon after I should call the daughter of my bitterest enemy, Shalonsky, my wife! ’ ”

An explanation now takes place, and Palietzin informs Yurii that as he is only in his noviciate, and has not yet gone through the final ceremonies that cut him off from the world, he is still at liberty to return to it. But even this would avail him nothing, were it not for the providential curiosity of the good Father, who, inquiring what has become of Anastasia, discovers that it is she whom he was that very day to have consecrated as a nun, had he not been induced to defer the ceremony till the morrow, in order that he might be present at the evacuation of the Kremlin by the Poles.

Thus is Miloslavsky suddenly extricated from the apparently insuperable difficulties that beset him; and here we may as well let the curtain drop at once, without stopping to relate his meeting with the poor idiot Mitya, whom he finds expiring in the church, and who assures him that the last hours of Shalonsky

—for the boyar was not actually slain when his daughter was carried off from him—were dedicated to contrition and prayer.

From this mere outline of the plot, our readers will be able to judge how far the work possesses that kind of interest, which arises from the events that form the ground work of the story. It must be confessed that it does not exhibit any extraordinary prodigality of invention, much complexity of intrigue, or great variety of situation. The two first volumes, in fact, are solely occupied with Yuri's journey to Nishnei Novogorod, and his interview with the leaders of the patriotic party in that city; and we are detained chiefly by the adventures in which Kirsha is involved, in which the author has certainly displayed a good deal of cleverness and skilful management; for these, trivial as they at first seem to be—mere vehicles for scenes descriptive of the manners of the times and people,—they are attended with important consequences. Still it may be doubted whether they are not rather too lengthy, and might not very advantageously have been kept down a little, especially as in their present form they seem to have engaged more of the author's consideration than the actual historical events and characters, which are proportionably thrown too much into the back ground. These latter, indeed, are so far from being interwoven into the rest of the story, as to be little more than mere episodes, capable of being suppressed altogether, without either materially altering or abridging the narrative. Instead of consisting in action, the historical interest is chiefly thrown into dialogue, as in the conversation which passes at the *postoyaloi dvor*, given in one of our extracts. Of the Poles themselves we see very little, and Gonscœvsky is not once brought upon the scene, although we think that he might have been made a very serviceable personage, by linking more closely together what is matter of history with the subject-matter of the romance. Of Pozharsky, again, the use that has been made extends to little more than that of his name; which, however judicious on the part of the author, if he felt conscious of a want of power to bring forward this historical personage with proper effect, affords but a negative kind of satisfaction to the reader.

Nevertheless, aware how very difficult it must be to combine such stubborn materials as historical characters and events, with those of mere invention, to reconcile the interest growing out of the former with that we expect to meet with in the latter, we are disposed to make some allowance; neither do we know that we are warranted in demanding from any writer what he does not profess to perform. For our own part, we have been sufficiently well pleased with this novel, as it has pleased the author to give it; nor do we like it the less, for its supplying so many minor

traits of national customs and national feelings, which by the mere novel reader may be considered insipid, if not tedious. To say the truth, in the first portion of the narrative there is scarcely any thing of adventure, save those scenes in which Kirsha is the chief actor; the rest consisting of what, by way of distinction, may be termed occurrences, and of dialogues and descriptions, which, although well drawn and vigorously coloured, contribute little to the real progress of the story. This may be said to be almost confined to the third volume, where the plot begins to thicken, and the events succeed each other more rapidly; so that the interest of the tale increases as it draws near to its conclusion, and is so well kept up, that we are still in the midst of seemingly inextricable perplexity and embarrassment, when but a few pages remain to decide the final issue and the fate of the two lovers.

We are by no means surprised at the popularity this production has obtained in Russia, for there it may be considered as a first rate performance; elsewhere, a somewhat lower rank would be assigned to it,—in this country at least, if not in Germany, for some of the critics there have spoken of it in far more laudatory terms than many of those in Russia itself. One of them indeed, has even gone so far as to assert that it possesses all the excellencies of Sir Walter Scott, without his defects; an eulogium to which, however gratified we have been with it, we cannot possibly subscribe.

Our readers will perhaps bear with us a little longer, while we say a few words respecting Zagoskin's second romance, "*Roslavlev, or the Russians in 1812.*" This is intended by the author to serve as a *pendant* to "*Miloslavsky*;" both productions being equally national in their subjects, and each of them commemorating a very important epoch in the destinies of Russia. In both instances the people signalized themselves by their patriotism, and the issue of events proved no less fortunate than glorious. Hence there is a certain similarity in the general course of the two narratives, which has caused the writer to be reproached by some for want of originality—or rather of variety, and of selecting a subject too much akin to the one he had previously treated—hinging too much upon precisely the same interests, the same feelings, and the same class of events. To us such objections appear not a little hypercritical, since we do not see why a writer should be more censured for producing two "*companion*" works, than an artist for painting two companion pictures. Besides that the facts themselves, considered merely as such, and not in relation to their course and final issue, are altogether unlike, the two periods chosen by the author are separated by a chasm of two centuries—no inconsiderable interval in itself, and in the

present instance one in which Russia had risen to unprecedented greatness, and acquired an important influence in the Western world. It cannot, indeed, be asserted, that the national character had undergone a corresponding change; yet although its spirit remained nearly the same, the forms under which it manifested itself were sufficiently altered to afford that æsthetic contrast which the critic requires. "Miloslavsky" has one advantage over "Roslavlev," inasmuch as the distance of time naturally imparts to it a romantic hue, and by rendering the objects themselves somewhat vague and indistinct, leaves the writer more at liberty to draw upon his imagination in the delineation of them, without being taxed with incorrectness. The latter novel, on the contrary, while it recommends itself by a more universal interest, which will undoubtedly obtain for it readers among those who are perfectly indifferent to the revolution that placed the house of Romanov on the throne of Moscow, touches too much upon the "newspaper" events of our times to admit of much poetical colouring, without impairing the main—or what ought to be the main interest of the work. Instead of resigning ourselves without reserve to the novelist, we ask ourselves at every step of the narrative, whether, in such parts at least as are professedly historical, it is conformable with actual record? We seem eager to turn to a file of Gazettes to ascertain whether we ought to be pleased or not, and are more apt to be dissatisfied than the contrary, whenever we fancy that the author has ventured to embellish the truth. Even that terrific scene in which Napoleon and his staff are on the point of perishing amidst the flames of Moscow, loses somewhat of its effect in consequence of this disagreeable scepticism. In fact M. Zagoskin himself appears to have felt the difficulty of satisfying the novel reader and the newspaper reader at one and the same time—of amalgamating fact with fiction. Hence his second novel does not possess the unity of his first. It is rather a series of episodes than a well-organized ensemble, all the parts of which mutually depend on each other. The novel itself may indeed be said to terminate with the second volume, the remaining one consisting almost entirely of scenes, which, however masterly, considered as sketches of national manners in various classes of society, have but a very arbitrary connection with the story that forms the ground-work of the romance. Still we should be sorry to part with these *hors d'œuvres*—nay, should give them up very reluctantly, even were the author to supply their place by what would enhance the reputation of "Roslavlev" as a work of imagination. We hope, however, that this is but the beginning of M. Zagoskin's career in this department of literature; and flatter ourselves that we may yet be indebted to

him for much amusement and information. We hope, too, that at no very distant period it will be in our power to speak of another Russian novelist, who has just risen upon the literary horizon, and to bear our testimony to the merits which seem to announce a distinguished reputation for Lazhetchnikov.

ART. V.—*The Times*, January 7th, 1833.

A KIND of demi-official vindication of the Prussian system of commercial policy was published in the number of the *Times* which we have placed at the head of this article. It was principally, we believe, intended as a reply to the remarks we made on that system in Article XI. of our Number for May last year. Such of our readers as take any interest in these matters will probably remember that our article had a twofold object in view—first, to show that Prussia was endeavouring to establish an anti-commercial and anti-social system, by attempting to raise at home products which she might more cheaply and advantageously buy from others; and second, that she was endeavouring to force this system on the surrounding German states; and that in pursuance of this, the most objectionable part of her policy, she had prevailed on some of the sovereigns in her neighbourhood to assign to her the privilege of collecting their customs duties, and even of appointing Prussian officers for that purpose. These were our statements, and we now repeat them. The writer who has replied to us takes no notice of the policy of Prussia towards the other German states. He knows that the facts we stated are incontrovertible; and he prudently enough has left it to others to show how a state that allows its revenue to be collected by foreigners can be deemed independent. In fact, this defender of the commercial policy of Prussia does not say a single word in its vindication, unless his attacks on the British system may be regarded as such. He does not say that Prussia has done well; but that whatever may be her errors, they are outdone by those of England. Although, however, we admit that many parts of our commercial policy are exceedingly objectionable, we altogether deny that it possesses that exclusive character which now belongs to the Prussian system: all the world knows that during the last ten years we have been progressively relaxing the restraints previously laid on importation, while the Prussians have been as constantly augmenting theirs.

The Prussian vindicator complains of our high duties on many articles. But he forgets that our duties must be high, because though the population of England does not differ materially from that of Prussia, her inhabitants must pay at least *ten times as large*

an amount of taxes! The question is not whether our duties are high, but whether they are imposed for the sake of protection, or in order to benefit ourselves at the expense of foreigners. Now, except in a few instances, which are every day becoming rarer, we contend that they are entirely imposed for the sake of revenue. The vindicator complains, for example, of our high duties on tobacco, and we are firmly of opinion that they would be more productive were they reduced; but is this duty, like the Prussian duties on coffee and sugar, imposed in order to force the growth of some worthless substitute at home? No such thing! The apologist should have known that the growth of tobacco in the British dominions is prohibited; and that if we do not import tobacco from Prussia, it is because it is quite inferior to that of Virginia, and not on account of discriminating duties. He also complains of our high customs duty on hops; but he forgets that the hops raised at home are burdened with an oppressive excise duty; and it is no part of sound policy to put foreigners in a better situation than ourselves. The great articles of import into England from Prussia, are corn, wool, timber, and wine. As might be expected, the vindicator is loud in his complaints of our corn laws; and we certainly are not of the number of those who will undertake their defence. At the same time, however, we must say that he has singularly misrepresented, or is exceedingly ignorant, of the operation and influence of these laws. We imported between the 15th of July, 1828, and the 1st of July, 1831, no fewer than 7,263,184 quarters of foreign corn, exclusive of 1,812,905 cwt. of foreign flour. Of these imports, wheat, of which the greatest part was supplied by Prussia, formed 4,620,020 quarters, the average duty paid upon this immense importation being exactly 6s. 1d. per quarter! The average price of wheat in England during the period referred to, was about 64s., so that the duty was really under 10 per cent. No doubt the duty on foreign corn has been for several months past very high, but this is quite immaterial to Prussia; for our prices are at this moment so low, that though our ports were open at a fixed duty of 6s., we should hardly import a single bushel. We admit, and have contended, that our corn laws are pernicious; but they are so in a far greater degree to the home growers and consumers than to foreigners.

With respect to wool, what has Prussia to object to? We admit it at a duty varying from 1d. to 1d. per lb.: If this do not satisfy her, she must be very unreasonable.

The timber duty is certainly most objectionable. But the Prussian apologist ought to know that it was supported by a faction in parliament, in despite of the efforts of the government and

the country to get it modified. Can he make the same apology for the existence of any one duty in the Prussian tariff?

The duty on wine, 5s. 6d. a gallon, is perhaps too high. But it is neither partial, nor imposed to encourage the wine manufacture here. On what pretence, therefore, do the Prussians object to it?

The vindicator says that brandy is a considerable article of export from Prussia. It may be so; but we venture to affirm that though the duty on brandy were reduced to 5s. a gallon, or wholly repealed, not a drop of Prussian brandy would come into England so long as we are not excluded from France. Prussia may complain of our duties on corn and timber; but when she sets about objecting to our duties on brandy, tobacco, and beer, she is interfering with what concerns her as little as our duties on tea. Even of some of the great northern articles, such as hemp, flax and bristles, on which our duties are either nominal, or moderate in the extreme, we get but little from her. Russia can, and does, supply them, and many others, on lower terms; so that the entire repeal of the duties on them would not really be of the least advantage to Prussia.

The Prussian apologist objects also to our navigation laws, and with as little reason as he objects to our tariff. We treat Prussian ships exactly as we treat British ships, and as we treat the ships of all other countries, with which we have reciprocity treaties. We conceive it necessary for the purposes of defence to prohibit vessels built abroad, unless captured during war and legally condemned, from obtaining the privileges of British ships; and we extend this rule to others. If this be a hardship on the Prussians, it is also one on our own merchants, who are obliged to use the dearer ships. But we deny that there is any hardship in the case. And we have no doubt that the vindicator knows as well as we do, that Prussian ships are unable to come into successful competition with British ships; so that our law has either no influence on them, or none that is material.

We think we have sufficiently repelled the attacks on our commercial policy, made by this defender of Prussia. We are ready, however, to admit, that in many respects it is objectionable, and we are most anxious to see its defects removed, and to have it rendered more in accordance with the liberal spirit of the age. But its defects afford no vindication of the policy of Prussia. Our charge against that power is, that while England has been for several years relaxing her restraints on importation, and lowering and sometimes repealing the duties on most foreign products, she has been pursuing quite an opposite system; and that to enforce her anti-social policy in the north of Germany, she has

partly by cajolery and partly by influence of a less resistible sort, prevailed on some of the smaller powers to adopt her tariff, and to allow the customs duties within their dominions to be collected by Prussian officers! Let the Prussian vindicator show that this is not the fact; and then his pathetic complaints about our unreasonable duties on herrings and small beer may be listened to. It is something worse than ludicrous to attempt to vindicate the policy of Prussia by referring to the example of the United States! Is Europe to be told, and by a diplomatic agent too, that the king of Prussia is the President of the Germanic body; and that if Bavaria should recede, as she ought, from the Prussian system, she is to be coerced like Carolina? If the mysterious allusion to the United States do not mean this, what does it mean?

We are truly sorry that Prussia should have identified herself with this miserable policy. It is now renounced in England, in America, and even in France. So intelligent a government as that of Prussia ought not to have taken the exploded errors and pernicious absurdities of the prohibitive system under its protection. And still less ought it to endeavour to propagate its pestilent heresies by measures subversive of the independence of other states, and which cannot fail to lead to serious difficulties.

ART. VI.—*Römische Geschichte*, von B. G. Niebuhr. *Dritter Theil*. (Niebuhr's Roman History, Vol. III.) 8vo. Berlin. 1832.

PRECISELY five years have elapsed since our critical labours were directed, for the first time, to this most remarkable work of the present century. Though one of our most distinguished scholars had already, in a leading journal, done justice to the high merits of Niebuhr, attention had not been sufficiently attracted to the subject, and we stood almost alone in the critical world as the frank recognizers of the justness of his views and the soundness of his reasonings. In the interim, the appearance of Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall's excellent translation has afforded the means of judging to a more numerous class of readers; and we are now in frequent enjoyment of the pleasure which must ever be felt by a generous lover at seeing the charms and the merits of the object of his affections more and more acknowledged every day, and receiving continual marks of homage. Niebuhr's fame may now be regarded as placed beyond the reach of danger: even his most startling hypotheses and conclusions will gather strength by trial; and though Micali, in Italy, has appeared as his rival in the portion of his work which treats of the ante-Roman times, and a distinguished traveller of our own country threatens to overturn the fabric he has erected, we confess that we are without fears

for the result, and have no doubt but that it may be said of the Roman history as of the Roman people, that

Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes, animumque ferro.

We have deemed it not unbecoming thus to express our continued and firm conviction of the justness of Niebuhr's views, and our gratification at seeing the number of his admirers daily augmented, at the moment when for the fourth, and unhappily the last time, we are preparing to give an account of his labours in the field of Roman history. It also adds much to our gratification to transcribe the following testimony to his merits from one of our most distinguished contemporaries, who has lately made the *amende honorable* to his illustrious *manes* in the most ample manner.

"A work which, of all that have appeared in our age, is the best fitted to excite men of learning to intellectual activity; from which the most accomplished scholars may gather fresh stores of knowledge; to which the most experienced politicians may resort for theoretical and practical instruction; and which no person can read as it ought to be read without feeling the better and more generous sentiments of his common human nature enlivened and strengthened."

It is almost superfluous for us to say that these sentiments have our most hearty concurrence. They express the truth, and nothing more than the truth; and in the whole compass of literature there is not a work, the perusal of which will invigorate our moral feelings and enlarge our political views to the same extent as that under consideration. How wide the difference, for example, between Niebuhr and Gibbon! We rise from the perusal of the *Decline and Fall of Rome* with feelings of disgust and aversion to our species, when we see even their best actions ascribed to the meanest and most ungenerous motives; while the *History of early Rome* sets before us men as they really were; some acting from the noblest, some from the basest, the great majority from mixed motives. The effect produced by the whole is pleasing and consolatory; for we see that the image of God is not totally effaced, and that history presents a sufficient number of characters whom we may safely admire and praise. Some of these shall soon appear on the scene.

We could almost fancy that Niebuhr had Gibbon and Hume in his eye when he wrote the following passage in the commencement of the present volume:

"It is a common and a paltry piece of malignity, on the part of the enemies of the memory of great men and great actions, to place the

occasion of these actions in ordinary causes, and as opposite as possible to the nobleness of their views; just as down to this very day, in defiance of all conviction, it is pretended that Luther was moved to the reformation by the envy of the brethren of his order, by the Dominicans, and by the project of marrying his nun. Such falsehoods must be vigorously attacked and exposed whenever they show themselves, since it is impossible to extirpate their germs, which are rooted in the very lowest part of human nature—the propensity to degrade.”

Might we not say that this was intended for Hume, whose character of the illustrious reformer every one must recollect? Luther's character, by the way, has had but little justice done to it in this country; the extravagant eulogiums of bigots and enthusiasts in religion are rather injurious to it than otherwise. Dr. Lingard, as he was in duty bound, has taken care that it should possess no moral dignity; and Mr. Hallam hints pretty clearly that he was mad, at least north-north-west, though, when the wind was southerly, he might be able “to tell a hawk from a handsaw.” But in the beautiful and philosophic fragment of the late Sir J. Mackintosh on the history of England, Luther's character, in common with every other, has been amply vindicated. Ere we quit this subject, we will observe what an awful warning the fate of Hume holds out to the historian. Notwithstanding the charms of an exquisite style, views and reflections of the finest philosophy, insight the most profound into the human heart, his character as a historian is irrecoverably gone, because he was negligent of truth: he sacrificed all to paltry party-prejudice, and he has received his reward. Gibbon was too wise to withdraw himself from the restraints of truth: his historical veracity is, we believe, unimpeachable, though, like all others, he was subject to error, and has occasionally fallen into it. His sneers at religion and his indecency have brought on him the most degrading of punishments, by subjecting him to the emasculating operation of Mr. Bowdler. This last most calamitous fate, Niebuhr, thank heaven! need not apprehend, though it has been hinted in a certain quarter that he is not undeserving of it, as having sitten “in the seat of the scornful.” His pages would, we apprehend, be rather tough food for the young scions of pious families, and no process could ever make it suitable to their tender digestion; but we can assure them that when they shall have arrived at sufficient knowledge (and that is no small quantity) to be able to understand him, they may read him without apprehension, at least as far as their moral feelings are concerned.

The death of Niebuhr was naturally a subject of very general and sincere regret among the friends of learning, and, like that of so many other great men, is generally ascribed to a peculiar cause,

that his end might not be like that of the common race of man. We are told that the eventful days of July, 1830, when, to use his own words, "the madness of the French court broke the talisman which kept the demon of the revolution in bonds," preyed upon his spirits in a most extraordinary manner and eventually caused his death. That Niebuhr did view that glorious event with great apprehension, there can be no doubt, as we have his own words for it, and his language is so exaggerated as almost to indicate a mind diseased. He speaks in his preface dated on the 5th October of that year, of the "ruin which menaced his property, his dearest possessions, and his happiest ties;" adding that "unless God sent some miraculous help, we had to look forward to a period of destruction similar to that which the Roman world experienced about the middle of the third century of our æra—to the annihilation of prosperity, of freedom, of civility, of knowledge." What can be the meaning of this *Jerémide*? and what were the peculiar evils which afflicted the Roman empire at the period specified? for on looking into history we cannot discern any very great difference between that period and those which preceded and followed it, unless it be that at that time the purple became the prize of murder in the hands of Maximin the Thracian herdsman, and Philip the Arabian freebooter. But murder had already appeared frequently in the palace of the Cæsars, and the empire had already been publicly set up to auction by the prætorian guards. Did Niebuhr, acute and observant as he was, not perceive the progress which moral and political knowledge had made in France in the forty years which had elapsed since the outbreak of the first revolution, when the slaves burst their fetters and rushed into all the wildness and extravagance of unchecked licentiousness? and could he expect the destruction of "freedom, civility and knowledge," which had outlived that catastrophe, from those who nobly rose and expelled the ignorant and incapable fanatics, who would fain reduce them to that state of thralldom which has now become matter of history? Or shall we say that Niebuhr meant the fourth, or rather the fifth century; that his apprehensions were of a different kind, and that he had in view a crusade of the eastern barbarians against the liberty and civilization of the West? This was an event far more likely to occur; for that liberty and civilization have any serious danger to apprehend from *la jeune France*, is what we cannot easily bring ourselves to think; and those among us who fancy that a noisy set of clubbists and anarchic journalists, who prate *ad nauseam* of movement and republics, speak the sense of the French people, are just as much in error as they would be if they viewed

our brawling radicals as the organs by which the feelings of the British nation make themselves known. In truth the French people, that is, all who have any thing to lose, have a wonderfully small inclination for a republican scramble; and they are acute enough to see that the parliamentary leaders of the *mouvement* are not the men who, if they had let loose the demon of revolution, would have the power or the ability to reduce him to obedience. We will go even farther, and say, that we doubt if the love of war and lust of conquest, which are so generally regarded as attributes of the French nation, really form a part of their character. For when, till now, had the people a voice in the matter? The French people surely did not covet the ruinous wars which the unjust ambition of our Edward III. brought on them—the people never called for the Italian wars of Charles VIII., Louis XII. and Francis I.—they never urged Henry IV. or his successor to war—to the theatrical despot who had the audacity to say *l'état, c'est moi!* who would have dared to speak of the people as having a voice in matters of state? He who fancies that the French people were anything more than conscripts and taxpayers from 1792 to 1814, must go study history anew; and now that the people—that is, the *propriétaires*, the merchants and the manufacturers—have a voice in the matter, where are the symptoms of the war-mania? Perhaps, if we looked a little nearer home, we might find a *people*, not merely a king and a noblesse, whose history shows them to be lovers of the excitement and the private gains of the belligerent state.

To return from this slight digression. The real cause of Niebuhr's early dissolution we believe to have been a simple one, namely, excessive mental exertion, acting on a frame originally not remarkably robust. More than twenty years ago, he thus expressed himself on the effect of different occupations on the bodily health.

"The Roman history also shows that military greatness leads to the utmost length of life, since there is nothing so invigorating as the accurate development and realization of fertile ideas, which is granted to the general in its very highest degree; moreover, restlessness and strained passion waken up his most internal powers; uniformity lames him not. Thus also lives the poet, deep and young. The statesman of antiquity lived thus, the very opposite of the minister of our times; the scholar also is exhausted by his work, seldom enlivened."

Again, he tells us of the great state of exhaustion consequent on his labours on the new edition of his first volume, and when to these we add the loss of his valuable library, one of the greatest calamities that can befall a man of letters, we surely need not ascribe the death of Niebuhr solely to uneasiness respecting the consequences of the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in France,

The present volume commences with one of the most important events in Roman story, namely, the passing of the Roman Reform Bill, as we may very justly denominate the Licinian Rogations, a measure which raised the state from the depths of misery and set it on the path of glory, power and empire. We deem our time and labour not ill-bestowed in developing and laying before our readers the origin, nature and progress of this important measure; for, strange as it may sound in the ears of some of our sages of the present day, the illuminators of Political Unions, who never mention antiquity but with contempt, and deem its wisdom to be but folly, we consider the history of ancient Rome to be that from which an English statesman may derive most benefit, because it is the history of a people, not the catalogue of the caprices and excesses of a despot; and because in it we have almost the only evidence, except that of our own history, of constitutional and bloodless resistance to, and reformation of, long-standing abuses. The very measure which we are about to consider will most clearly display the folly of a blind and obstinate resistance, on the part of a dominant party, to change and innovation, and show how utterly groundless are the evils which are so confidently prophesied to be their inevitable consequence. In truth, nothing but good can be the result of gradual and natural development, either in the moral or the physical world; it is only when development is checked, or when it is hurried on too rapidly—as was the case at Athens, whose greatness was therefore only meteoric—that any evil can ensue; and had Roman development not been checked, as it was at a period long subsequent to that of which we write, the stagnation of despotism might have been deferred for a season.

It may not be needless to give a brief sketch of the composition and previous state of the Roman people, as we fear that even now many persons have not clear ideas on these subjects, and without having such, the Roman history, especially the constitutional portion of it, must appear altogether enigmatical and almost chaotic to the eyes of one who would derive from it lessons of political wisdom.

The Roman people originally consisted of three tribes, each of which derived its origin from a different national stock. They dwelt on the hills where Rome afterwards rose, and were the owners of the circumjacent lands to a moderate distance. These tribes were originally independent of each other, but they eventually coalesced and formed one state. Commerce and other occasions drew to Rome many persons from places far and near, and these, under the name of clients, lived beneath the protection

of the Roman citizens, who, from this relation, acquired the name of *Patres* or *Patricians*, names perfectly synonymous at all times, though a difference has been erroneously supposed to have existed. Gradually, conquests over the neighbouring states brought a considerable portion of their inhabitants of all ranks to Rome, where, under the name of the *Plebs*, they formed a constantly increasing portion of the population; for, as the *Plebs* were akin to the surrounding *Latins*, they freely admitted them into their body, while the *Patricians*, being divided into a fixed number of houses, and forming a close corporation, gradually diminished in number. The latter were called the *Populus*, in contradistinction to the *Plebs*; the government was entirely in their hands; they alone had a right to enjoy the public lands; and there was no *connubium*, or right of intermarriage, between the two orders. Such were the *Populus* and the *Plebs* of Rome—two nations, as it were, within the walls of one town.

As the *Plebs* formed the infantry of the state, and was the chief instrument by which it acquired territory from conquered towns, the kings were in the habit of making assignments of a portion of the acquired lands to the *Plebeians*, in small lots and in full property; when the last king was expelled, the *Patricians*, to secure the support of the *Plebeians*, divided the crown lands among them in a similar manner. But when all fear of the banished tyrant was removed, and the *Patricians* had gotten the government completely into their own hands, they ceased to pay the tenth which they had paid in the time of the kings, as the rent of the public lands, of which they had the exclusive possession, and threw the whole burthen of the taxes upon the *Plebeians*, now greatly reduced both in numbers and property, in consequence of the loss of the ten regions beyond the *Tiber*, which had been conquered by the *Etruscans*. The consequence of this was a lamentable state of poverty on the part of the far larger portion of the *Plebeians*, who became overwhelmed in debt, the principal creditors being the *Patricians*, either in their own names or in those of their clients. At the same time the *Plebeian* nobility and gentry were justly indignant at their total exclusion from public office, to which they considered themselves entitled by birth and by property.

This state of things led to the celebrated secession to the Sacred Mount, in which the *Plebeians* menaced, if their grievances were not redressed, to break off all connexion with Rome, and to form a separate people. The *Patricians* were strong in themselves, and in the number of their clients, and they formed an alliance with the *Latin* nation. They then made proposals of

peace to the Plebeians, and as they prudently offered to cancel all debts, to give force to the Valerian law, which had been made for the protection of the Plebeians, and, moreover, agreed to the establishment of the tribunate; they separated the interests of the lower from those of the higher orders among them, and peace was made without any regard to the grievances of which these last complained. Some time after, an Agrarian law was introduced by the consul Sp. Cassius, and though the Patricians contrived to have its author put to death, the law was passed, and became the foundation of future efforts on the part of the tribunes in favour of their order. After a good deal of struggling, the Plebeians succeeded in forcing the dominant order to consent to an uniform system of legislation for the whole state, for hitherto each order had had its own laws and rights. The magistrates named Decemvirs were appointed, and an uniform code compiled; at the same time the nation was made one by the admission of the Patricians and their clients into the Plebeian local tribes, and the chief magistracies were laid open to the two orders indifferently. The Patricians, however, still managed to keep the supreme power pretty much in their own hands. More than half a century passed in unavailing efforts on the part of the Plebeians for the recovery of their just rights. Still, however, a discerning eye might see that the advantage would eventually be on their side, for the *connubium*, which had been conceded to them, was every day attaching members of the Patrician houses to them by the ties of consanguinity, and the clients and freedmen who had been admitted into the tribes, becoming detached from their obligations as the families of their patrons died off, naturally regarded themselves as a portion of the Plebs; and thus that body of trusty retainers, on whose arms the Patricians had hitherto so much relied in their contests with the rival order, was diminished every day, and its weight thrown into the opposite scale.

At length came the Gallic calamity, which levelled for a season the whole strength of Rome. To purchase the departure of these formidable enemies, it had been necessary to take out the gold which was consecrated to the gods on the Capitol, and one of the first acts of the government, after the departure of the Gauls, was to impose a double tribute on the people in order to replace it. The romantic tale, by the way, of Camillus's victory, is a plain fable; for if the Gauls had been cut to pieces, and the gold recovered, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of a tribute to replace it. Besides paying this heavy tribute, the people had to rebuild their houses, to replace their farming implements, and to procure draught-cattle and seed-corn. Of

money there could be little or none remaining, for as the Roman copper money of those days was nearly as ponderous as the iron specie of the Spartans, and the people had but six and thirty hours to leave the city after the defeat at the Allia, all must have become the prize of the conquerors. It was therefore necessary to borrow, and in order to attract money-lenders to Rome, the rate of interest was raised above the ten per cent. established by the Twelve Tables. These bankers, being of course foreigners, were obliged to select patrons among the Patricians, to whom, as was the custom, they paid a per-centage on their gains; and as it was consequently in the patron's name that all their transactions were carried on, the Patricians have come in for perhaps more than their just share of odium in history, they being supposed to have been solely those merciless creditors of whose atrocities we read. Their chief guilt lay in their imposing the tribute to replace the sacred gold too soon, and their manœuvring to prevent a censorial regulation of property, in accordance with the actual state of each person's circumstances. For as the tribute was levied, not according to what a man really had, but according to what his name was affixed to in a former census-roll, the produce of which property was frequently received by some former creditor, and as he had both to pay the tax and to support his family, he had no resource but to add interest to capital, and thus go on getting more deeply involved every day. As the Roman law of debt was uncommonly rigorous, and the Patricians and their wealthy clients employed it in all its severity, the sufferings of the unfortunate Plebeians attained the utmost point of endurance; the spirit of the whole order was quite broken; their gentry grew indifferent about all the public offices, and Rome was on the very point of sinking into a wretched oligarchy, and of forfeiting all her claims to future glory under the sway of the short-sighted Patricians, when two men appeared, who changed her fate, and in hers the fate of the future world. We need hardly name C. Licinius Stolo and L. Sextius Lateranus.

"Revolutions," says our author, "which are brought on by general distress, in attempting to remedy it, usually destroy the foundations of a permanent free constitution, and after horrible convulsions have almost always ended in despotism: it is the noblest glory of the Roman people, a glory in which no other can vie with it, that twice in its history such an excitement gave rise to a higher and more durable state of legal freedom. That, which elsewhere was a death blow to liberty, was at Rome a cure for the internal disorders of the republic, and raised its constitution to that state which, considering the perishableness of every thing human, is perhaps like a similar stage in our individual happiness, the most desirable of all: it stopped only one step short of that perfection,

after which every further change is an inroad of corruption and decay, even though it may be long unacknowledged as such, nay, may be regarded as an advance and an improvement."

We will now first consider the three Rogations, and explain their nature; and then give an account of the contest between the Conservatives and the Reformers.

I. The first Rogation proposed, that instead of the military tribunes, with consular power, an office which had been instituted after the Decemvirate, and to which the Plebeians had been eligible, but from which they had been constantly excluded, consuls should be chosen as heretofore, but with this important difference, that one of the consuls should always be a Plebeian. The object of this law was to put an end to the perpetual state of discord and uneasiness which was the consequence of the embittered feelings produced by every election, at which the Plebeian gentry saw themselves thwarted and baffled in their honourable ambition, by the arts and influence of the rival order.

The objections which were or might be made to this bill by the Patricians, Livy, as was the practice with the ancient historians, has embodied in a speech, which he puts into the mouth of one of the unbending family of the Claudii. They consist, as usual, of sneers at the two reformers, and insinuations of their motives not being so pure as they would have them supposed to be; there is, of course, some talk about the wisdom and piety of ancestors, and some *twaddle*, as it must have appeared to all men of sense on both sides, about the auguries, the holy chickens, and so forth; and the whole is wound up by putting a case, so little likely to occur, that it might almost be called an impossible one. Altogether, the speech bears no inconsiderable resemblance to some of those harangues against reform which we have heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. The historian adds an observation which we apprehend will hold good in the case of some of our modern Claudii, namely, that he spoke more from anger and hatred than from any hope that he had of success.

The main objection of Claudius was this. Suppose, in some season of great public danger, such as formerly occurred in the war with Porsenna, and lately when the Gauls took the city, that L. Sextius, the tribune of the people, was to stand for the consulship along with the great Camillus, and some other patrician; Sextius must be chosen, while Camillus, the greatest man in Rome, would have to encounter the chance of a repulse. This apparently plausible objection we have called an impossible case, for can we suppose the people to be so devoid of sense as, in time of imminent danger, to choose an ordinary Patrician in preference to the greatest man of the day?

Livy makes no reply for Licinius to this speech of Appius; but Mr. Niebuhr, justly observing that there are readers who are ready enough to fancy that what is unanswered is unanswerable, makes, in the person of the tribune, a most eloquent discourse, replete with political wisdom. He then, in his own person, proceeds in the following terms to show that none of the supposed ill consequences ever did occur.

"All this might Licinius have said, without possessing the spirit of prophecy: thus must Livy have spoken from his soul, if he had deemed oratorical discussion suitable in this place. For the subsequent history of Rome assures us, that, with infinite blessings, not one single disadvantage arose from this law. The Decii, who gave themselves as sin-offerings for the entire people, were Plebeians; they were Plebeians who first checked, then vanquished Pyrrhus; a Plebeian subdued the Gauls of Italy; a Plebeian annihilated the Cimbrians and Teutones, the peasant-general from the farming cottage; a Plebeian consul saved Rome from the confederates of Catiline; Plebeians were the Catos, the Gracchi, and Brutus. Scipio the Great was, doubtless, a Patrician, and he towers above his own nation, as Hannibal does over all nations. The Æmilii, the Valerii, the Sulpicii, the Fabii, and other families of the Cornelii besides the Scipios, counted among them men who belonged to the first in the republic. Their statues stand peaceably by those of the great Plebeians: on the deeds of each, the other rose to new heights. All gradually degenerated in the possession of supreme power, and in the command of soul-ruling wealth. But the Municipia gave youthful vigour to the people with new families; the Patricians, with the exception of a few houses which shine so much the more brightly, became so thoroughly corrupt, as Catiline's conspiracy, the heads of which, himself, Lentulus, and Cethegus, were all Patricians, exhibits them; hence, Cornelius Severus designates it by the horrible name of the Patrician Crime."

The reader will doubtless call to mind the fine passages in the eighth satire of Juvenal, about the Decii and Marius, to which our author makes allusion, and which he has transferred to his notes. We have only to guard against the error of taking, like the poet, the word Plebeian to signify the lower order, a sense which it undoubtedly bore in his days, but which assuredly was not its meaning in the time of Licinius. It cannot be too frequently impressed on the mind of the reader, that the great distinction between the Patricians and Plebeians was a difference of origin, and that though the latter ranked among them a much larger number of poor, chiefly in consequence of the injustice of the Patricians, their upper ranks were not inferior to those of the rival order in birth or in wealth, as is proved by their demanding and obtaining the *connubium*. England offers no parallel to the Patricians and Plebeians of Rome; the most exact one which history presents is the position of the Protestants and Catholics of

Ireland. Would that the latter were the equals of the Roman Plebeians in wisdom and moderation!

II. The second Rogation was the celebrated Agrarian law, and though not more important in reality than the preceding one, it is far more frequently spoken of, and has been much more completely misunderstood. In fact, nothing has been more common than to suppose that the Licinian law limited landed property to five hundred jugers, taking the surplus from the rich and giving it to the poor. And need we wonder at the common herd of readers taking up this notion, when it has been adopted and defended by such men as Machiavel and Montesquieu? A most delectable doctrine it is, no doubt, to levellers and radicals of all descriptions: to those who can so calmly propose such flagrant robbery as the extinction of the national debt,—who, through blind hatred of the Church, cannot or will not discern, that if they could succeed in their patriotic efforts for what they term the total extinction of tithes, they would be only increasing the rental of an odious aristocracy; it is a doctrine well suited to Whitefeet legislators and to unprincipled demagogues, but which common-sense rejects, and of whose reduction to practice, history, thank heaven! offers no instance. The nature of the Roman public land, and of the Agrarian laws, is now made so clear and manifest, that it can only be misunderstood by design.

The Rogation respecting the public land, and the *enjoyment* (*possessio*) of it, is thus stated by our author.

“The public land of the Roman people shall have its limits marked out. Pieces of land which private persons have usurped from it, shall be reclaimed for the republic; those in which the right of property is disputed shall be sold, that the law may decide between private persons.

“Every possession which is not larger than this law allows, which is not acquired by violence, not stolen, not pledged, shall be protected against every third person.

“Every Roman citizen shall be entitled to enjoy for his advantage by possession, provided he does not exceed the measure set by this law, all newly-acquired public land, if it is not left in the possession of the original owners, or divided among the commonalty (*i. e.* the Plebeians), in property, or a colony founded on it.

“No one may possess more of the public land, in arable and plantation land, than five hundred jugers, nor feed on the common pasture more than one hundred head of large, and five hundred of small cattle. Whoever transgresses this regulation shall be sued on a fine by the *Ædiles* before the people; and he shall forfeit the quantity of land which he has possessed contrary to law. So also those who extend their stock of cattle without permission.

“The possessors of the public land shall pay to the republic the tenth bushel of their corn-land, the fifth of the produce of their plantations

and vineyards, and so much a head annual grazing-money for both the large and small cattle which they have on the common pasture.

"The censors shall sell, for a lustre each time, to the highest bidders, the annual income reserved to the Roman people from the public land. The farmers of the revenue shall give security to the republic for the fulfilment of their engagements. In case of unforeseen losses the senate may forgive them the sum which they owe. The produce shall be devoted to the pay of the army.

"The farmers of the revenue shall agree with the possessors for that portion of the produce of their possessions which they are authorized to demand on behalf of the state. No beast can be turned out on the common pasture without being registered by them and keeping-money being paid; whatever is thus withdrawn from the tax is forfeited to the republic.

"The possessors of the public land are bound to employ freemen as labourers on their ground, in a rated proportion to the extent of their possession."

It was farther proposed, that what individuals possessed over and above the legal five hundred jugers, should be divided among the Plebeians, in lots of seven jugers, as property; that *Triumvirs* should be appointed for carrying the law into effect; and that it should be sworn to by both orders.

Such then was the celebrated *Licinian Rogation* respecting the public land, as it has been traced out and put together by Mr. Niebuhr. Its nature and equity will appear from the following considerations.

Five hundred jugers, says Mr. Niebuhr, are equivalent to about 490 *Magdeburg Morgen*, or to 70 *Roman Rubbj*, that is, about 280 English acres, the *Rubbio* being about four of our acres.* Now, as Mr. Niebuhr ascertained during his residence in Italy, a farm of 70 *rubbj* is considered a very handsome tillage farm in the *Agro Romano* at the present day, which generally brings in about 20 *scudi* a *rubbio* to the *mercanti di campagna*, as the persons who take them are called, and gives them a large return for their capital. The farms of the present day are in general immensely large, but there are smaller ones in the more fertile situations, such as the vale of *Aricia*, which pay from 60 to 70 *scudi* the *rubbio*, and in this way Mr. Niebuhr thinks the patricians of ancient Rome may have let to their clients small portions of the part of the domain which was in their possession. That the 500 jugers which, be it remembered, were all arable and plantation land, formed no paltry farm, is plain, when we recollect the right attached to it of feeding cattle on the common pasture, the extreme fertility of the soil in the South, and the frugal habits of the people; to this we must add that the law set no limit whatever, to

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. XXI. page 43.

the acquisition of property of any kind, but only regulated the possession of the domain, the public property. Five hundred jugers would, just at this very time, be considered a very large estate in Attica, where the paternal estate of Alcibiades was not quite 300 plethra or 120 jugers, that is about 67 acres; yet Alcibiades was immensely rich, and the very same might be the case with a Roman citizen, who, exclusive of the property which he might purchase within the limits of the Roman territory, might hold large estates in Latium, Etruria, or any where else that the public relations of the state would allow him to purchase.

Next we are to consider the rent claimed by the state from those to whom it gave permission to occupy its public land. This we have seen was a *tenth* of some, a *fifth* of other produce; it was in short, if we may use the obnoxious word, neither more nor less than *tithe*—a mode of levying rent which we find in use from China to Italy. We have already noticed in our last article that it was the state of things in India, where the sovereign is the owner of the soil, to whom the ryot who cultivates it gives a certain proportion of the produce as rent, which rent, exactly answering to the Roman *vectigal*, was leased out to the zemindar, who corresponds to the Roman farmer of the revenue. The sovereign always retained the power of resuming the land, though the exercise of this power, unless a very clear case was made out, might justly be considered a very great hardship, as the ryot had a prescriptive right to the possession of his farm, which descended from father to son for perhaps centuries, and could alienate it when he pleased. In China, at this very day, the land-tax, which is a tenth or tithe, is received in kind by the government, and is conveyed along the canals and rivers in boats to the several towns where it is to be laid up. The story of Joseph in the Bible shows that the case was similar in Egypt, for it was from the fifth which was paid in kind to the Pharaoh, that the corn was accumulated during the seven plentiful years, which the king sold to the people in the years of famine. The moderation of the demand of the Roman government will appear from a comparison with what was exacted in other states. As we have just seen, the Pharaohs exacted a fifth; the Syrian kings demanded from Judea a third of corn; the Hindoos pay from one to three quarters; Carthage, previous to the first Punic war, demanded a fourth, after that war a half from her African subjects; the Byzantine emperors would appear to have exacted from their eastern subjects the same proportion of the crop that the kings of Syria had required, for these countries felt an extraordinary relief when conquered by the Arabs, whose habit it was to demand but a tenth, and this will account for the very flourishing state of that part of the east down to the tenth century.

The demand of a fifth, *i. e.* two tenths of the produce of vines, olives, and fruit trees, was as moderate as that of a tenth of the corn, for there was no outlay for seed, and the culture of the trees was attended with far less expense. Hence the Syrian kings, who demanded a third of the corn, required a full half of the produce of that kind; in Italy, at the present day, the *metayer* who gives his landlord a half of the corn, frequently gives him three fourths of the wine which he makes. The last Licinian Rogation now demands our attention.

III. By the third Rogation it was ordered, that in the cases of outstanding debts, all the interest which had been paid should be deducted from the capital, and the balance be paid in three years by equal annual instalments. That this law was not strictly just, according to the letter, and to our modern ideas on the subject, is not to be denied, and it would be a bad precedent for a commercial people like us to follow. But Rome was not a commercial state, and this measure must be judged by ancient and not by modern maxims of polity. Yet even in modern times the great Sully did not hesitate, in his efforts to restore the ruined finances of France, to deduct from the debt contracted by the state with the *Traitans* in the time of the League, the usurious interest which had been paid, and to fix a moderate interest on the remainder; and this was not perhaps so hard as our own reductions of the interest of the national debt, which, from the manner in which a great part of the stock is situated, though they have the appearance of a voluntary acceptance on the part of the public creditors, are yet to all intents compulsory on a large number of them. Of this, no doubt, there would be no reason to complain, if our *Traitans*, who lent on such usurious terms during the war, were the actual creditors, as was the case in France; but they have in general long since cunningly transferred their stock, and the present holders have given fair value for it.

In Greece and Italy, usury was viewed with as much abhorrence as it was in the early Christian church, or is at the present day by the followers of the law of Mohammed, and it was generally held that the state had a right to interfere between debtor and creditor. That however the person who introduced a measure of this kind should be perfectly free from blame, it was necessary that he should himself be a loser, at least no gainer, by it. Solon, we know, lost ten or fifteen talents by his own measure for the liquidation of debt, and though, from all we can learn respecting the character of Licinius Stolo, we have no reason to suspect him of making any great personal sacrifice, we may be quite confident that he was personally no gainer by it. His marriage with the daughter of such a man as Fabius Ambustus, and the well-known

story of his being fined under his own law for occupying too much of the public land, prove him to have been a man of fortune, at least a man in easy circumstances, a fact indeed sufficiently evidenced by the people choosing him for their advocate; for the Romans, who were questionless "a wise and understanding people," never trusted their affairs to any but men of good property and good character, well knowing that it is only from such that political integrity can justly be expected. Athens acted differently, yet even *her* Cleon did not derive his support from a tax levied on the Thetes. It would be well if we ourselves were to keep an eye on the practice of the Romans of the days of Licinius Stolo.

Were a law respecting debt, like that of Licinius, to be passed in modern times, it would be productive of great misery; for if the interest already paid was to be deducted from money lent several years before, on mortgage for instance, in most cases there would be little or no capital remaining: in some the debtor and creditor might have to change places. But in Rome no such evil was to be apprehended, for the chief sources of modern debt were wanting there. Rome had no foreign trade of any consequence, so there was no borrowing on bottomry, or anything of the kind: there was no borrowing to pay legacies or to complete purchases; there was no extravagance, consequently no running in debt with tradespeople; all the debts of Rome were the result of sheer distress, and were mostly of that usurious character, to which, as our author very justly observes, "nothing but the superstition of legality would extend the protection of law." The object of Licinius and his colleague was to protect personal freedom, and to preserve to the state those citizens who, by the existing law of debt, might be sold beyond the Tiber, or reduced to slavery. And the loss of the creditor was not by any means so great as one might be apt to suppose. At Rome, the usual time for which money was lent was the cyclic year of ten months: if at the end of that period the debtor was unable to pay, he had either to look out for some other money-lender, from whom he usually had to borrow both the capital and interest, or to make a new arrangement with his original creditor, adding, we may suppose, the interest to the capital. As no interest had been paid, the creditor could by the law hardly lose any portion of his original capital: if the interest had been added to it, he undoubtedly could not claim that portion of his debt; and as two years were given for paying back the capital, he lost one year's interest on two-thirds, two years' interest on one-third of it, and the whole of the interest for the years in which he had been adding interest to principal; so that at the end of the two years he would stand exactly as he did at the time

the debt was originally contracted. All things considered, we surely cannot call this an unjust law.

The rate of interest forms the subject of a separate disquisition, in which our author first refutes two absurd hypotheses, according to one of which it was 100 per cent. per annum, according to the other but 1 per cent.; and then shows that in what was called the uncial rate of interest, the unity was the *as* of capital, a twelfth part of which, or one ounce, was the annual rate allowed by law at this time. The year was the cyclic, and not the civil one; $8\frac{1}{3}$ was, therefore, the rate for the year of ten months, and 10 for that of twelve months: when, therefore, in the year 403, the rate was reduced to half an ounce, the annual rate for the civil year became 5 per cent. The cause of the preceding erroneous ideas was the supposing that the interest was paid monthly in those days, as it was in the times of Cicero; and this Mr. Niebuhr shows to be unfounded, for there is not the slightest allusion to monthly terms in the early history; on the contrary, years are invariably spoken of in all the laws and proposals on the subject of debts. The terms fixed for the payment of portions left by will, which were three cyclic years, also indicate annual terms. It was also the custom in the sale of olives, grapes and wine, to give ten months' credit. An imperfect passage of Festus may, by a very simple and natural completion, be brought to prove that an ounce was the annual rate, the year being cyclic. The fact of the interest having been at one time a twelfth of the capital, also results in a curious manner from the rule regulating the penalty of the offending party in cases of divorce. The woman, if guilty of great impropriety, lost a sixth part of her dower; if of a lesser degree, an eighth: the man, if the offending party, was in the former case obliged to pay the dower down, instead of in three annual instalments; in the latter in terms of six months, that is, in half the time. Supposing then that the one was to lose as much in interest as the other in capital, it is quite apparent that the interest must have been a twelfth of the capital; for in the case of immediate payment the husband lost in interest $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + 1 = 2$, which multiplied by $8\frac{1}{3}$, gives $16\frac{2}{3}$, that is, a sixth of the capital; in case of payment in six, twelve and eighteen months, his loss would be $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{2}{3} = 1\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{3} = 12\frac{1}{2}$ or one-eighth of the capital; and thus one party would gain exactly as much as was lost by the other. On the whole, we think it quite clear that the *unciarium fanus*, the uncial rate of interest of the Romans, was an ounce in every *as* for the cyclic year of ten months, that is, $8\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., equivalent to 10 per cent. for the civil year of twelve months.

Having thus shown at some length the nature, and proved the

justice of the Licinian Rogations, we now proceed to the very instructive account of the manner in which the firmness of the tribunes triumphed over the obstinacy of the Patricians.

"All those things for which men have an immoderate desire, namely, land, money and honours, being at stake, the Fathers were in consternation," says Livy, and a hard contest was therefore naturally to be expected. Fortunately for the tribunes, the ancient league which had subsisted with the Latins, Hernicans and Volscians had been dissolved after the Gallic invasion; so that the Patricians had not, as in the case of the Secession, allies whom they could summon to their aid, if they wished to put the matter to the test of arms; and the seventy-five years which had elapsed since the time of the Decemvirate had greatly diminished the number and the attachment of their clients. Force being, therefore, out of the question, the plan, by means of management, to get the bills rejected by the Plebeians themselves, was the only feasible course. The hopelessness of the majority of the people, to whom the Licinian Rogations must have at first appeared wild and chimerical, and likely to prove the ruin of their authors, was all in favour of the Patricians. Some would, therefore, be willing to declare against those who asserted the rights of their order, in hopes of getting thereby milder treatment from their Patrician creditors, or of gaining the favour of some men of influence: others might be terrified by threats into voting against the measures designed for their benefit. The reform might doubtless thus be staved off for a time, but the really wild and chimerical persons were the Patricians themselves, who fancied that, in opposition to numbers, reason, justice, and we may perhaps add property, they would be able to retain the exclusive possession of rights injurious to the community at large. But mankind is ever the same, and we have ourselves witnessed a contest still more unavailing of the few against the many.

Licinius and Sextius proposed their Rogations for the first time in the year 378. Had they passed the tribes and then been rejected by the curies, the matter would in all probability have come to a feud and a secession. To obviate this danger, the Patricians used their influence so successfully, as to gain over the eight colleagues of the patriotic tribunes, who interceded and prohibited the reading of the bills by the secretary. Licinius and Sextius were thus foiled for the time, and became the objects of their opponents' ridicule; but they waited patiently to the end of the year, and when the day came for appointing military tribunes for the ensuing year, they forbade the election. The contest was continued for five years: every year Licinius and his colleague were re-elected, and they would only permit the ap-

pointment of military tribunes in cases of external danger; the state was generally under *Interreges*. But every year the advantage was evidently more and more on the side of the reformers; the justice and feasibility of their measures became daily more apparent, and the number of their supporters increased; friends of the bills were chosen tribunes in each succeeding year, and in 382 the whole college was unanimous. The Patricians, now deprived of the means of stopping the Rogations by the tribunitian intercession, had recourse to the measure which must bring matters to an extremity—the venerable Camillus was named Dictator.

On the very day on which the tribes were to vote on the bills, Camillus began to levy an army. With violent threats he ordered the people who were beginning to vote to leave the Forum; and on their not complying, directed the lictors to disperse them by force. But the days of dictatorial omnipotence were gone by; the tribunes calmly proposed a Rogation to impose on Camillus a mulct of 500,000 *ases* if he should act as dictator. The storm could not be resisted, and Camillus, by the advice of his more sensible and prudent friends, gave way and abdicated. An account noticed by Livy says, that he did so out of reverence for the auspices, and not through fear of the exaction of the mulct; but this was evidently a Patrician fiction. To appease the tumult, P. Manlius, a man connected with the Plebeians, was appointed Dictator.

“The Senate of a degenerate aristocracy,” says Niebuhr, “is usually, in a case of conflict with the oppressed class, wiser than the bulk of their order, who can have little or no share in the great and deceptive advantages: a body which has to provide against difficulties, and has had experience of the consequences of unbending obstinacy, is inclined to lend an ear to equity: he who has nothing to lose is most vehement in calling on the government to act with vigour, and to concede nothing. In the Roman senate this better wisdom was the more prevalent, in consequence of a number of Plebeians having seats in it, and several of the leading Patricians being connected by marriage and affinity with the other order: such were M. Fabius Ambustus, the father-in-law of Licinius, and P. Manlius, whom the Senate called to the dictatorship, to still the popular ferment. So decided a mediator of peace was he that he nominated C. Licinius Calvus, a Plebeian, related to himself and to the legislator, for his master of the horse.”

Another measure of great importance was introduced and passed just at this time, namely, that the number of the keepers of the Sybilline books should be increased to ten, one half to be of the Plebeian order. As this was a Greek, and not a Sabine religious office, and consequently had nothing to do with the auspices, the Patricians had no pretext to refuse the Plebeians a participation in it, and their admission to it was an acknowledgment that they had an equal interest in the fates of the nation. So far

all was well; but now an attempt was made to disappoint, as in the case of the Secession, the Plebeian gentry of their hopes of office. The senate expressed their willingness to pass the bills relating to debt and the public land, provided they were not to open the consulate to the Plebeians. As the Dictator now offered no hindrance, the people, with their usual thoughtlessness and ingratitude, began to vote on the two Rogations which immediately concerned themselves. The tribunes then incorporated the three Rogations in one, that they might have *all or none*; for had the Patricians been able, by accepting these two Rogations, to separate the interests of the poor Plebeians from those of their gentry, the latter might have given up all hopes of attaining to the consulate, at least for many years. This conduct of the tribunes Mr. Niebuhr compares to what has before now taken place among ourselves, where the Commons, when on ill terms with the Crown, have incorporated obnoxious measures with a money-bill, in which of course the Upper House could make no alteration, and so must either pass the unpalatable measure, or deprive the crown of the supplies. "You must eat if you will drink," said Licinius to the people, and he and Sextius would consent to be re-elected only on condition that the people would persist and carry all the Rogations.

In the year 383 the affair came to a conclusion. It is very unfortunate that, from the conception which many of the best writers of antiquity had of the nature of history, while whole pages are devoted to the description of battles which led to no results of any importance, political proceedings of the utmost moment are related in a few sentences. This is peculiarly the case in the present instance, this portion of the work of Dionysius, who *did* attend to these matters, having been lost; and Livy, who is almost our sole authority, was, from his aristocratic feelings, little inclined to dwell on the disagreeable theme. This much, however, is to be collected. In the aforesaid year the three Rogations were proposed to the assembled tribes, and fully accepted by them. The sanction of the senate and the curies alone was wanting to their becoming the law of the land; prudence counselled the renunciation of a useless resistance, fallacious hope persuaded to make one more hold effort. Camillus was again invested with the powers of the Dictatorship against the people; for it was fondly expected that, by effecting a levy and leading the army beyond the mile round the city within which the tribunitian power could operate, he would be able, in a sham assembly of the centuries, to abrogate the laws passed by the tribes. But the dictatorial power, like every other power which rests on opinion only, displayed its intrinsic weakness by ventur-

ing to engage in a contest with that public opinion to which it owed its existence. The tribunes threatened, nay, even gave orders, to arrest the dictator on the forum! Camillus gave way, the laws were passed in all due form, and, L. Sextius Lateranus was chosen the first Plebeian consul; but Patrician folly would still show its feebleness, and the curies refused their assent to the nomination. The rage of the people now broke forth anew; according to the account of Livy, who was perhaps anxious to soften matters, "the matter *nearly* came to a secession of the people, and other terrible threats of civil contests;" but Ovid, who in his *Fasti* has a right to be regarded as a historical authority, expressly says, that there *was* a secession;—"the people took arms and seceded from the Fathers, and Rome herself was in fear of her own strength," are the words of the learned poet. The secession was of course to the Plebeian quarter, the Aventine Hill. But Camillus himself was now a-weary of this continued state of civil contention. In his capacity of dictator he mediated between the orders; the Patricians agreed to offer no opposition to the election of the Plebeian consul, the Plebeians consented that the city-prætorate, an office of curule dignity, should be appropriated to the Patricians. Camillus vowed a temple to Concord, his son was chosen the first prætor, the curies gave their assent to all the elections of the year, and, as it would appear, the new laws were sworn to by both the orders.

These contests on the Reform Bill of the ancient Romans are not without a resemblance to what has lately taken place among ourselves, and had the Roman history been studied by some of our Patricians more attentively than ancient history in general is studied among us, the foolish attempts at stopping a measure which every man of sense must have seen to be inevitable, would perhaps not have been made, and so much not have been done, by those who certainly did not contemplate any such effect, towards dissolving the *présti*ge of the inherent power of the House of Peers. But history ever proves that with mankind in general nothing but actual experience will be of real efficacy; in vain do her pages display the causes and the consequences of political madness and folly, her warnings are unheeded; we think there is something peculiar in the case before us, which makes her lessons inapplicable to it; we rely on the chapter of accidents; we dream of *reactions*; fancy that people are not so serious as they say they are; in short, we act in such a way, that history has the same specimens of political blindness and folly to record of all ages and all countries. In reality, however, we must say that our nature is to *blame*: the sweets of power are so seducing, that we never can expect the exclusive possession of them to be foregone without.

an obstinate, even though a hopeless, struggle. The Patricians of Rome did not cease, for five and twenty years, from their efforts to get rid of the odious reform bill. The narrative of these efforts is full of instruction; but before we treat of them, we must notice the pretty tale which the oligarchs made of the origin of the measures of Licinius Stolo, and which has come down to our own days as a portion of genuine Roman history.

The tale runs thus. M. Fabius Ambustus, a Patrician, had two daughters, one of whom was married to Servius Sulpicius, a Patrician, who was consular tribune for the year 378; the other to C. Licinius Stolo, the Plebeian. It happened one day that the younger sister went to visit the lady of the military tribune, and as they were chatting of one thing or another, Sulpicius came home from the Forum. The lictor, as was usual, struck the door with his rod to announce the approach of the master; the younger Fabia, unused to any thing of the kind in a humble Plebeian abode, exhibited symptoms of terror, and her sister laughed at her ignorance. This and other circumstances which strongly evinced how much higher a rank her sister occupied than herself in society, sunk deep into the mind of the wife of the Plebeian, and when next she saw her father she could not conceal her uneasiness from him. To console her, he assured her that before long she should see the same honours in her own house, and forthwith he and his Plebeian son-in-law, associating with them L. Sextius, began to concert measures for opening the way for the Plebeians to the highest offices of the state.

Against the probability of this narrative it is suggested, that it seems rather strange that the daughter of Fabius Ambustus, who had been one of the military tribunes of the year 374, but four years before, should have been ignorant of the mode in which the approach of a magistrate to his house was announced. Again, all she could have desired was to be on an equality with her sister, which was simply to be effected by her husband being created a military tribune; and as this office was open to the Plebeians, (though the Patricians had of late contrived to exclude them in general from it,) and in the two immediately preceding years there had been Plebeians among the military tribunes, in such case the attainment of that dignity could not have been a matter of any very great difficulty to the son-in-law of Fabius Ambustus. But mayhap she wished to eclipse her sister, and therefore aspired to the Consulate for her Plebeian lord? But since the capture of the city, the Consulate had never been spoken of, and under far more favourable circumstances the attempts of the Plebeians to obtain it had been frustrated; how, then, could it have entered the conception of a vain, ambitious woman? though a far-sighted man

might regard it as the ultimate object of a keen protracted contest. The whole tale is, in short, an evident fiction of the beaten party; the merit of having first detected its falsehood belongs to Beaufort.

A period of great political tranquillity followed the victory of the commons. There were no wars, possibly from the reason given by Livy, namely, that the senate did not wish to give the Plebeian consul an opportunity of acquiring military distinction. It is a coincidence, curious enough to be deserving of notice, that as our Reform had the cholera in its train, so the Reform at Rome was succeeded by a pestilence, which swept away a great number of people, among whom was the Roman Wellington, the conqueror of the Gauls, the great opponent of the Reform Bill. Party spirit did not operate to deprive him of his just fame; and his memory was transmitted to posterity as that of the second founder of Rome. After four years had elapsed in external tranquillity, the Patricians thought they might make another trial of the terrors of the dictatorship against the Licinian law. The haughty and resolute L. Manlius was made dictator, for the ostensible purpose of driving the nail to mark the year, on the right side of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitol. He instantly began to levy an army against the Hernicans, but the tribunes saw what he was at, and forced him to resign.

“Even had a firm hand assured the benefits promised by the Licinian laws, still time alone, and the gentle force of custom, could have made a lasting peace between two orders, which had passed from an immemorial state of pride on one side, and mortification on the other, to a condition of equality. The blindness of the Patricians would not let them perceive how idle their efforts were to win back the privileges they had lost; these efforts must have become dangerous to them before the republic could enjoy internal tranquillity in a state of freedom.” These just remarks of our author are borne out by the subsequent history. The Patricians did not cease to struggle till terror assailed them. They even rejoiced at defeats and at invasions of the territory, if they gave them an opportunity of imputing blame to their adversaries. Thus, when in the year following the dictatorship of Manlius, war actually did break out with the Hernicans, and the Plebeian consul Genucius was defeated and slain, the Patricians made no secret of their joy. Such, they said, were the consequences of transferring the auspices to those who were not entitled to them; men might be insulted with impunity, not so the immortal gods. Declamation of this kind, however, had no effect with the people, and the victory of the Plebeian consul Rætilius, in the year 390, deprived it of all force. The following year,

matters, it is said, were near coming to extremities, had it not been for a war with the people of Tibur. It would appear, however, that the danger was greater than Livy intimates, for there is strong reason for supposing this to have been the sedition which M. Popillius, the Plebeian consul, appeased, by hurrying, without changing his dress, from the sacrifice, which he was offering as Flamen of Carmenta, to the Forum, and calming the excited people by his persuasive arguments. "Thus were the Plebeians, in the highest offices, guardians of peace, if the oligarchs only kept from disturbing it." The year 394 exhibits the odious character of the oligarchs in a very strong light. The Patrician consul, M. Fabius, had been defeated by the Etruscans; in this extremity the Consul Popillius named a Plebeian, C. Marcius Rutilus, the consul of the preceding year, to the dictatorship. The discontent of the Patricians at this nomination was extreme, and though the Etruscans had advanced as far as the Salinæ, near the mouth of the Tiber, they refused the dictator the means of forming an army. But as in the case of the great Scipio, when he was thwarted in a similar manner by a base faction, the people now came forward voluntarily, and gave C. Marcius all the means with which the most complete law could have furnished him. The senate, it would appear, in which there were now a good many Plebeians, showed a better spirit than the curies, for a *senatus-consultum* must have preceded his bringing the matter before the centuries, and as he triumphed on his return from his glorious campaign, without the authority of the Fathers, *i. e.* without the consent of the curies, it is probable that this was also with the approbation of the senate. But as, in an assembly in which two hostile parties nearly balance one another, the majority, which will always be the side into whose scale the "waiters on Providence," who are sure to be found in it, throw their weight, will be very fluctuating, so it need not surprise us to find in the very same year the senate, with the oligarchs, in a renewed effort to upset the Licinian laws. The chances were now much greater in their favour than they had been in the preceding years, for the bond of alliance had again been formed with the Latins and the Hernicans, and their aid, it was thought, might be reckoned upon in case of the commons taking to arms.

The consular elections were held by *interreges*; no votes would be taken for Plebeian candidates; the tribunes long resisted this, but at last the eleventh *interrex* was enabled to declare the two Patrician candidates, who had the greatest number of votes in their favour, duly elected. He had even the hardihood to add, that as, according to the Twelve Tables, the last resolution of the people was decisive against all more ancient laws, so in this case was the

election of the Patrician consuls, which he had forced on the people, abrogatory of the Licinian law. Thus, for a time, did the oligarchs triumph; and when we recollect that this was the twelfth year since the passing of the Licinian law, we may form some idea of the obstinacy and tenacity of purpose which characterized them. Next year, the two Patrician consuls who held the elections thought themselves bound in honour to maintain the advantage gained by their order, and they refused to take any votes for the Plebeian candidates; the tribunes and the independent part of the commons, seeing that the consuls were resolute in their determination to maintain the system which had been entered on, left the ground, and then the consuls completed a mock-election by taking the votes of the clients. Such was the patience of the people, that the Patricians were able to carry the elections their own way a third time. But the resistance was secretly gaining strength, and for the five succeeding years, though there was no war of the slightest importance, a dictator was annually made, evidently for no other purpose but to hold the elections. T. Manlius, when dictator, having expressed his determination rather to let the consulate go out of use, than have it shared with the Plebeians, the tribunes would not suffer him to hold any election at all; he had to resign, and the obstinacy of the two parties brought the state again to the eleventh interrex. At last the senate had the good sense to order that the Licinian law should be observed for peace-sake, as the historian says, for which, therefore, they were entitled to little gratitude. The Plebeian consul was C. Marius Rutilus, who had been the first Plebeian dictator. The following year, a Patrician dictator vainly essayed to gain a victory for his order, but, when he failed, two interreges succeeded, and the two consuls were once more Patricians; but the next year the superiority was on the side of the Plebeians and justice. "Nay, so great was the power of inflamed public opinion, that C. Marius Rutilus, the same who had first brought into his order the honour of the dictatorship, was declared eligible for the censorship, and the Patricians, though they strove might and main against it, were forced to recognise him as the duly-elected censor."

One might expect that the contest would be now at an end. But not so; the very next year the dictator L. Furius Camillus carried the elections again in favour of the Patricians, and that in the most audacious manner. For in the face of an old *senatus-consultum*, which forbade the re-election of curule magistrates, and without any regard to decency or propriety, he nominated—himself! and a Patrician colleague, by means, of course, of forced votes; and the Patricians, ignorant and short-sighted, gave a most cheerful consent to this violation of law and decorum. It is curi-

ous to see how the aristocratic Livy, who had certainly a very faint conception of the real state of things in those days, represents the matter. His words are—"L. Furius Camillus being nominated dictator, and having appointed P. Cornelius Scipio master of the horse, restored to the Fathers the pristine possession of the consulate. On account of this merit he was himself created consul with great favour of the Fathers, and he named Ap. Claudius Crassus his colleague." How very laudable does his conduct appear by this mode of representing it! Certainly there are two ways of telling a story, and in a certain honourable assembly of our own we have daily instances of it. The faction, however, did not stop here; for Ap. Claudius happening to die in his consulate, though there was actually a Gallic war at the time, the senate would not only not have the vacant place filled up, from which it is likely, by the way, that they could not have kept a Plebeian, but they had not even recourse to the old device of appointing a dictator, and Camillus remained sole consul. This shameless proceeding probably alienated many who had hitherto supported the faction, and Plebeian consuls were chosen for the three succeeding years; but in the years 405 and 407 the rule was again broken through. This, however, was the last effort of the oligarchs; the utter hopelessness of their attempts to abrogate the Licinian law, and the danger of irritating the people too much, were now too apparent to be neglected; the contest came to a complete termination, and the amalgamation of the two orders advanced rapidly. We hear no more of feuds and secessions after this.

There are two circumstances which occurred during this time which are deserving of our notice; the one, the fining of Licinius Stolo for transgressing his own law! the other, the mode that was adopted for liquidating the debts of the people.

"In the same year," (393) says Mr. Niebuhr, "C. Licinius Stolo was condemned under his own law for possessing a thousand jugers of tillage land: one half under the name of his son by a sham emancipation. A melancholy example of the irresistibility of avarice, even by those whom honour should guard most securely against it, when once the heart stands open to it! It also shows that the greatest blessings frequently are assured by hands which are not perfectly clean, and that it may happen that the best cause is maintained by such persons, because the men of staitless character, out of indolence, neglect their duty."

In the year 403, one of the excellent Valerii, a name ever to be held in honour, being consul along with C. Marcius Rutilus, the distinguished Plebeian, the state of debt came to be duly considered, and the consuls made the people choose five commissioners (*quinqueviri mensarii*), two Patricians and three Plebeians,

for the purpose of making a proper arrangement respecting it. On this occasion the state came forward, for perhaps the first time in history, to assist the debtors by a loan. Tables were set in the Forum, at which the commissioners sat, and any debtor who came before them and showed that he had sufficient property, received, on entering into the requisite securities, from the funds which the treasury had placed at the disposal of the commissioners, as much money as he required to discharge his debt. If he preferred transferring his property, it was valued and handed over to his creditor. By this simple procedure, as the historian observes, a large amount of debt was got rid of, not only without injury, but even without complaint on either side; and we may observe how wealthy the treasury, which was in a manner empty a few years before, must have now become in consequence of the state's having come into the receipt of the rent of its lands, which had been so long unjustly withheld. As so much property changed hands in consequence of this regulation, a new census was become absolutely necessary. The consul C. Marcius Rutilus, the first Plebeian dictator, he in whose first consulate the uncial rate of interest had been established, was also created the first Plebeian censor; and though in this very year the efforts of the Patricians, in the matter of the consuls, were not without effect, they struggled in vain against his appointment to the censorship.

We have thus, at some length, explained the Licinian Rogations, and narrated the interesting and instructive history of the contest which they produced between the two orders. Every one must perceive how strictly accordant to justice they all were; and the account of the fruitless and foolish struggles of the Patricians to maintain the old system of abuses and injustice will show the blindness and selfishness of oligarchy, and the wisdom of that first of political maxims—Give way in time to the popular voice when it has reason on its side; for in case of resistance the people will be certain to triumph eventually, and to get even more than they originally demanded. From the Roman Reform Bill good, and great good, resulted, but it would be chimerical in us to expect benefits of equal magnitude from our own. Rome was a young, an agricultural, and a conquering state: our situation is the very reverse. What we have chiefly to expect is the removal of all just ground of popular complaint, that the people may plainly see that the blame of the sufferings and privations which they may have to endure cannot be fairly charged on the government, or on the higher ranks of society. The evil under which we suffer, and we fear long will suffer, is excess of population, not excess of taxation, sinecures, or any of the fancied evils, the removal of which, political empirics

assert, would make the whole body sound and healthy. In England this evil is clearly perceptible, but in Ireland it is awful, and those who boast of the eight millions of the Irish people would show more sense and humanity if they wished there were but half the number; for what can poor-laws, or any other laws, effect in a country where there are three men bidding for one man's work? The rich may be made poor, but we much doubt if the poor can ever be made comfortable. In fine, though legislative enactments may diminish to a certain extent the evils to which the lower orders (the use of this term we observe has been protested against) of society are subject, we fear they never can entirely remove them.

One more short extract shall be our last from this admirable work. It relates to the celebrated Goethe, concerning whose literary merits there is such a difference of opinion in this country, and shows that Niebuhr thought of him like his countrymen in general.* In a note written in the summer of 1829, he thus expresses himself:

“ Our fathers, ere we, who are now old, were born, recognized in Götz, and the other poems of a young man who was of the same age as Valerius in his first consulship (twenty-three), the poet who towers far above all whom our nation numbers, and who never can be excelled. Goethe has enjoyed this recognition for more than half a century; already the third generation of grown men looks up to him as the first man of the nation, without a second and without a rival, and children hear his name, as formerly among the Greeks they did that of Homer. He has lived to see our literature, mainly on his own account, acknowledged and honoured by foreigners; but he has outlived in it the age of poetry and of youth, and has remained solitary and alone. May he nevertheless, rejoicing in his everlasting strength, long abide cheerful amongst us, receiving from us, as old men, the homage which, as boys, we rendered him! May I be enabled to offer him this history complete, on which he has bestowed his favour!”

This third volume carries the history down to the end of the first Punic war. The various Samnite wars, and that against Pyrrhus, are handled in a masterly manner, and it is quite evident that the author had personally inspected the several theatres of war; hence his narrative has a degree of clearness and consistency not elsewhere to be found. There are *lacunæ* in his narrative of the Punic war; more especially we miss some account of the origin, previous state and power of Carthage, which undoubtedly would have been given, had he lived to prepare this volume for the press himself.

It has been edited, since his death, in a most conscientious manner, by a pupil of Niebuhr named Classen, under the direc-

tion of the able professor Von Savigny, and another learned friend of the deceased. A well-written and highly interesting preface informs us of the state in which Niebuhr's manuscripts were found, and of the manner in which the editor performed his task. From this preface we learn, that we have no farther contributions to our knowledge to expect from the manuscript remains of Niebuhr. A copious index to the third volume completes the work.

We would recommend our English translators to divide the present volume, which in the original contains 732 pages of text alone, into two, and to add a full and complete Index to the entire work.

We here take a reluctant leave of Niebuhr, who has opened a new world to our view, and in doing so we think we cannot conclude better than by adducing the testimony of one of our most elegant and accomplished scholars to his merits. We mean Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. In the preface to his admirable edition of Thucydides, a work which does honour to our literature, and holds forth to Europe a model of the manner in which the apparently humble labour of editing the master-works of antiquity may be made subservient to the promotion of valuable knowledge, and to the furtherance of the best interests of man, by the introduction of profound and elegant essays, conveyed in sound vernacular language, and not in barbarous Latin,* Dr. Arnold thus speaks of Niebuhr's *Roman History*.

"The former (the *History of Thucydides*) indeed, like every other ancient history, is chiefly indebted for the light thrown upon it by the extraordinary work of Niebuhr; a work which may justly entitle its author to the merit of having done for history what Bacon did for science. Niebuhr has not so much written a perfect history himself, as he has pointed out the true means by which it may be written; he has taught us to seek for our materials from the most multiplied sources,—from laws and from mythic poems,—from the annals, traditions, governments and usages of the most distant times and countries; he has given us an example of learning as boundless in its range as it is minute and accurate in its observation: of a grasp of mind that can at once comprehend and analyze the principles of the constitutions of different people; and of a quickness and precision that never allows him to overlook a line capable of being turned to any account, or to misapprehend the meaning of a single word in a single sentence, while the contents of volumes are at the same moment in the process of intellectual digestion within his mind. But besides all this, he has rendered an essential service to Grecian history in particular, no less than to Roman, by being

* The first Appendix to the first volume is one of the most beautiful essays we have ever read. We trust that ere long the library of no British scholar will be without a copy of Arnold's *Thucydides*.

practically the first writer who developed the original relations of the nobles and of the commons to each other, and the first composition and gradual advance of the latter to an equality with their former masters."

In a note Dr. Arnold adds—

"Niebuhr's religious opinions have been regarded by some persons in this country with great suspicion. I mention this, not with any intention to defend those views of the Old Testament history which have given rise to the feeling against him; but simply to protest against classing him, as some seem inclined to do, with Gibbon, Voltaire, and other real enemies of Christianity. We may be perfectly justified in regarding a man as an unsound guide in matters of opinion connected with the Scriptures, and yet by no means justified in feeling alienated from him as from one who had abandoned or forfeited his own personal interest in the faith and hopes of a Christian. And it so happens that I have been informed, on the most unquestionable authority, by one who knew Niebuhr intimately, and is himself as earnest and sound a Christian as any man living, that Niebuhr is a sincere believer in Christianity."

To these sentiments, which do equal honour to Dr. Arnold as a scholar, a philosopher, and a divine, we cheerfully yield our most cordial assent.

ART. VII.—*Le Manuscrit Vert*. Par Gustave Drouineau. 2e édition. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

AMONG the various eccentricities of the modern literature of France, it is surely a sign of improvement that religion is no longer the mark for the disdain and vituperation of the higher class of her writers. Long before the late revolution, the belligerent scepticism of Voltaire and his followers had ceased to be fashionable in that country. A sort of neutrality was established between the school of Deism and that small portion of society which may be called the religious world of France, distinct from the adherents of mere court-superstition. Both might occasionally unite their forces against the government, which they regarded as a common enemy. As every year of political vicissitudes brings with it some additional lesson of the inefficacy of moral systems not founded on spiritual doctrines, the characteristic of many of the more recent writers seems to be a kind of "*rapprochement*" towards some species of faith—a sort of reluctant, half-scornful, half-timid advance towards an accommodation with Christianity; as if the mind were disposed to yield to persuasion, yet remained by pride and habit in the ranks of unbelief. Besides, the excesses of the vulgar always produce a sort of reaction in the minds of the mass of superficial reasoners. The multitude of Paris and other great

French towns is probably neither more nor less irreligious in 1833 than it was in 1825. But the removal of the enforced observances of the Restoration has encouraged it, on some occasions, to acts of coarse insult and license against the decency of public worship : and these have produced the natural result. The warfare carried on by the populace against the crosses has undoubtedly been as effective an auxiliary in promoting a respect for religion, as the cannon of Lyons and the fusillade of Saint Méry in rousing the doubtful and timid to a sense of the necessity of social order.

The work now before us exhibits strong marks of this peculiar tendency of the public mind. Regarded as a romance, it is an extravagant assemblage of unnatural characters and improbable events; but such is the popular style, to which an author, if he seek for readers, is now obliged to conform himself. But considered with respect to its moral and object, it would appear a singular production in any time or country, and most especially so in France of the nineteenth century. The hero of "*Le Manuscrit Vert*" is a devoted believer—a confessor, and almost a martyr, in the cause of religion, and uniting with the zeal of an anchorite the political ardour of a patriot of the liberal school. He promulgates and defends his opinions in all companies, regardless alike of sneers and defiance: preaches temperance to *roués*, consistency to statesmen, and celestial love to the nymphs of the *coulisses*. The whole interest of the book lies in the simple narrative of his struggles with the world, and in the strong opposition between his character and that of the worldlings with whom he is brought into contact. We do not hesitate to style it a work of unusual interest and pathos: full of meaning and passionate thought, attractive in spite of the strongest improbabilities of situation; of an imperfect style, half-formed on the bad model of M. de Balzac and his imitators, and of much trivial sentiment and observation on matters unconnected with the main object of the romance. This tragic Spiritual Quixote resists the solicitations of impure passion in the first fervour of his youth; when circumstances have rendered that passion legitimate, he resists it alike, because he dares not connect himself with a woman whose principles are incompatible with his own, although the idol of his first love, and possessed of all attractions of person and fortune. After such exertions of virtue, it is almost needless to add, that he is equally proof against the temptations of ambition, of unworthy friendship, and of false honour. Yet after a youth spent in unceasing privations, the conclusion of the tale leaves him unrewarded, except by the testimony of his own conscience; alone in the world; reduced to poverty, tarnished in reputation (at least according to the false estimate of a vicious society) and grown old before

his time through chagrin and suffering. Nevertheless, although poetical justice is thus denied him, the reader is left no less powerfully impressed with the sense of his superiority to his more fortunate competitors for the world's favor, than if success and popularity had been falsely represented as the consequences of religious uprightness in the corrupt circles of a modern metropolis.

But what is the religious system, in behalf of which our sympathy is invoked for the sufferer? Immanuel is indeed a believer; but our author studiously avoids connecting the faith of his imaginary hero with that of any distinct sect or class of worshippers. His convictions and his eloquence are enlisted in the cause of an ideal, philosophic Divinity, a beautiful but vague conception, the God rather of a Platonic enthusiast, than of a sincere and humble Christian. The author would probably say, that to have made a religious hero attach himself to the service of any special creed, would have been an appeal to narrow and sectarian feelings on his behalf. It may be so; but since not history only, but daily experience also, teaches us that the severest sufferings are cheerfully submitted to by the devotees of any peculiar faith, however absurd and unreasonable its articles may appear to us, while no resignation, no self-sacrifice ever attests the sincerity of the mere Theophilanthropist; we cannot divest ourselves of the feelings of incredulity with which we regard the imaginary character thus set before us. The mere names of Pascal, of Gardiner, of De Rancé, connected with their brief histories, which are so familiar to every bosom, excite even the impassible sceptic to a transitory glow of sympathy. But the high wrought philosophy of the young Parisian,

. . . . with a mind against its natural bent
Tortured to strong devotion . . .

who calmly reasons with his Atheist mistress, while he rejects her passionate advances, on the beauty of virtue and the commands of an unknown Deity—appeals so imperfectly to our imagination, as to leave room for a certain importunate sense of the ludicrous.

It is true, however, (as M. Drouineau himself desires us in his preface to remark,) that we are presented with a sort of corrective to the latitudinarianism of the hero in the character of his Mentor, a Catholic priest. This personage is an Ultramontane of the newest edition, after the fashion of Demaistre and Delamennais. His conversation seems to consist chiefly of paragraphs out of the journal (*L' Avenir*) conducted by the latter eloquent writer. (The doctrines which it supports, by the way, have been recently condemned in a pastoral letter of the Pope) Nevertheless, although this worthy ecclesiastic is a model of virtue and friendship, he can

hardly be said to shine in argument. His spiritual persuasions serve rather as a foil to the more enlightened opinions of his pupil. He is, in fact, introduced rather as a type of the past, than as a model for the existing generation.

What then is to be the final result of all this longing after novelty, these restless hopes of amendment, this dissatisfaction alike with existing dogmas and existing scepticism, which are so powerfully manifested in these volumes, and indicated by a thousand circumstances in the present state of France? Our endeavour is rather to characterize, if we can, the symptoms of this peculiar crisis of a great national disease, than to venture on any rash predictions as to the future forms which it may assume. We have before us a pamphlet intituled "Two Sermons on the religious state of our epoch, its evils and remedies (par Antoine Vermeil 8vo. 1832.)" They are the work of a Protestant minister of Bordeaux, who takes a similar view of the spiritual wants and condition of his countrymen. "This want," he says, (the want, namely, of religion, or at least of some strong conviction in the room of systematized doubt,) reveals itself in the tendency of all minds, in the agitation and uneasiness of every heart. Men do not believe, it is true; but they no longer plume themselves on their incredulity. They are not pious; but they have ceased to ridicule and denounce piety in others; and even as to themselves, they no longer laugh at its absence, but rather regret that they have it not. Notwithstanding all our levity and carelessness, we feel in secret that something is wanting to us. Positive interests no longer suffice us. While we still demand every day from society some great political event, and from literature some strong or rather convulsive excitement, we no longer turn away disdainfully, as heretofore, from religious questions; we even feel some pleasure in hearing them agitated. We listen, with a concealed satisfaction, to modern philosophy, while she repudiates the materialism of the last age. We follow with curiosity the progress of new doctrines; anxious (although unwilling to allow it) to find in them something which may fill up the void of our hearts and consciences, which may detach our interest from mere temporal questions, and give us, by arresting our doubts, power over our passions, tranquillity in suffering, confidence for the present and security for the future."

Although not strictly connected with the subject of our preceding observations, we will extract the following remarks of this writer, on the causes which prevent the faith which he himself professes from exercising that beneficial influence which might have been hoped from it, amid this general longing for spiritual regeneration:

"Its hopes" (those of Protestantism) "are well founded, and its rights

are incontestable, for it has in its favor its principles of tolerance and free inquiry, and above all, the accordance of its doctrines with the Scriptures. But perhaps, in order to fulfil its mission, it stands in want of renovation and revival in some of its forms ; and above all, it must avoid, even while it renders its faith more and more evangelical, that spirit of retrogression, of exaggeration and exclusiveness, which invariably shows itself wherever life is renewed within its bosom."

Whoever has studied the recent history of many of our sister churches abroad will feel the truth of this observation. The rationalism of German divines is much talked of in this country, as one cause of the stationary position which has so long been occupied by the hosts of the reformation. But surely this is not the only enemy that works unintentional mischief in the camp. Such scenes as were witnessed, a few years ago, among the churches of Switzerland, must have no small influence in deterring the observant sceptic from an approach to Christianity. The partizans of exaggerated opinions consider all those, who do not adopt them in full, as completely out of the pale of orthodoxy, as actual unbelievers ; they combine and associate together by means of emissaries in distant countries, and endeavour everywhere to excite an exclusive spirit, to create a sort of tacit schism in the bosom of every national church. We are far from justifying the hasty and violent measures which were adopted in some places, where magistrates made common cause with the clergy against these busy agitators. But we cannot wonder if the effect produced by those unfortunate *tracasseries*, in many who witness them, is to confirm their irreligious prejudices, or to make them prefer the peaceful, apathetic tolerance of Romanism, such as it now is in the more enlightened countries of Europe.

It is curious to remark how much even the most Christian among French writers are in the habit of regarding religion, not with a view to its personal influence on individual man, but rather as a social principle, an element of a political system. This tendency seems to arise, naturally enough, from the absence of that inveterate religious feeling which education alone can give. Unaccustomed to give any part of his attention to such topics at an early age, while politics, on the other hand, are the very element in which his reasoning powers first learn to exert themselves, the earliest thought of the Parisian, when his meditations are turned at last to the most important of all subjects, seems to be, not how the matter stands between God and his own heart, but what may be the effect of Christianity on the mass—not whether it is true or false, but whether it will serve, or no, as a principle for "reconstructing society." Catholicism is to be rejected, (according to such writers as M. Drouineau) not because it teaches to wor-

ship, instead of God, the creatures of human invention, but because it begins to dwindle into a mere set of forms and observances, and thereby to lose its influence. Protestantism—not because its dogmas are untrue, its belief too much or too little—but because it is “*froidement stationnaire*.” The new attempt to reform Catholicism in France, or the church of the Abbé Chatel—not because its doctrines and sentiments are as lukewarm as those of Laodicea, but because it is a “Catholic quasi-legitimacy,” an effort to bring the church to the support of the state with somewhat more of decent reserve in the connection. Whoever has read the works of Chateaubriand will recognize this habit of looking at Christianity as a painter looks at his canvass—not as a real and living principle, but as a means of producing effect.

We know of no authority to which we can refer our readers with more satisfaction, in confirmation of our views on this subject, than to an excellent sermon lately published by the Rev. Hugh Rose, Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, with some introductory observations respecting the state of religion in France, and more especially regarding the sect of the Saint-Simonians. We have found no notice of the opinions of this clique of politico-economical fanatics so accurate, in so short a compass, and at the same time so impartially just in its estimate of the great talent shown by their writers, not so much in constructing their own theory, as in pointing out the defects of the present state of society, and reducing its past history to a bold and comprehensive system. There is a fantastic tale of Hoffmann, of which the hero is a musical virtuoso. He is thoroughly acquainted with the theory of his art; criticizes all the peculiarities of the modern school with wonderful justice; points out the latent causes of its deficiencies; and astonishes his hearers by the accurate analyses which he gives them of their own sensations of pleasure and pain arising from peculiar tones. He hints, moreover, that he is in possession of the true secrets of some famous deceased performers, as well as of the actual instruments with which they had wrought such miracles. The curiosity of his hearers is strongly excited, and one of them is at last favoured with a separate interview, in order to be initiated into these abstruse mysteries. The virtuoso takes down from his study wall a genuine Cremona of ancient date—the very instrument, as he declares, to which Tartini had once given life—takes it in hand with reverence, and produces nothing but a most horrible compound of dissonant extravagances, without the least approach to any kind of harmony—while he questions his astonished pupil, with much solemnity, as to the effect produced on him by these wonderful tones, the quintessence of all music. Is there not something in the madness of this

“Fanatico” which reminds us, not of the Saint Simonians only, but of many other soi-disant reformers of society, who raise our expectations by eloquently demonstrating its vices, and destroy them again by the glaring defects of the systems which they propose to substitute for it.

As for this renowned association, its extravagances, and the gross impurities with which its youthful leaders have lately soiled the moral character which its doctrines had previously borne, have sunk it for the present low enough in public estimation. But we are much mistaken, if many of its economical dogmas are not deeply rooted in the popular mind, both of France and England; and if its invocations to the human sense of religion, however misapplied, do not find an echo in the breasts of thousands whose fathers have reared them in ignorant contempt of all faith, and who are now vaguely endeavouring to seek it out for themselves. Both will probably bear fruit; the first, in fomenting revolts against the rights of property, which may produce evil for a time, but must prove ultimately inefficacious, being directed against the common habits and instincts of mankind; the last, let us hope, in preparing the way for the gradual readmission of Christianity into the heart of a society which has rather outwardly rejected it from mistaken pride, than from being dead inwardly to its preserving influence. But of this, as of the other tendencies of the busy Spirit of the age, we can but say in the words of the old German rhyme—

“Ist's Gottes Werk, so-wird's bestehn,
Ist's Menschen Werk, wird's untergehn!”

ART. VIII.—1. *Du Rabbïnisme, et des Traditions Juives.* Par Michel Berr (de Turique). Paris. 1832. 8vo.

2. *Résumé de l'Histoire des Juifs Modernes.* Par Léon Halévy. Paris. 1828. 18mo.

THE days have gone past, we hope for ever, when no Christian writer dared to speak of a creed differing from his own in any terms but those of contemptuous reprobation and horror; when theologians seemed to attribute such weakness to their holy religion that they feared it would be injured if the claims of any other were fairly investigated; and when to hint that belief in the Koran or the Talmud did not afford *prima facie* evidence of obstinacy and perversity, was a crime little if at all inferior to Atheism. No better system could have been devised for strengthening the incredulity of the infidel, increasing the doubts of the sceptic, and weakening the confidence of the true believer; but it was naturally patronized by that large majority of men who find it easier to dog-

matize than to reason, and who apply odious nick-names to save themselves the trouble of refutation. "We have not so learned Christ." Far from searching the different religions spread over the globe with an anxiety to discover nothing but abominations and absurdities, we feel more anxious to search out their latent truths and their concealed merits: the aberrations of the human intellect gratify not our pride, fill us with no unholy triumph; when we read of superstitions, we exclaim not "Thank God! we are not as other men;" such feelings we leave to the Pharisees of Christianity, and sighing over the frailty of our nature, try to find under the clouds of error and the veil of superstition some principle of good. There be those that would limit the dominion of truth to Christendom, to the Protestant nations, to a favourite sect, or even to a single chapel; we assign no limits to its empire: we find it to be sure frequently corrupted, defiled, hidden beneath a crowd of human inventions, and we acknowledge revelation to be necessary to its full development; but we still find it wherever we search; for, with Victor Cousin, we believe that "no privileges, no castes exist in human nature."

It would be an easy matter, after the good old fashion, to present our readers with a portraiture of Judaism at once ridiculous and revolting. The Talmud would suffice to supply a score of volumes substantiating all the charges that the enemies of the Jews have urged against them since the first foundation of Christianity. It gives false and degrading notions of the Supreme Being; it inculcates anti-social principles; it prohibits the free exercise of reason; it invests the Rabbins with a plenitude of power, such as no priesthood ever possessed; "it makes void the commandments of God by its traditions." Hence some of the ancient polemics would at once conclude, that the Jews, who profess to believe the Talmud, must of course be liable to all these imputations. But belief is not quite so logical a process as such reasoners try to prove it; there is what Paley well calls an *otiose* assent to articles of belief—an assent somewhat like that given to the history of Nadir Sháh, or the descriptions of Pekin, which produces no practical effect on life or conduct. But persecution and disqualification frequently change this dead letter into a living spirit; the dogma which was nearly lost in the dust of ages comes to light when unwisely assailed by violence or by obloquy; the article which had sunk into oblivion is raised by its enemies into a principle of action. There never was a people in whose history this truth was more fully manifested than the Jewish; but unfortunately, the seasons of persecution that brought out all that was pernicious in their creed were much more numerous than those in which they were permitted to display its better qualities.

"In tracing," says Berr, "the doctrines of Judaism during the later ages of the first Temple, the entire duration of the second, and subsequently after the dispersion of the Jews amongst the nations of the earth, we shall see them successively become elevated and degenerate, noble and degraded, with light and darkness, justice and oppression, civilization and barbarity, and generally according to the progression of society and the march of the human intellect."

On the confession of the most enlightened Jews themselves, and on the assertion of all who have investigated the subject, it may fairly be assumed that Judaism is now a system very different from that which Moses established for the chosen people. We deem, however, that, even in its present low estate, we can discern the elements of regeneration; and in the world around us we see manifest signs of an approaching period when these elements shall operate for improvement. Two of these cheering symptoms are before us: one, the tract on Rabbinism by a French Jew, the title of which is prefixed; and the other, a little work called "*The Genius of Judaism*," written, we believe, by an enlightened English Jew,* which has just made its appearance here. From both of these we shall endeavour to collect a statement of those circumstances which induce us to believe that a great and beneficial change in the moral and social condition of the Jews is in rapid progress, and, unless checked by something external, will at no distant day be completed.

Before we can thoroughly appreciate the importance of a reformation, we must know something of the system which is to undergo the process of change. There have been many portraits of Judaism from the days of the Buxtorfs to those of Chiarini:† they all, and especially that of Eisenmenger, merit the praise of learning, research and accuracy; but they were all designed for controversial purposes, and consequently dwell more on the evil than on the good. A rapid historical sketch of the rise

* Report attributes this work to the elder D'Israeli: we regret that it is only in a hurried note we can notice a different portraiture of Judaism, in its high and palmy state, by D'Israeli the younger. We allude to that singular emanation of creative genius, "*the wild and wondrous tale of ALROY*." The subject is one which in earlier days fired our own literary ambition, and we feel therefore sincere delight in seeing the visions that flitted before our youthful fancy more than realized. It is, however, a work utterly at variance with the cold rules of western criticism, for it is truly the very *beau idéal* of orientalism. Massive grandeur, luxuriant magnificence, fancy absolutely prodigal of its wealth, are the most characteristic features in this singular production; but to these eastern qualities it adds a deep and intimate knowledge of the human heart, both in its greatness and its littleness, which has been derived from the purest philosophy of the west.

Objections have been made to the style of the work, which we think, must be attributed to the ignorance of the critics; like the subject it is purely oriental: the best Arabic writers, and among them the author of the Koran, introduce metrical forms, and even the ornament of rhyme, when they have to treat of passionate, that is, of poetic subjects.

† "*Theorie de Judaïsme*." See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. vi. p. 527.

and progress of Judaism, as contradistinguished from Mosaism, will enable the reader to form some accurate notions both of the evils to be remedied, and of the means that may be made available for their cure. The professors of Judaism acknowledge a traditional law equally binding with the laws recorded in the Pentateuch, and they trace the origin of this "*lex non scripta*" back to the days of Moses. Such a claim to antiquity has been ridiculed by most Christian writers, and yet we have no hesitation in acknowledging its probability. Many of the regulations contained in the Mosaic code were applicable only to the peculiar modes of life adopted by the Israelites in the desert, and were therefore virtually repealed when the conquest of Canaan was completed; many circumstances, apparently as important as those for which regulations were provided, had not been noticed by the inspired legislator. It was natural for a people whose laws formed an essential part of their religion to consult the sacerdotal caste, the authorized depositaries of their faith, respecting these omitted cases. The decisions of the priests thus gradually formed a code of traditions supplemental to the written law, just as the *Sonna* has grown up round the *Koran*.

The age of the Babylonish captivity produced a great and striking change both in the political and religious condition of the Jews; it was a period when revolutions convulsed the entire of central Asia, revolutions which we hold to have been essentially connected with some great struggle between rival creeds. This is not the place to enter on a comparison between the age of Cyrus and that of the Sassanides; or to show that in both instances the change of the Persian dynasty was attended by a still greater change in the national faith. It is enough to remark that to this period the preaching of Zerdusht or Zoroaster is ascribed by all the historians of the west, while the traditions of the east connect that reformer with the prophet Daniel. Living in the midst of these terrible convulsions, the Jews acquired a new stock of ideas and feelings, which may be clearly traced in the writings of the later prophets. To name one out of many, we find the immortality of the soul forming for the first time a prominent article in the Jewish creed. A new series of traditions was manifestly necessary to connect the new modes of thought and action with the ancient legislation of Moses. Two powerful causes operated against the purity of this adaptation; the love of power on the part of the Rabbis or doctors of the law, which led them to multiply cases of conscience for the purpose of extending their own authority; and the bitter persecutions to which the Jews were subjected by the monarchs of Syria and Egypt, which led to the adoption of anti-social principles and made hatred of

the Heathen an article of faith. The regulations were onerous; "they laid burdens on men's shoulders grievous to be borne;" the doctrines inflated Jewish vanity, taught them to boast "we have Abraham to our Father," and led them to view the Gentiles at once with contempt and detestation. Hillel and his followers made vigorous but vain efforts to resist these dangerous novelties; they were conquered by the ignorant and fanatical disciples of Shammai, whose doctrines accorded better with the interests of the Rabbis and were more flattering to the vulgar passions of the populace. It adds not a little weight to the historical verity of the New Testament, that the accounts it contains of the state of the Jews at the period of Christ's ministry are in perfect accordance with the preceding descriptions, which we have derived exclusively from Jewish writers. After the fall of Jerusalem and the subsequent dispersion of the Jews, the traditional law was collected into a code called *Mischna*, or the "Repetition;" sullied as this part of the Talmud is, from the causes we have already specified, we must still confess that it contains much sublime morality, many striking recommendations of universal charity, and the germs of liberal principles that required only favourable circumstances for their full development. We cannot say the same of the commentary called the *Gemara*, or Supplement; it cannot be better described than in the words of Berr:

"The language, the doctrine and the intellectual character had equally degenerated. Intolerance and darkness rising from without, brought by degrees intolerance within. A subtle and punctilious spirit had usurped the place of liberal and elevated interpretations; partial and even intolerant maxims, a moral code too strictly severe, a language formed from a confused mixture of the degenerated Oriental tongues; a Hebrew which, without being primitive, had still preserved some faint traces of its purity. Nevertheless some glimmerings of light appear even in the *Gemara*, and there occur in it passages "few and far between" worthy of the *Mischna*, as in that work there may be found traces of approaching degeneracy."

The birth of Islamism and the fanaticism of Mohammed's early followers hastened the decadence of the Jewish schools and synagogues in the East; but they were soon revived with more than their former brilliancy in western Europe. Under the Moorish dynasty in Spain, the Jews not merely enjoyed protection, but were among the chief ornaments of that brilliant and intellectual court. Maimonides, a name of which the Jews are justly proud, laboured to simplify the articles of the national creed, the most efficient but far the most difficult step in the purification of a national faith. The most efficient, because an absurd dogma escapes notice among a crowd of other doctrines

more or less irrational; but is at once condemned when placed in juxtaposition with the simpler doctrines contained in every creed: the most difficult, because to vulgar minds the doctrines most shrouded in mystery are always the most pleasing. The school of Cordova was the most celebrated of the Jewish academies; during its brief but bright existence it had done much and designed more for the reformation of Judaism. The epoch did not appear distant, when refined and purified it would have melted into Christianity; but, how true are the words of Æschylus:

"O mortal, mortal state! and what art thou?
Even in thy glory comes the passing shade,
And makes thee like a vision fade away.
And then Misfortune takes the moisten'd sponge
And clean effaces all the picture out."

The protection conceded by Mohammedans was refused by Christians;—the disciples of Him, at whose advent was proclaimed "peace on earth, good will towards men," deemed that holocausts of slaughtered victims were acceptable offerings to the God of Mercy. The era of the Crusades came; would to God that the annals of the period formed no part of the history of Christian nations! Persecution again checked the course of reformation; and the Jews were taught to hate the very name of Jesus by the conduct of those who called themselves his followers; to this period belong the "Toldoth Jesu," and other libellous treatises on Christianity; works which were themselves the natural offspring of persecution, and were yet made the pretext for its continuance. We are freed from the necessity of dwelling on this calamitous age, because it is quite enough for our purpose to say: compare the Jew of Cordova, under the reign of the Mohammedans, with the Jew of the same country after the establishment of the Inquisition.

The Protestant Reformation wrought a great but not a decisive change in favour of the oppressed Jews; indeed the theological controversy which prepared the way and smoothed the path for Luther's efforts, arose from Reuchlin's efforts in their behalf. We allude to the generous and successful exertions made by that excellent scholar and worthy man, to save the Jewish writings from the flames to which they were consigned by priestly bigots, on the suggestion of his renegade Pfeffercorn; a struggle that can never be forgotten, from the torrent of ridicule with which Hutten overwhelmed Reuchlin's opponents, in the immortal "*Epistola Obscurorum Virorum*." Under the Reformed Churches the Jews have been partially tolerated; and their privileges gradually increased; but as yet there are some Protestant nations, among which England must unfortunately be

reckoned, in which they do not enjoy the full privileges of citizens. We say unfortunately, because we think our brief summary has shown, that in every period when the Jews were oppressed, the principles of evil in their creed became prominent and active; but whenever they enjoyed security and protection, the counteracting principles of good began to work a moral regeneration.

The Jews were not ungrateful to the Reformation: in the early part of the last century they became the most zealous supporters of the Protestant succession; and it is notorious, that when the Jacobites threatened a run on the bank, the Jews, not only of England but the continent, sent in large supplies of bullion to support the credit of the British government.

In the year 1753, the Pelham administration, with a laudable desire to reward Jewish loyalty, and encourage the accession of such a wealthy people to the subjects of the British crown, introduced a bill for the naturalization of the Jews into the House of Lords: it was supported by Sherlock, bishop of London; Secker, bishop of Oxford; and Hayter, bishop of Norwich; three names of which the ecclesiastical annals of England may be justly proud, and it passed through the upper house without opposition. Its reception in the lower house, when first brought down, was on the whole favourable; but the commercial jealousy of some merchants in the city, the resentment of the Jacobites for the efficacious check given to their machinations by the Jews, and the obstinate prejudices of those who prided themselves on preserving the folly of their ancestors, and calling it wisdom, roused a formidable resistance which the ministers should not have ventured to encounter. Appeals were made to the passions and prejudices of the multitude; "no Judaism" became a signal as efficacious as "no Popery" thirty years after; petitions poured in from every quarter; but the ministers, strong in rectitude of principle, resolved to proceed. In this determination we deem that they were wrong; for the phrase which Montaigne used in speaking of the reformation of the Calendar was perfectly applicable to the trifling privileges conceded by the bill.

"Pope Gregory has found out an evil which hurt nobody, and he has applied a remedy which does nobody any good."

Sir William Northey led the opposition; he was an obstinate blockhead, whose head was filled with all that was absurd or useless in ancient and modern literature. In the first paragraph of his speech he contrived, however, to state the principle on which all intolerance is founded, and to give the essence of all the speeches that have been delivered against religious freedom ever since.

"I hope some of the gentlemen who are advocates for this bill will rise up and inform the House what terrible crime the people of this kingdom have committed; for I must suppose that they have been guilty of some heinous offence, because we have of late had some sort of bill offered every year to parliament for depriving them of their birth-right; I say depriving them, sir, for the communication of a privilege is, in so far as that communication reaches, a taking it away from those who had before the sole right to it."

The Rev. Sidney Smith, in that unparalleled work of wit and argument, "*Plymley's Letters*," has stated the same principle in better terms :

"You may not be aware of it yourself, most reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to disqualified sectarians, upon the same principle that Sarah, your wife, refuses to give the receipt for a ham or a gooseberry dumplin; she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavour, but because they remind her that her neighbours want it: a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom."

But for our knowledge of the prevalence and strength of this feeling, we should perhaps have been surprised to find among the most clamorous and reckless opponents of Jewish emancipation, men notorious for any thing rather than their attachment to Christianity. But even infidels wish to enjoy the luxuries of persecution; and as a naughty boy feels angry if you refuse to grant him the privilege of worrying kittens, so men of vulgar and depraved minds feel indignant when prevented from insulting and spurning some class of their fellow creatures with impunity. We see at this very moment the planters of South Carolina contending for their own unrestrained liberty, and at the same time for the unmitigated slavery of their negroes. "I wish I were free, Jewish I were free," said an Irish radical to us some months ago. "And are you not free?" we replied; "cannot you do as you please?" "Aye," said he, "but I cannot make you do as I please!" And we have the honourable member for Oldham one day proposing the apotheosis of Tom Paine, and the next declaring his readiness to become a martyr for Christianity. The strange inconsistencies of that singular man would assuredly form a strange chapter in the history of human nature:

"Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for power to-morrow."

And yet, it is easy to show that there is one principle which gives

uniformity to all his aberrations, and consistency to all his discrepancies, that is, intense selfishness,—the true key to the conduct of every brawling demagogue that has kept a country in a state of agitation since the world was created.

The ministers persevered and the bill was carried; a general election was at hand, and the opposition unhesitatingly availed themselves of the popular clamour to drive their political rivals from the hustings. It is not beyond the memory of the present generation, that a party made use of a similarly disgraceful advantage; in the days of Percival, that man whom nature designed for a methodist parson, but whom cruel chance made a prime minister, the yell of “no Popery” was raised throughout the kingdom, and the nation led to believe, that the Pope with an army of cardinals was about to storm St. Paul’s, and a certain Scarlet Lady about to change Westminster into Babylon. Verily, we may say of religious folly, what the French nobleman did of the volume he read through, deeming that he was reading through a series, “*il se répète quelquefois.*”

Some very characteristic anecdotes are related of the scenes enacted on the passing of the bill; we extract the following from the Hardwicke papers in the British Museum:—

Extract of a letter from Dr. Birch to the Hon. Philip Yorke.

London, June 23, 1753.

“The post office has I presume transmitted to you a sheet upon the true nature of the Jews’ Bill, of which Mr. Webb tells me, he designs likewise to give the public a right notion, by reprinting it with proper remarks, having obtained Mr. Baskett’s consent, who is the proprietor. The clamour against that act is now evidently designed to influence the election next year; and the rage of the people is ungovernable. The Bishop of Norwich was insulted for having voted for it, in several parts of his diocese whither he went to confirm; the boys of Ipswich in particular calling out to him for circumcision, and a paper being fixed to one of the churches, that the next day, being Saturday, his lordship would confirm the Jews, and the Christians the day following.”

From the same to the same.

London, September 29, 1753.

“The Jews’ Bill is likely, among many ill consequences, to have one good effect, in relieving the next parliament from the oratory of Mr. Sydenham, whose declaring for that bill has rendered the city of Exeter implacable to him; though to acquit himself of Judaism, he dispersed printed papers, justifying his attachment to Christianity, and urging as a proof of it, his travelling on Saturdays when his business required it, and his strict observance of Sundays.”

The member for Bristol, as Horace Walpole tells us, offered to prove that he was not a Jew, in a more rational way than the worthy member for Exeter; but we must refer to his Memoires

for the anecdote. Dr. Birch gives us also some account of the reverend pamphleteers of the period, who might easily be paralleled in our own;—we regret to add, that having read the pamphlet described in the following extract, we consider it deserving of even greater reprobation than the writer has bestowed upon it.

London, October 20, 1753.

“ Mr. Tucker acquainted me in a letter received yesterday, that his friends have advised him to add a second letter. On the other side, there was published this day se’nnight a pamphlet of an hundred pages in 8vo., sold for sixpence, or distributed gratis, under the title of ‘ An Answer to the Considerations on the Jews’ Bill.’ It is ascribed to Romaine; and has all the distinguishing characters of that writer, impudence, buffoonery, virulence, and insincerity. It asserts ‘ that the Jews have no God, no king, no country, and never act upon any higher principle than self interest; that the present set of — (I presume he means bishops), is the only one since the time of Christ that would have countenanced so antichristian a measure.’ It cites with great triumph an anecdote, as it is called, out of Raguenet’s ‘ Histoire de Cromwell,’ of the Jews having sent over several Rabbis to make private inquiry whether he was not their Messiah; from which Romaine, this pamphleteer, deduces several consequences, particularly that the Jews suppose that the character of their Messiah will be like that of the accomplished villain, Cromwell. The chapter pretending to show from Scripture authority that we ought to have no commerce with that nation, is not to be matched out of the Church of Rome for falsification of the doctrine of the New Testament.”

It is well known, that in consequence of the popular excitement, the parliament were forced to repeal the bill in the following year.

Other nations outstripped England in the march of liberality; in America, in Holland, in Prussia, and in France, the Jews were admitted to the privileges of citizens, and have proved by their subsequent conduct that they were well entitled to the favour. The Jewish regiment in the Prussian service was the one that acquired most glory in the memorable battles of Ligny and Waterloo.

In the year 1829, Mr. Robert Grant, the present member for Finsbury, brought in a bill for the emancipation of the Jews, but withdrew it after it had made some progress, chiefly because it was deemed imprudent further to shock the prejudices of those who had been so deeply offended by the concession of emancipation to the Catholics. The speakers against the measure, with one exception, rested their arguments on expediency. The only individual who brought religion into the debate was a Mr. Trant, one of those persons of whom it has been well said, “ if it is a case of hatred we are sure they will defend it by the Gospel, if it

abridges human freedom they will find precedents for it in the Revolution."

The measure is now about to be brought forward under more favourable auspices, and we have little doubt of its success. Opposition, however, is said to be threatened from a quarter whence it could not reasonably have been expected, we mean from the members of "The Society for Converting the Jews." We trust, that to preserve the consistency of inconsistency, these worthy individuals will make the honourable member for Oldham the mouth-piece of their sentiments. We should have laughed at this mingled display of folly and assurance, did we not remember that a similar society for converting the Irish Catholics for some time deluded the people of England into the belief that there was no necessity for granting emancipation, for that the Irish were becoming Protestants by hundreds and by thousands, and that a change in the law would hinder the glorious work of conversion. But the British Reformation Society proved to be a complete failure, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews is not one whit better;

"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."

In the "Genius of Judaism," a work of which it is impossible to speak in terms of too great praise, the causes which must for ever operate against the conversion of the Jews by external agency, are fairly and forcibly stated. Our limits only allow of a brief extract from this most seasonable little work:

"For the Hebrew, reared in the faith of his fathers, there are insuperable difficulties in abjuring his ancient creed, which lie not in the way of him who has received the water of Christianity. The Jew has to annul what he adores as the dictation of the Creator himself, a code of perpetual obligation, and "everlasting," while the Christian has only to preserve his own possession. The elder religion clings to one revelation, while the younger enjoys a happier inheritance in two. The Christian exults in the completion of that Judaism which the Hebrew contemplated as perfect at its divine institution. The enlightened Christian should not, indeed, persecute his ancient brother, since Christianity and Judaism rest on the same foundation; nor is the faith of either in danger from the other, since the apostolical narratives are not more authentic for the Christian, than when at Sinai the Lord "came in a thick cloud," and the people saw that "God talked to man."—A single step only divides Judaism from Christianity, but Heaven has interposed, and for "the son of the covenant," that step no human effort shall pass; though, like the Talmudical wall which divides heaven from earth, that step is but a hair's breadth.

"The Society for Converting the Jews" has now existed nearly a quarter of a century—will its managers furnish us with a list of the converts made in England that have not subsequently apostas-

tized? They may be very easily counted. But though we do not anticipate any good result, but rather the contrary, from the exertions of this society, we are by no means void of hope for "the fallen house of Jacob." The elements of regeneration exist in the bosom of Judaism; they have made themselves manifest whenever opportunities were afforded for their free development. From internal efforts we hope, and history warrants us in hoping every thing; from external meddling we anticipate no good, and we fear much evil. When the Jews no longer feel themselves stigmatized as a degraded class, when they are allowed to become the citizens of a free state, the usurped power of the Rabbins will be perceived, the follies of the Talmudic legends discovered, the degrading nature of their present superstitions known; then, and then alone, can a genuine reformation commence. A change to be beneficial must be founded in knowledge, and knowledge can only be obtained when no restraints are imposed upon investigation. In France the Jews can no longer be distinguished from their fellow citizens, and the French nation has dropped the term "Jews," as recalling the memory of former degradation. A friend of ours who was lately at Bordeaux having asked to be shown the Synagogue of the Jews, was instantly corrected, and told to call it "the Temple of the Israelites." Such conduct is at once in accordance with the principles of true policy and true Christianity; to unite all men of every denomination in the bands of brotherhood, is, and ought to be, the peculiar characteristic of a religion which was divinely announced as establishing "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

ART. IX.—*Briefe aus Paris, zur Erläuterung der Geschichte des sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. (Letters from Paris, Illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Frederic von Raumer.) 2 Vols. 12mo. Leipzig. 1831.

We have already introduced Raumer to our readers, and can have no need to recall to their recollection his instructive and interesting History of the Hohenstauffen Emperors, and the period, so important to Europe, during which they reigned. Upon this second occasion of bringing him before the British public, afforded by the present publication, it may be desirable to

* We will remember the reason assigned by a worthy old clergyman in Dorsetshire, remarkable for his shrewdness, for declining to subscribe to this society. "Gentlemen," said he, "Jesus Christ himself failed to convert that stubborn people by his preaching of his miracles; and where He failed, it would be too much to expect that you will succeed."

preface our account of it, with some few details respecting the author.

Friedrich von Raumer is of noble birth; his father was employed in the civil service of Prussia; and the son, after acquiring distinction at the university of Berlin, held several successive appointments in the public service, in which he acquitted himself so satisfactorily, that the Prime Minister*Hardenberg received him not only into his office, but into his own house, there, by daily intercourse, the better to fit him for the discharge of the more important functions of the financial administration. Raumer soon perceived that the high official duties, the path to which seemed opening to him, must engross the energies, mental and physical, of the whole man; and unwilling to abandon his favourite historical pursuits, he requested of his patron and of his sovereign a professor's chair at a Prussian university, instead of one of those exalted posts, for the attainment of which the one half of mankind is ready to tear the other half to pieces. The request was reluctantly granted. In 1811, at the age of thirty, he began his professorial career in the chair of History, at Breslau; in 1819 he was called to Berlin to occupy that of Political Science, which we believe he still holds; enjoying amongst his learned brethren, as well as in the larger circles of the capital, the high celebrity he has acquired as an historian.

This reputation, far from lulling our author to sleep under the shade of his laurels, has, it should seem, stimulated him to further activity. He has long been meditating a History of Europe during the last three centuries, and preparing for his task with the extraordinary industry and judgment for which he is so distinguished. The materials, we understand, are now collected and sifted; the first three volumes are written, and in their progress through the press, whilst the remainder are proceeding as fast as the writer's, we fear, rather delicate health will allow; and we trust it may not be very long ere we have the satisfaction of offering some account of this work to the British public.

The "Letters illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" consist wholly of that portion of the materials for the history of those centuries which the author collected from MSS. at Paris—perhaps we might say, of so much of the very large appendix to his forthcoming work. Of a publication so novel in kind, it seems necessary to relate the origin, as given us by—we know not whether to say—the author or the editor. Raumer visited Paris in 1830 for the express purpose of exploring the MSS. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in search, as well of additional matter for the history of the Hohenstauffens, as of original matter for the new history he was then meditating.

And although during his visit the revolution of July occurred, concerning which this indefatigable writer has published another series of letters, descriptive of the events which then took place, he did not the less devote the allotted time to the MSS., fairly dividing his hours, as he tells us, "between the past and the present." In the library he revelled amidst MSS. nearly unknown to preceding historians; and such of his extracts from these as he deemed most interesting, he determined forthwith to publish. The difficulty lay in the "how"; and we must explain his views in his own words. The letters are addressed to the celebrated Ludwig Tieck, in the first of which he says:

"The detached and insulated extracts were neither capable of being wrought into a connected historical work, nor could I (save at great length, and a disproportionate expense of time,) annex the requisite fillings up and elucidations. In consequence, I adopted the idea of parcelling out my stock into a series of letters, which, indeed, scarcely half deserve that name, but offer other advantages and conveniencies. As, for instance, that I may begin and end according to the quantity of matter, and, by writing to you, can address myself to a reader whose accurate knowledge of history will enable him, without further explanation, to understand and arrange everything in its proper connexion with what is already known. At all events, you will see, in my thus dedicating these letters to you, a proof of old and faithful friendship—although none such be needed!"

* * * *

"As I have, for the most part, closely followed the MSS., even to the sacrifice of a flowing style, I have, to spare room, only added the words of the original language in cases of importance and difficulty."

The materials thus appropriated, and consisting chiefly of extracts from the correspondence of French and a few Italian diplomatists at different courts, are divided and arranged according to both Geography and Chronology. The first letter, already cited, serves both as a preface and a dedication. The following ten relate to German affairs, including Denmark. The next ten are allotted to Spain; then two to the United Provinces, twenty-four to France, three to Italy, twenty-six to England, and seven to miscellaneous subjects. Of such a heterogeneous mass of matter, to give anything like an analysis or abstract is manifestly out of the question. The most superficial reader of history must be sufficiently aware of what subjects the extracts refer to, from the knowledge of the period they embrace, to wit, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including the great religious wars in Germany and the Netherlands, the grandeur and decline of Spain, the rise of the United Provinces, France from Francis I. to Cardinal Richelieu, and England from Henry VIII. to Charles II. Of the collective character of the extracts, it will be enough to say that they are, for the most part, exceedingly

curious. Many are of general interest, as throwing new light upon points long involved in obscurity, or made darker by controversy, or as affording instructive and entertaining illustrations of the known characters of historical personages; whilst others will, it must be owned, appear indifferent to all but the especial historical student. The only way in which we can give our readers a correct and fair notion of these volumes, is to select some one of the most interesting points that Raumer has investigated, and, alternately translating and abstracting, lay before them what he has thereupon brought to light. The first that presents itself, is the fate of Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain.

As we are not writing to Ludwig Tieck, we doubt it may be expected of us to add some little of the explanation he did not require, and we shall, therefore, begin by briefly stating what is known, and what has been conjectured, concerning the unfortunate Spanish prince. The certain facts respecting him are merely these: that when he had barely attained the age of thirteen, a marriage was arranged between him, and Elizabeth de Valois, daughter of Henry II. of France; that a few months afterwards, Mary of England dying, Philip II., who had then scarcely seen two and thirty summers, took the French princess to himself as his third wife; that during the Netherlands insurrection Carlos fell under his father's displeasure or suspicion, was imprisoned, deprived of arms, and watched with great apparent apprehension of his committing suicide; and, that in this captivity he died.

Philip II. was, perhaps, the very *beau idéal* of intolerant bigotry. In the eyes of contemporary Protestants, he was a sort of *avatar* of the embodied spirit of cruelty and persecution; whilst even to moderate Catholics his intolerance was repugnant, and to all Europe, setting religious considerations aside, his vast possessions, his seemingly boundless power, and his grasping ambition, rendered him an object of dread. Any action of such a monarch that could be regarded under two aspects, was not likely to be contemplated under the most favourable by foreign historians; and Don Carlos's fate has been conceived and related accordingly. Protestant writers have generally represented the prince as an enthusiast for liberal opinions in religion and politics, who opposed the baneful influence of the Duke of Alba, wished to be appointed Viceroy of the Low Countries, in order to befriend the oppressed Netherlanders, and was, therefore, either put to death by his father's express command, or by him delivered over to the Inquisition, to be dealt with, according to the tender mercies of that tribunal, as a heretic. French writers, detesting Philip as an enemy to France, but not as yet impassioned

for such notions as the Protestants imputed to Carlos, sought a more romantic cause for his misfortunes. They represent him as ardently enamoured (at thirteen!) of his stolen bride, and persevering in his hopeless passion after she had become his step-mother—as tenderly, though innocently, beloved in return by the French Princess, both before and after her marriage—and as abhorred and murdered by his father, through the outrageous jealousy of a suspicious old man (of forty!) with a young wife; which jealousy further prompted Philip a few weeks later to poison his unhappy queen.* This last version of the story, as the most pathetic, has been generally adopted by poets and novelists, and the two combined have afforded to Alfieri, and to Schiller, the subject of their splendid tragedies of *Filippo II.*, and *Don Karlos*. Spanish historians, on the other hand, depict Don Carlos as deformed in person, vicious in disposition, and weak, if not disordered, in intellect. They ascribe his imprisonment to the double, but thoroughly paternal motive of restraining and of correcting his follies and excesses; and state that he died of a malady, brought on, intentionally or unintentionally, by alternations of immoderate abstinence and as immoderate intemperance.

Can it be necessary that we should here pause to comment upon these contradictory statements? Need we direct the reader's attention to the plain, straight-forward probability of the Spanish accounts? Accounts too, given by men who, if they had no access to Philip's cabinet, to his conferences with his most trusted counsellors, or to that more secret cabinet, the recesses of his own mind, where alone his most important resolutions were taken, were yet thoroughly, often personally, acquainted with the character and conduct of Don Carlos; and public report, be it remembered, is generally indulgent to heirs. Need we compare these accounts with the private or the public romance of Philip's enemies? A few words upon the subject may, however, be allowed us. That a prince, esteemed at his father's court half-witted, or half-mad, should have thought himself capable of ruling and tranquillising an insurgent province, is certainly very possible; but who would be at the trouble of seeking any other motive for the royal father's refusal to intrust such a son with such a charge, except the natural one, of his real unfitness for it, and the certain evils that unfitness must produce to that province? For, be it observed, Philip, however tyrannical, seems to have been honest in his bigotry. He appears to have really believed that he was doing his best to save his subjects' souls, by inflicting tortures on their bodies; and he re-

* It should be stated, that the Prince of Orange, in his Apology, distinctly charges Philip with the murder of his wife as well as of his son.

peatedly prayed for grace and fortitude to prefer the loss of his realms to power obtained by reigning over heretics or misbelievers. As to the love tale, the supposititious ardent and lasting passion of a school-boy for a princess whom he had never even seen, is too absurd even to laugh at; and, with regard to the fair bride herself, we suspect that there are few princesses, who, placed in her situation and permitted to choose for themselves, would not prefer a reigning king, in the prime of manhood, to a boy-heir, who could not in the course of nature expect to ascend the throne in less than thirty or forty years. But without further discussion, let us now turn to Raumer, and see what additional light is thrown upon this mysterious transaction, or rather how far the plain Spanish statement is confirmed by his extracts from the letters addressed by the French ambassadors at Philip's court to the brother and the mother of the young queen.

The first extract he gives, is, however, from another source. It is taken from a relation by the Venetian Badoero, written in 1557, when Carlos was only twelve years' old, and gives an account of him from which either a lofty or a savage character, perhaps a mixture of the two, might have been prognosticated. He says, amongst other things, that he had an *animo fiero*, which Raumer, to our surprise, renders *stolzer Sinn*, or proud spirit; proud is undoubtedly one meaning of *fiero*, but fierce is another, and considering that the instances adduced are the young prince's liking to see hares roasted alive, and his biting off the head of a lizard that had bitten his finger, there is, to our mind, little doubt as to the sense in which Badoero used the word. Charles V. is herein represented as much pleased with his grandson; and so he might well be, though it is certain that he was perfectly aware of his faults, and charged Philip not to let the Netherlanders see him until he should be better behaved.

In 1561, Guibert, the French ambassador, announces to Catherine of Medicis the hopeless state of the prince's health. In November of the same year we find him, still far from well, sent to study at Alcalá, with Don Juan of Austria, and the Prince of Parma; and learn, still from Guibert, that the Queen of Bohemia had written to Queen Isabel, as, in compliance with Spanish custom, we must henceforward call Elizabeth de Valois, to propose a marriage between her daughter, the Archduchess Anne, and the Prince of Spain; a proposal which Isabel did not encourage, because she wished to unite her step-son to her own sister. At Alcalá, Carlos, who had now, in May, 1562, completed his seventeenth year, and whose passions of all sorts were alike unbridled, in stealing out by some unfrequented way to visit the pretty daughter of a gardener, fell down stairs and dangerously injured his head. His life was long despaired of; St.

Sulpice, a new French ambassador, writes on the 10th of May that he is to be trepanned; and some Spanish historians relate that Philip effected his cure miraculously, through the personal intervention of a peculiarly holy image of the Blessed Virgin. It should seem that the cure scarcely extended to the mind; for Raumer finds in a letter, dated January, 1565, consequently when the prince was twenty, and addressed by Hopper to Cardinal Granvelle, (almost the whole of whose correspondence is extant,) the following curious expression.

"There is nothing to be made of Don Carlos. He believes all that is said to him; and were he even told that he was dead, he would believe it."

Having thus shown the 'opinion early entertained of Carlos, Raumer turns to Isabel, one main point of the inquiry being the probability or improbability of any thing like an illicit attachment between the queen and her step-son.

In February, 1562, Guibert writes to Queen Catherine; 'King Philip continues to love his consort more and more. If others say to the contrary, that is all bugbears (*épouvantaux à chenevières*) and lies; rather the consideration and influence of your daughter have tripled in the last three months, and her husband appears serene and contented.' * * * In June, 1564, St. Sulpice writes, 'the Queen of Spain is good and handsome, and not less joyous and satisfied at her lord's return, than she was troubled at his journey and long absence.' * * * In August, 1565, he writes to Catherine: 'The king and queen received each other (after her journey to Bayonne) as affectionately as can be imagined, and each tried which could show the other most honour. At Sepulveda they inhabited one house, ay one very small room, and remained together there till five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Then they travelled five leagues together, and reached Segovia the day following. Prince Carlos rode three leagues to meet them, approached the queen on foot, and laboured (*travailla*) to take her hand and kiss it; nor did she neglect to return his salutation.

'I can assure you, madam, that the queen your daughter lives in the greatest contentment in the world, through the perfect kindness which the king her husband more and more shows her. He daily makes confidential communications to her, and is so friendly in his behaviour, that nothing more can be desired. Moreover, the king has received such favourable reports of her virtuous conduct during the whole journey, and is so satisfied therewith, that he always loves, esteems, and honours her.'

Then come accounts of the queen's wish to marry Don Carlos to a French princess, of a relapse of the prince's malady, and of the king's anxiety concerning his health, both corporal and mental. After all this, St. Sulpice, in September 1565, relates a conversation between Isabel and Carlos, than which, assuredly, nothing can be less like love on either side. He says:

"The king and queen repaired to a country house, whither the prince came after his recovery. As he was one day driving out with the queen and her ladies in the park, in a carriage drawn by oxen, he remained a long time silent, when the queen asked him, where he was with his thoughts? He answered, More than 200 miles hence. And where is that, so far off? asked the queen further. The prince rejoined, I was thinking of my cousin." [Meaning, probably, the archduchess, his marriage with whom was in negotiation.]

Having thus shown that Isabel was reasonably happy with Philip, as happy, probably, as most queens, and that her stepson neither made love to her, nor was jealously excluded from her society, Raumer proceeds to the more eventful period of Carlos's history. On the 19th of January, 1568, another French ambassador, Fourquevaux, writes thus:

"The 14th instant, the king sent orders to all the churches and cloisters in this town, commanding that at all masses, and all canonical hours, prayers should be offered up, imploring God to grant him counsel and inspiration relative to a plan which he broods in his heart. This has given all the curious at court something to talk about, and I am not quite certain whether it refers to the prince. True it is, however, that long before his journey to the Escorial, the king had not spoken to him, great discontents prevailed between them, and the prince could not conceal the rancour he nourished in his heart against his father. Far from it, he indiscreetly said, 'Amongst five persons to whom I bear most ill will, the king is, after Ruy Gomez, the first.' To the charge of this last he lays whatever thwarts his wishes.

"It is well known that at Christmas he did not receive the communion, or obtain any share in the jubilee, because he would not renounce his hatred and forgive, wherefore his confessor would not give him absolution. Hereupon he applied to other theologians, but received the same answer. There are even people who say, that he meant to do his father an ill turn. But however that be, the king went last night into the prince's room, found a loaded pistol in the bed, and committed him to the charge of Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the Prior Antonio, and Don Lope Quichada, with express orders that he should speak to no living soul, save in their sight and hearing.

"I understand further, that Don Juan of Austria has absented himself since Saturday, and know not whether he shuns the king or the prince. But he was with the former at the Escorial till the preceding Saturday, and after the return went as usual to him, in company with the prince. The king took no notice of the latter, but spoke very kindly to the former. Now, perhaps, it was jealousy, or mistrust lest Don Juan might have betrayed his secrets, so seized the prince, that he insulted him as they left the king: perhaps he was influenced by other motives; suffice it, since that evening Don Juan is not seen, and the whole court talks of nothing but the prince's arrest."

The next despatch, dated the 5th of February, contains Philip's account of the transaction to Fourquevaux. This must of course be considered as a partial statement, but is nevertheless import-

ant, both as showing the light in which the king wished to place his conduct, and because the ambassador, writing confidentially to his own sovereign, neither expresses nor insinuates the slightest distrust of the account. Philip said that the prince was deranged; that he had long hoped time would restore his intellects; but that now, despairing of his recovery, he felt it would be the ruin of his realms and subjects to bequeath them to the rule of Don Carlos, and had, therefore, resolved to place him under restraint. The envoy then proceeds to tell what he hears, from other quarters, of the freak that had finally determined the prince's arrest. Speaking of Don Juan's visit to the Escorial, Fourquevaux relates :

" Carlos became so jealous and dissatisfied, that on the evening of the 17th of January, when the king returned with Juan,* he contrived to lure the latter to a retired part of his residence, passing through eleven doors, which he shut behind him. At length, reaching the appointed place, he would have shot Juan with a pistol, which the latter wrested from him, and betook him to the king. Philip came to no determination at the moment; nay, the next day, when I had an audience, he appeared to me of as cheerful countenance as usual, although he was already resolved to lay hand on his son that night, and no longer to endure or conceal his follies and more than youthful excesses. The last, as before said, was to kill Don Juan, either with his own hand, or by causing Lcava,† one of his attendants, who was hidden behind some tapestry, to shoot him, but heaven withheld the Duke from entering that room.

* * * * *

" The king took away his papers, and as Carlos is wont to write down all his thoughts, Philip has thus learnt to know the 10,000 fantastical and extravagant dreams that float in his brain. But he had never thought of attempting anything against the lives of the king and queen, as was the current tale at court.

* * * * *

" It is intended to proceed legally against the prince, and declare him incapable of ascending the throne; whereby, with God's help, the children of the queen shall hereafter reign. But how great soever the advantage she derives from the prince's degradation, she is wise enough to show no joy thereat, but to submit herself wholly to the will of the king her lord, till he forbade her weeping. She wept two days over her step-son's misfortunes."

Whether the queen had wept two days before Philip forbade her tears, or persevered in weeping two days despite his prohibition, is not quite clear; but we think it incontrovertibly certain that the French minister attributed her tears, either to pure

* Does this contradict the former statement? And if it does, are we to suppose that the ambassador had since obtained better information, or that he writes court gossip?

† Probably Llava.—*Editor.*

kindness of heart, or to hereditary dissimulation. We do not indeed, mean to say, that had he considered them as indications of a guilty attachment, he would have disinterestedly informed the queen mother of France, that her royal daughter required advice better to disguise her criminal sentiments, leniently as Catherine dealt with such frailties, but we do think he would have written in a different tone; and we further think that had there existed any court tittle-tattle, either as to such an amour, or as to any jealousy on the part of the king, (then a man of about forty,) he would probably have said something of the handle which the queen's very virtues gave to the malice of her enemies. No such idea appears to have passed through the brain of the envoy; who in his next despatch, of the 18th of February, thus proceeds with his account of Carlos.

"The prince is still confined to his room, and watched. He eats very little, and unwillingly, and sleeps almost none, which can nowise serve to amend his understanding. He grows visibly thin and dries up, and his eyes are deep sunk in his head. They give him nourishing soups, and capon broths, (*presses de chapon*), in which amber, or other strengthening things are dissolved, that he may not quite lose his strength and decay."

In letters written during March and April, Fourquevaux narrates some acts of folly or madness on the part of Carlos; an offer of his grandmother, the queen-dowager of Portugal, to come and nurse him, which Philip had civilly declined; and some endeavours on the part of the different Spanish states to investigate the cause of the heir-apparent's captivity, which Philip had checked, whereupon he observes:

"This, sire, is because the king, through his wisdom, has brought things to that pass, that nobody in this realm dares to scrutinize his actions, or resist his commands; but every one, willingly or unwillingly, obeys him, and all, if they love him not really, yet seem to do so." • •

On the 18th of May, Fourquevaux reports that Carlos has been allowed to take the sacrament, and that hopes are thence entertained of his restored sanity, and early release, adding—

"Notwithstanding these rumours, sire, I have learned from one who knows whatever is going forward, and more of the prince's concerns than most who talk of them, that the communion was allowed by the theologians in order to refute the opinion of many who fancy the prince belongs to the sect of Sacramentarians, whilst in truth he mortally hates them. Those theologians said further, that the communion may be administered to insane persons during lucid intervals; and this was done by the prince. But in truth no hope exists that he ever should become rational, or capable of the succession, for his understanding grows daily weaker, and his release is not to be counted on."

Some details of interference by the emperor in behalf of

Carlos, rejected by Philip, close Fourquevaulx's account of the unhappy prince, born to be the heir of realms on which, according to Spanish boast, the sun never set; for unluckily the letter announcing his death is missing. Its loss Raumer had not leisure to investigate, but argues, that no conclusion should be drawn thence against Philip, both because any crimination of him would be contrary to the general tenor of Fourquevaulx's communications, and because the French court has never shown such an inclination to favour Philip as could sanction the idea of a letter having been suppressed on account of its inculcating him. Moreover his subsequent despatches agree in tone with the preceding. We have an extract from one a week later, viz. the 1st of August, in which he says—

“Yesterday I presented my compliments of condolence to the queen upon the loss of her step-son, to her and hers a very profitable loss. She wishes that a most especial compliment of condolence should be sent. The mourning and funeral solemnities are conducted as though Carlos had been king.”

Raumer next gives us extracts from Philip's own account to his officers of state and foreign ambassadors of his son's death and his parental regrets,—from an anonymous Italian, who explicitly charges Carlos with insanity and treasonable designs,—and from the narrative of Antonio Perez at Paris, which last is apparently the source of all the tales of Philip's jealousy and Carlos's generous sympathy for the Netherlanders. This narrative, Raumer holds to be, self-evidently, of no authority; and again, it may, perhaps, not be amiss if we so far explain, what he assumes as known, as to say that Antonio Perez, ex-secretary of state and love-confidant to Philip, (in which last office he is said to have proved false, and to have rivalled his master in the good graces of the princess of Eboli,) had been by that master tyrannically persecuted, had escaped from Spain, and was living under the protection of Philip's personal enemy, Henry IV. To this generous monarch he probably imputed sentiments base as his own, and therefore, when at his court he concocted the libellous narrative in question, he might imagine that he should best promote his future interests by abundantly indulging his revengeful desire of blackening his quondam sovereign's character.

Raumer concludes his production of documents relative to this subject with despatches concerning the end of Queen Isabel, who died two months after her step-son in premature child-bed. He first extracts the details of her supposed poisoning from an anonymous relation, immediately following, in the collection of MSS., the relation of Carlos's fate by Perez, and which he ascribes to that ill-used, and therefore ill-disposed Spaniard. He then takes from Fourquevaulx an account of her pregnancy and

its accidents, and gives two letters of the 3d of October, one to Charles IX. merely announcing the queen's death; the other addressed to the queen-mother, and far more detailed. Herein Fourquevaulx says that Isabel's health had been materially deranged by medicines administered when she was erroneously supposed pregnant; the consequence of which was extraordinary suffering when a real pregnancy ensued, ending in the untimely birth of a daughter, and her own almost immediate death. He adds—

“The king, her husband, had visited her in the morning, before dawn, when she spoke very sensibly and very Christianly, and took a last leave of him, so that never princess showed herself better and holier. She commended to him their daughters, your majesties' friendship, peace, her household, together with other words which deserved admiration, and must have torn the heart of a good husband, such as was the king. He answered with like constancy, promised to fulfil all her requests, and added, that he did not believe her end to be so near. He then returned to his apartment, as I am assured, very sad and anxious.”

All the ceremonies of religion had been gone through in the night, before the king's visit to his dying wife: after he had left her, the ambassador, who had hurried to the palace on hearing of her danger, was admitted to her chamber, and received her last remembrances to her own family, and her assurances not only of her resignation to her early death, but

“that no happiness on earth had ever afforded her such contentment as the prospect of going to her Creator. * * * She died so easily that we cannot point out the moment of her yielding up her spirit; yet once more she opened her eyes, clear and bright, and it seemed as they would have given me some charge, at least they were fixed upon me.”

In her answer to this letter, Catherine asks for additional details in a way that might look as if, judging of others by herself, she imagined her daughter might have had foul play; but Fourquevaulx had nothing to add to his former report: and the Cardinal de Guise, who bore to Spain the sympathetic regrets of the royal mother and brother of the deceased queen, thus writes on the 6th of February, 1569.

“King Philip answered to my compliment of condolence, that he had found no better means of consolation than that which your majesties had employed, namely, the recollection of the simple and excellent life of his consort, and of her very Christian and happy end. All her servants, ladies, and maidens knew how dearly he had always loved her, and how kindly he had treated her; and the extraordinary sorrow he felt for her loss bore thereto an equally public testimony. Hereupon he praised her qualities and virtues in all ways, and said, were he to choose him a wife, he should wish to find such an one.”

Raumer thus concludes his letter upon Carlos and Isabel:—

“If I compare all the documents here produced with the narrations

and investigations already known, I see ample matter for a long critical disquisition. But as the object of all these letters is merely to lay open unknown sources of information, leaving to others, or reserving for another opportunity, the use to be thereof made, suffice it here to adduce the following positions, as proved or susceptible of proof:

"1. Carlos was, from the first, infirm in body and ill-disposed in mind. This last evil was, by the violence of his passions, aggravated even to madness, although periods of reason and repentance intervened.

"2. In moments of violent passion the hatred which he undeniably cherished against his father, may have brought forth thoughts and expressions tending towards his death. It is nevertheless hard to say how far purpose, reflection and the power of combination can be herein assumed.

"3. Carlos was at all events incapable of governing, and sufficient grounds existed for keeping him under strict watchfulness.

"4. He and the queen died natural deaths, and never did the slightest affair of the heart occur between them."*

Having thus exhibited, as fairly and briefly as we could, the nature of the historical matter collected by Raumer, and his mode of using it in the present singular publication, we shall deal less ceremoniously with the remainder of the two volumes, merely selecting here and there extracts either illustrative of character or in themselves curious. The first two shall relate to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or, as the Germans more picturesquely term it, the "Blood-wedding." St. Goar, the French ambassador in Spain, in a letter dated the 12th of September, 1572, gives Catherine of Medicis the following account of Philip II.'s behaviour on receiving the news of this frightful event:—

"On the evening of the 7th, King Philip, by a courier of Don Diego's, received the tidings of St. Bartholomew's night. Hereupon, contrary to his nature and wont, he has shown as much or more joy than at all the good fortune or success he has ever met with. He assembled his whole court, and said that he now saw your majesty was his good brother. The next day I had an audience of the king, when he (who never uses to laugh) began to laugh, displaying the highest delight and the greatest satisfaction. * * * He extolled the resolution in itself, and the long dissimulation of so great an undertaking, saying that the whole world could hardly conceive how you could, so exactly at the right time, contrary to all appearance and the hopes of so many excellent, peace-loving persons, effect your purpose, at a moment when the one party was nearly extinct from fear of an unsuccessful war, and the other was already preparing to satisfy their ambition and insolence. But God had chosen your majesty as a defender and bulwark against the misery about to break in through the means of so many tyrants, who had conspired against the honour and the laws of kings.

* The same view of the question has been taken by the biographer of Don Carlos in the *Biographie Universelle*, and by the authors of the recent *Histories of Spain*, published in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, and the *Library for the Diffusion of Knowledge*.

"Philip further ordered ecclesiastical processions and Te Deums; he even commanded all the bishops, each in his own diocese, to hold such processions and thanksgivings, to the especial honour of the King of France. He has everywhere distinctly expressed his opinion of the transaction, and testified his displeasure towards those who sought to persuade him that the whole had happened unpremeditatedly, and not through deliberation."

This may suffice to show the depth—the inconceivable excess of Philip's intolerant bigotry. The other document is yet more horribly curious. It is a letter written by Charles IX. during the massacre of his unresisting subjects upon St. Bartholomew's day. It is dated the 24th of August, 1572, and addressed to his ambassador at Rome; and his majesty, as Raumer tells us,

"after much insignificant matter, says—'By your despatches of the 29th of July and 2d of August, I see that his Holiness is determined, only upon the conditions already proposed, to grant the dispensation for the marriage of the King and Queen of Navarre, and that Chavigny will hardly be able to procure a better or more favourable answer. Wherefore, considering how much the peace and welfare of my kingdom depended upon this marriage, did I, upon good advice, resolve to complete it last Monday. All my subjects have testified the greatest joy and contentment thereat, as I inform his Holiness through your nephew M. de Branville. You must therefore suddenly, and before his Holiness learns the motive of M. de Branville's journey, request an audience, present him, watch over the interests of my service, and especially see to possess his Holiness of my straightforward and upright views. At the end of your last letter you tell me that his Holiness will give my cousin, the Cardinal of Ferrara, an explanation touching the benefices that have fallen vacant at Rome: with respect to this, I trust to your usual care. By the way (*au demeurant*), I may tell you, that last Friday, as the admiral went home from the Louvre, he was shot at from a window by some hitherto unknown nobleman or soldier, and wounded in the arm; and this last night it has happened that the members of the House of Guise, together with more noblemen and gentlemen, (upon certain information that the friends of the admiral held them to be the authors of his wound, and meant to revenge him,) put themselves in motion against that faction. Thereupon a great tumult ensued, the guard at the admiral's house was overpowered, and he himself, with many of his party and religion, killed. Moreover, in several other parts of the town, people have been massacred, as M. de Branville will tell you more circumstantially. And so I hope the Holy Father Pope, considering the reasons your nephew lays before him, will make no further difficulty in granting me the dispensation, or absolution, which is all I have to write to you just now."

And this was written by the king who, upon that by-gone night, had given the word to begin the massacre; who had seated himself at an open window of his palace, not merely the better to hear the shrieks and groans of his butchered subjects, but to take

deliberate aim at such as the murderers drove within reach of his post, like game at a French hunting party, or a modern English *battue* !*

Of the extracts concerning England, the most important relate to James I., of whom Raumer entertains the worst possible opinion, and in whose vices and misgovernment he sees the origin of Charles's difficulties and misfortunes. But an analysis of his views upon this part of English history will find a more appropriate place, when his history of the last three centuries shall be before us. The despatches from the French ambassador in Scotland, during Mary's reign, are curious, but throw little light upon the disputed points in her life. Her own correspondence, during her captivity, with the French ambassadors at Elizabeth's court, shows the constant system of intrigue carried on by her and them, as well with conspirators as with some of the English ministers, if they do not positively implicate either Scottish queen or Gallic diplomatists in plots for Elizabeth's assassination. But none of these, detached from the rest, would be very interesting, and we shall therefore select for insertion a letter from Mary to the Duke de Guise, written after her condemnation,—in which it is remarkable that she seems to think more of herself as a Guise, than as a Stuart, hereditary Queen of Scotland; one from Elizabeth to Henry IV. of France; and a challenge from the English ambassador in France to the Duke of Guise. In November, 1586, Mary thus writes.

"My good Cousin!—I bid you, whom I best love on earth, farewell, since, in virtue of an unjust sentence, I am about to die, in such fashion as, God be praised, none of our family, and still less of my station, ever did before. Do you thank God thereof, for upon this earth I was useless to his and the church's cause; but hope that death shall prove my steadfastness in the faith, and my willingness to die for the maintenance and restoration of the Catholic church in this unhappy island. And although never yet executioner dipt his hand in our blood, be not you, my friend, ashamed for this; for the judgment of heretics and church enemies, who have no right over me, a free queen, is honourable before God, and profitable to the children of the church. Did I belong to the former, this blow should not light upon me. All of our house have been persecuted by that sect, as your good father, together with whom I hope to be received into mercy by the just Judge.

"I commend to you my poor servants, and the payment of my debts, and entreat a pious foundation for my soul, not at your cost, but after

* Those who adopt Dr. Lingard's opinion that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was unmeditated, at least by Charles IX., may perhaps think this letter corroborative of their views. For our own part, besides the proof in St. Goar's despatch of such not being the light in which the affair was represented by His Most Christian Majesty to Philip, we must confess that the careless cold-bloodedness of this account, would, to us, be still more inconceivable upon this, than upon the more received supposition.

the manner that you will hear from my disconsolate servants, the witnesses of my last tragedy. May God bless you, your wife, children, brothers and cousins, and above all, our head, my good brother and cousin, and all his ! The blessing of God, and that which I would bestow upon my children, be upon yours, whom I no less commend to God than my son, the unhappy and deceived !

* * * * *

“ God give you grace to endure through life in the service of the church ! Never may this honour depart from our family, but men, like women, be ever ready (setting aside all other worldly considerations) to shed their blood for the upholding of the faith ! As for me, I hold myself, on father's and mother's side, born to make the offering of my blood, and I have no purpose to degenerate. Jesus, who was crucified for us, and all holy martyrs, make us by their intercession worthy freely to offer up our bodies for his honour ! *Fotheringay, Thursday, 24th Nov.*

“ They have taken away my canopy, thinking to degrade me. Since then, my warden came, and proffered to write about it to the queen ; that having been done not by her order, but upon advice of certain counsellors. I showed them on that canopy, instead of my arms, my Saviour's cross. You will hear the whole matter. Since then they have been gentler.

“ Your affectionate Cousin and perfect Friend,

“ MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, DOWAGER QUEEN OF FRANCE.”

Elizabeth's letter to Henry has no date, and though evidently written during the civil war, its remonstrances are too vague to afford us any means of ascertaining the occasion that called them forth. Here it is. Raumer says the French is difficult to translate ; we wish he had given it us in the original, suspecting, as we do, that he must have occasionally mistaken the sense.

“ My very dear Brother !—The learned have debated whether the sight or the hearing merit the preference. Had I been present at the disputation, and the examples been such as now lie before me, I should have declared for the sight. So should I have seen the commissioners who had greeted you, not have heard their evil tidings, which report you exposed to the dangers of a battle.

* * * * *

“ Should God in his mercy grant you the victory, this is (I swear to you) more than your negligence (*nonchalance*) deserves. How are you so ill-advised as to believe that the best *Liguist* could conceive anything more advantageous to his party than that gain of time upon which their whole weal depends, but which robs you of all you aim at ? * * * You are too slow to do yourself good ; you like better to hazard something than to bring it to an end. But each should be done in its due season. Neither had I ever ventured to write thus to you, did I not see herein a help against anger. But your ambassador hath too much trust in my power to overcome your passions, and in this hope hath prayed me to express to you forthwith my displeasure at the far too great patience you show towards your enemies. I hope you may have a little left for your

friend. Did not mine age count upon excuse of my boldness, I had not run into so many words; but persons of my sex prate more than the wise. Pardon my faults and follow my counsels, that proceed from a heart which ceases not to pray God that his hand may everywhere lead you to victory."

The challenge is headed by Raumer, "Ompson, English ambassador in Paris to Henry Duke of Guise, May, 1588." Now, to the best of our recollection, in the year 1588 Sir Edward Stafford was still English ambassador to the court of Henry III., and by what combined efforts of French orthoëpy, orthography and calligraphy, Stafford can have been transformed into Ompson, we are utterly unable to conjecture. The achievement is, however, we doubt not, altogether a French achievement; though we must confess our surprise that a German, of Raumer's research, knowledge and general accuracy, should not have perceived and corrected the blunder. And upon this occasion we cannot forbear remarking, that, to judge from his treatment of English names and titles, England should seem to have engaged less of our author's attention than most other countries. To give two or three instances taken at random, he calls Beale, the clerk of the council, Lord Beale; Lady Arabella Stuart, the next heir to the crown after James I. and his children, Miss Arabella Stuart; and Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir Overbury. Such mistakes are certainly of no great consequence, but it is the business of him who undertakes to write of a country to be exact in his knowledge of it; and we take this opportunity of pointing out these trifling errors, convinced that should our pages meet the historian's eye, he will be obliged to us for the hint. We now return to the challenge.

"At the residence of the Duke of Mayenne you spoke aloud, in a senseless and impudent fashion, of my queen, whose honour, amongst loyal and virtuous men, never was called in question, and which to defend, with word and blade, I am here. I say to you, you have shamelessly lied, and will lie, whensoever you attack the honour of that princess, who is the most excellent upon earth, and concerning whom least of all may he judge who is a traitor, false to his king and country, as you are. Therefore do I challenge you, with what weapons you will, on foot or on horseback. Also, you may not believe that I am not your equal, for I am of an English family as great and as noble as yours.* Appoint me time and place where I may repeat mine accusation and defiance. If you have only a little courage, you may not endure it; and if you should endure it, I will everywhere proclaim you the most das-

* When it is recollected that the Duke of Guise was of the family of the German sovereign princes of Lorraine, it will be evident that such a boast would have been nonsense from a Mr. Ompson, or a Mr. anything like Ompson, however becoming a Stafford; who could trace his descent from Saxon kings.

tardly slanderer and the greatest coward in France. I wait your answer."

This letter is followed by another, dated the 31st of May, 1588.

"My Lord of Guise!—You have already received two challenges, but as you play the deaf and dumb, I herewith send you the third, and if I receive no answer to this, I shall publish the whole."

We now turn to the miscellaneous matter in these volumes, consisting of extracts relative to the finances, military regulations, ceremonies, entertainments, &c. of those times, and of descriptions of Germany, Denmark and England, by Italians, at different epochs. From the more miscellaneous extracts we shall select what has, perhaps unreasonably, tickled our fancy, namely, an account of the eatables daily supplied for the use of Leonora, Queen of France, during a visit she paid to her brother Charles V. at Brussels, in the year 1544, and then conclude with some of the Italian portraits of northern countries.

"Queen Leonora received daily for her mouth (omitting vegetables, soups, pastry, and the like), 128 lbs. of beef, 2½ sheep, 1 calf, 2 swine, 2 fat capons, 18 fowls, 4 partridges, 2 woodcocks, 2 pheasants, 2 hares, 24 quails or turtle doves."

Perhaps the reader will conclude, as we did whilst reading the list, that this was an ample provision for her majesty's whole household? Not at all: it was her private bill of fare, for here follows the allowance for her train.

"For the kitchen of the *suite* were daily supplied 2 oxen, 18 sheep, 3 calves, 12 swine, 60 capons, 48 fowls and pigeons, and 40 head of game."

Surely the perquisites of some of the royal household must have been more than candle-ends and cheese-parings. But there were no Joseph Humes in those days! •••

We shall now give part of a description of Denmark during the thirty years' war, in 1627, by Torquato Pecchio, secretary to Torquato Conti, who then held possession of the kingdom for the emperor. We know not whether the simple credulity of the writer will, in the reader's estimation, much impair his credibility when he speaks of things only strange. For ourselves, we must confess, that so implicit a believer amongst the educated and sceptical Italians of the seventeenth century appears to us a phenomenon nearly as astonishing as any of the marvels related by the worthy secretary. But to his relation. He says—

"In Denmark are many villages, not indeed walled, but each having its own church and its own clergyman. When one of these dies, his widow marries another clergyman, who cannot, however, enter upon his predecessor's cure without the royal approbation. Such nomination or

confirmation is necessary for all ecclesiastics and bishops. Now, in the king's absence, General Conti should grant them, but having no taste for the business, he has made it over to a colonel of artillery. The whole country is very populous, and all seem to be well off; for besides being magnificently clad on holidays, not a peasant is found so poor that he has not silver spoons and a silver cup. They know how to make their wooden, straw-thatched houses so strong and well, and this too, without using a single iron nail, that they last long, and are impenetrable to wind and rain.

"The uncommonly handsome churches have, for the most part, five naves, and excellent steeples and bells. Many of the towns lie on the sea coast, are well built, paved, furnished with squares and fountains, and strongly fortified. Some highways are reserved to the king and him who pays a certain sum of money.

"The nobility are of such a size that I believe St. Christopher must have been a Dane. The people are generally handsome, fair, of good capacity, and addicted to science. There is an ecclesiastic who understands how, of water, to make wine, of which I myself have drunk. He will come to Rome, turn Catholic, and pay his respects to your Eminence.

"There are in Denmark, superstitious enchanters, or conjurors, who dress themselves in the most unaccountable guise, as the annexed drawings will show. Most of these have, however, fled with the king.

* * * * *

"The inhabitants are Lutherans, and speak a language that is not quite German, but mixed. When they speak, it sounds as if they were weeping. In the islands lying in the ocean a language is spoken that nobody understands. (Probably a dialect retaining more of the original old Norse, such as is, we believe, still spoken on the Faroe islands.) For want of wood they burn dung, and a certain earth taken from the morasses, which they cut in the shape of bricks, and call *turta*. (This of course means turf, but we know not the word. The Danish name for turf is *tuero*.) Their food is cooked in a large kettle, into which they toss all different sorts of things, as flesh, fish, eggs, and the like. In the same way they prepare cheese, which, even when rotten, breeds no maggots.

"Men and women wear fur next the skin, and only over that put on shirts and clothes. The wooden shoes are most workmanly made; women's clothes reach only to the knee.

"The horses are wilder than in other countries, and live almost always in the open air.

"In peace-time, people travel post in carriages, (query, carts,) which, for the sake of greater lightness, have no iron about them. On coming to a morass they are quickly taken to pieces, and afterwards put together again.

"In Zealand there is a river with a bridge over it, and on one side is a cavern. Everybody may pass freely, but so soon as any one sets foot upon the bridge, who is plotting against the king, or aspiring to sovereignty, a monstrous noise is heard in the cavern as though an

army were drawing near, and the bridge breaks down. This has been seen and heard; it has happened, and still happens. (The good secretary should have explained, whether the bridge has to be rebuilt at the public expense after every such exploit or explosion of loyalty, or reingstates itself, as we think a bridge of such discriminating powers ought to do.)

* * * * *

"All the inhabitants of this country commit one irremissible sin, namely, they eat calves, and other young animals. The soldiers, who have no consciences, were so pleased with this custom, that it was necessary to prohibit the slaughter of calves.

"When bride and bridegroom marry, both run to a goal, where a bundle of straw has been set up. Whichever arrives first obtains the command at home, the man becomes the wife, the woman the husband. The straw is made into a cushion, upon which the young couple kneel at church.

"When any body dies, they do not weep and lament, but laugh, eat, drink, and dance about the corpse, and lay valuables and other things in the grave, in proportion to their rank and fortune."

Enough, and perhaps more than enough, of the Italian military secretary's Danish wonders. We turn to the Florentine Ubaldini's soberer, though some eighty years earlier, description of England. It is dated A. D. 1551, and, after giving an account of the excessive state and ceremoniousness of Edward the Sixth's court, which he however observes was much relaxed since Henry the Eighth's time, Ubaldini thus proceeds:—

"The English generally spend their incomes. They eat often, and sit as many as two, three, four hours at table, not so much to eat all the time, as agreeably to entertain the ladies, without whom no banquet is given. They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little, that the produce scarcely suffices to support life; wherefore they eat little bread, but so much the more flesh, which they have of every kind, and perfectly good. Cakes, made with milk, and cheese are everywhere prepared, for innumerable herds feed, day and night, in the most fruitful pastures. There are no wolves, but exceeding plenty of deer, swine, and other game. There is a great deal of hunting and hospitality.

"The women do not yield in beauty, agreeableness, dress, and good morals to the Siennese, or the most esteemed in Italy. The lords keep uncommonly numerous households.

* * * * *

"The people are, upon the whole, rather tall, but the nobility, in good part, small, which comes of their frequently marrying rich maidens under age. Men and women have a white skin; to preserve, or improve this natural colour, the latter are bled two or three times a year, instead of painting like Italian ladies.

"The men are naturally obstinate, so that if one is obliged to contradict them, he must not at once butt against them (*urtarli*), but gradually allege his reasons, which they then, through their good parts, readily comprehend. Many to whom this English nature was unknown have dealt very disadvantageously with so suspicious a nation.

"The meaner inhabitants of the towns, and part of the country people, are ill disposed towards strangers and believe that no realm upon earth is good for anything, except their own; but they are set right as to such foolish notions by those who have more understanding and experience. Meanwhile it is, on this account, not advisable for a foreigner to travel about the country; because it is usual to begin by inquiring whether Englishmen are well or ill received in his native land. (We might hence argue that foreigners did not meet with ill usage, save when it was in some sort justified as a measure of retaliation.) But if he have a royal passport, he is not only well received everywhere, but forwarded with the horses allotted to court business, or in case of need he may demand them from the owners."

"Very different in this respect is the nature of the great. For there is not a lord in the land who would not gladly have foreign servants and nobles about him, paying them good salaries. The king himself has many Italians and Spaniards, of divers professions, in his service. These are on good terms with the courtiers, who gladly learn Italian and French, (for this last purpose Frenchmen might have been more useful than Spaniards,) and eagerly pursue knowledge. He who is wealthy lets sons and daughters study, and learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; for since that storm of heresy burst upon the country, it is held useful to read the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues. Poorer persons, who cannot educate their children so learnedly, yet will not appear ignorant, or quite strange to the refinement of the world; therefore are they seen on Sundays and holidays, well, ay, better dressed than fits their condition. (An odd, but even to the present day not unusual mode of concealing ignorance.) Men and women mostly wear fine black cloth, with silken well-wrought ribbons and trimmings, and so, following the profuse turn of the nobility, do they honour city and court."

"Noble ladies are easily distinguished from inferior women, inasmuch as those wear a hat (*ciapperone*), after the French fashion, these a cap or head-dress (*acconciatura*), of fur or of white linen, according to their station and English custom."

"Their wedding customs differ not from those of other countries, but they marry young, and moreover a second or third time; nay, sometimes have married persons engaged themselves provisionally to another husband, or another wife, in case their actual partner should die."

We regret to find, leaving on the reader's mind such an unfavourable impression of his countrymen and women, as these prospective nuptial engagements—the remains, probably, if true, of Henry the Eighth's matrimonial operations—may make; but we find nothing worth adding about England, and have not room for more extracts on other subjects: we must, therefore, here take leave, we trust, not for long, of Friedrich von Raumer.

We must not, however, in these autograph-loving days, neglect to mention, that the volumes are enriched with seventy-five autographs of historical personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

ART. X.—*Le mie Prigioni. Memorie di Silvio Pellico, da Saluzzo. Torino. 1832. 8vo.*

WE will candidly confess that the deep interest we have felt in the perusal of these Memoirs nowise arises from any great sympathy with the actors in Italian revolutions in general. Admitting the oppressive character of the Austrian government of Italy, and the undisguised contempt for national feelings and prejudices with which it is administered; and therefore conceding to the Italians in the fullest manner their right to obtain redress, *par voie de fait*, when constitutional representations are disregarded, there has been in their late insurrections a union of fool-hardiness in the conception with faint-heartedness in the execution, sufficient to throw discredit on any cause, and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the chance of any general and vigorous effort in behalf of Italian freedom. In the fate of the actors in these ill-advised explosions it is difficult therefore in general to feel much interest. If they will set their lives on a cast, they must abide the hazard of the die. But exceptions do occasionally occur, and it is the very nature of these which must make every man of calm judgment regard with an unfavourable eye all such premature and hazardous movements; men, of whom their more scheming and worldly associates were not worthy, and who by their firmness and passive fortitude under adversity, captivity and exile, shed a redeeming lustre upon a cause which has little else to recommend it. It is the misfortune, we say, of these rash movements, that, once commenced, they involve in them, against their better judgment, many virtuous and amiable men, who, had they been left to themselves, would never have attempted, with means so inadequate, and minds so unprepared for a serious and lasting struggle, to precipitate their country into the certain miseries which must in the outset accompany every revolution, and with scarcely even a probable chance of ultimate success. The wise and rational attachment they feel for *liberty*, as being but another word for the *happiness* of the community, would have taught them how little the interests of *liberty*, in its true sense, could be promoted by such attempts,—the failure of which would only afford to their stern masters a justification of their iron system of coercion, and an opportunity for increasing its rigour. But when once the cry of liberty has been set up, the very generosity and chivalrous nature of such men prevents them from hanging back; they would not needlessly have challenged a gigantic enemy, but they cannot refuse their support when called on to aid their countrymen in a desperate struggle; and their reward too often is, that while the scheming agitator, who had set the

whole in motion, makes his escape, or his peace, on the first reverse of fortune, the disinterested and intrepid, who have adhered to a hopeless cause through good report and bad, are ultimately the victims on whom the vengeance of their successful antagonist descends.

For men such as these, whose natural disposition is averse from the troubled elements of revolution, who, if left to themselves, would have pursued the quiet path of philanthropy, of science, of literature, but who have been involved by the force of circumstances in the movement which rasher heads or more interested minds have set in motion: for the Gioias, Arrivabenes and Pellicos of suffering Italy, we feel that interest and sympathy which a generous though mistaken self-devotion must always awaken. When Pellico, therefore, lays before us the narrative of his imprisonments, in this simple and beautiful volume, with scarcely a loud complaint, without a single invective, with no political disquisition whatever—and where the mild, benevolent and pure-hearted character of the author shines out in every page,—men of all parties and political opinions must equally yield to the charm which it possesses; and, whether he look on the revolutionary movements of Italy with the eye of a liberal or an absolutist, the reader must equally regret that one, whose nature seems so opposed to conspiracies or political struggles, should have been their victim.

For our own part, we will candidly say, that this little work seems to us more calculated to enlist the sympathies of mankind against Austria, to expose the cold-blooded and relentless character of its Italian administration, and to prepare the way for its downfall, than any revolutionary movements to which it is likely to be exposed, or the political invectives by which it has been assailed. It is not from secret societies and Carbonari that Austria has much to fear. Judging from the issue of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions, we should say, there was more peril in one of Pellico's pages than twenty of their swords. Neither has she much to apprehend from the raucous and exaggerated tone of those political works in which the character of her Italian government has usually been attacked; for these have in general been questionable in their facts, or at least so distorted and over-coloured by the violence of political and national prejudice, that in the minds of calm observers they frequently produced an impression directly the reverse of what was intended. But here is a work which appeals, not to party feeling, but to the general sympathies of humanity,—which does not deal in vague generalities, or doubtful anecdotes, but sets forth with truth and soberness the workings of that system in an individual case: instead of

exaggeration there is rather a studied exclusion of everything approaching to violence of thought or expression; and yet no one can peruse it without feeling his heart revolt, and his indignation rise, at the system of mean, paltry and persevering cruelty which it developes. There might have been some excuse for violent and rigorous measures, carried through under the alarm and irritation excited in the minds of the rulers, by the supposed discovery of an extensively ramified conspiracy; but what can be said in defence of a system, which, when the danger and the excitement are past, labours with studied ingenuity to deepen the miseries of solitary imprisonment for life, by exposure to cold and damp in winter, and to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer—by coarse and revolting food—by labour—by the load of chains—by the want of medical assistance, save on particular days—by the exclusion of all communication with relatives and friends—by every petty refinement, in short, which can render the sufferings of the prisoner more intolerable? To us it seems a matter of no moment in the consideration of such a system, whether the victim was guilty of the crime which was imputed to him or not. That in any civilised country in Europe, and for any crime whatever, above all for political offences, such a system should exist in the nineteenth century, is matter of astonishment; and if the Austrian government does not wish to place itself beyond the pale of humanity altogether, and to stand conspicuous as a monument of barbarism in the midst of surrounding civilization, it will assuredly avail itself of the disclosures which have now been given to the world in so affecting a shape, to abolish at once that disgraceful apparatus of moral and physical torture to which we have alluded.

The main charm of this book of Pellico lies in the singular calmness and placid beauty of its tone. It is one long tragic monologue, and the scene is but a succession of prisons. And yet it presents a picture so interesting of a refined and amiable mind labouring against the most trying of earthly calamities, long continued and solitary imprisonment; it exhibits him under so many touching aspects of weakness or strength—of patient mental exertion, or the weariness and sickness of hope delayed—of the influence of sceptical doubt creeping in upon despondency, or the revival of courage and religious faith; it is brightened or saddened by so many little interesting episodes—glimpses of existence, as it were, seen through prison bars; it is instinct throughout with so kindly a spirit towards mankind, so anxious a desire to discover good even in evil, and benevolence beneath the outward garb of harshness or selfishness, that it possesses the interest of a romance combined with the truth of reality. It is at once a his-

torical document and a psychological picture, drawn, as the author himself says, from no motive of personal vanity, but left as a legacy to those who may be placed under circumstances as trying, and with the hope "that the detail of his sufferings, and of the consolations which even amidst the deepest misfortunes he still found attainable, might impart comfort to their minds; with the view of bearing testimony to the fact, that even amidst all that he had endured, he had not found humanity so wicked, so destitute of exalted feeling, as it had been represented,—of encouraging all noble spirits to love many, to hate none,—to reserve their irreconcilable hatred for mean imposture, cowardice, perfidy, and every moral degradation,—and of inculcating the once well known, but now too often forgotten truth, that religion and philosophy can command both energy of mind and calmness of judgment, and that without their union there can exist no justice, no dignity, no certain principle of action."—A worthy and elevated object, and worthily accomplished!

It may no doubt be possible that something of the subdued tone which distinguishes this production may be owing to the fact, that it appears under the surveillance of a Piedmontese censorship; and if so, we are disposed for once to consider the influence they have exercised as advantageous to its character. Had the work been an ordinary invective against Austrian oppression, conceived and executed in the usual perfervid manner of Italian partizanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight; but this calm, classical and moving picture of suffering insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory.

The name of Silvio Pellico must be familiar to every reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author, is reflected in all his writings. With more of tenderness than Foscolo, and more of dramatic skill than Manzoni, he has in his *Francesca da Rimini*, founded on the tragic episode of Dante, given one of the best specimens of a native Italian drama, constructed on the freer and deeper principles of the English and German schools. His *Eufemia da Messina* is scarcely inferior. Beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and admired by the public as a rising ornament of Italian literature, his arrest, which took place at Milan in October, 1820, on the charge of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, excited a deep and general sensation of sympathy and regret. After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent—"being," as he says, "like an ill-used

lover, determined to bear his injuries with dignity, to leave politics alone"—he was conducted to the prison of St. Marguerite, and consigned to a room on the ground floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by prisons.

The first day of imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The gaoler, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the gaolers' feet as they walked the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any supposed unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had had but little time to devote to his relations. "Ah," observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit us." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, the affection he felt for them all; and he wept like a child till evening darkened about him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours after, he describes as one of despair. Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of this stroke should reach them in Turin. "Who," he asked, "will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to him to emerge where all had at first appeared to be despair. The very

turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I am glad to see you don't look so rascally. Your rascal always looks worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of melancholy thought. It was otherwise with the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its perusal to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept, "Pray without ceasing," in particular made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realize it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was not left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to his mind. Even in the first few days of his imprisonment he had found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other children in the same situation. They lived all together in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court.

"The deaf and dumb boy," says he, "came under my window and smiled and gesticulated to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, leaping for joy, ran to his companions, shared it with them all, and then returned to eat his own small portion opposite my window, expressing his gratitude to me by the smile that beamed in his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not venture to approach. The deaf and dumb boy had a deep sympathy for me, and one not founded on mere motives of interest. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the food I threw him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had had enough, and could not eat more. If he saw a turnkey coming towards my room, he would give him the bread to return to me. Though expecting nothing from me, he would continue to gambol beneath my window with the most amiable grace, delighted that I should see him. One day a turnkey promised that he should be allowed to visit me in my cell: the moment he entered he ran to embrace my knees with a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the transports with which he caressed me are indescribable. What attachment there was in that poor creature! How I longed to educate him, to save him from the abject condition in which I found him!

"I never learnt his name. He himself did not know that he had one. He was always gay; nor did I ever see him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not for what, by the gaoler. Strange! To live in a prison seems the height of misfortune, and yet assuredly this child was then as happy as the son of a prince. I reflected on this: I learned that it is possible to render the mind independent of place. Let us keep imagination in subjection, and we should be well every where. A day is soon over, and when at night we lie down without hunger or pain, what matters it if our bed be placed between walls which are called a prison, or walls which bear the name of a cottage or a palace?"

Of the consolation and amusement, which his intercourse with this poor child afforded, Pellico was soon deprived, by his removal to another room, his own being required for a newer arrival. It was darker, dirtier, and more comfortless than the former, commanding on one side a view of a court with the windows of his former room, and on the other, a prospect of part of the prison for the women. Pellico looked anxiously for some days towards his old lodging, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his successor at the window; at last he discovered him to be his friend Melchior Gioia. Gioia had, in his turn, been made aware what part of the prison was occupied by Pellico. The friends could not speak, but they waved their handkerchiefs, and endeavoured to express their feelings by silent yet speaking gestures. But such intercourse was contrary to the rules of the prison, and the turnkey entering, directed Pellico to discontinue it.

The apartment of Pellico, we have mentioned, adjoined the prison of the women; only a wall divided them. Through this thin partition, the sound, sometimes of their songs, sometimes of their quarrels, reached him; and at night, when all around was quiet, he could almost hear their conversation. Among their voices there was one that peculiarly attracted his attention. It was sweeter than the rest, it was heard more seldom, and gave utterance to no vulgar thoughts. Sometimes it sang two simple verses,

Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?

at other times, accompanied by the rest, the Litany. Without seeing its possessor, Pellico formed to himself a most interesting picture of this unfortunate and repentant being, and an almost fraternal attachment for her. Often was he on the point of calling to her through the wall, but as often his courage failed him, and this little romance of a dungeon ended where it began.

In the commencement of the year 1821 Pellico was allowed the comfort of a visit from his friend Count Luigi Porro (in whose family he had lived as tutor), and from his father. They

could give him no hope of liberation; it was evident that his imprisonment was to be a long one. His chamber was again changed, and this time for the better. The day of his removal was a day of events for Pellico. As he crossed the court he again saw the deaf and dumb orphan, and again exchanged a parting greeting with Melchior Gioia. On entering his new apartment, he found some French stanzas written on the wall, and signed "The Duke of Normandy." He began to sing them, adapting them, as he best could, to the air sung by the unseen Magdalen of the women's prison,—when, to his surprise, a voice from an adjoining cell took up the strain and sang them to another air. "Bravo," exclaimed Pellico, as he finished. The singer saluted him politely, and asked him if he was a Frenchman. Pellico told him his name and birthplace, and in return asked the name of his companion. The answer was, "I am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

This was one of the numerous pretenders to the character of the son of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned by the vigilance of the Austrian Government. He told his story with a surprising air of truth and conviction, and a most remarkable familiarity with the events of the Revolution, and the family history of the Bourbons. Though Pellico gave no credit to his tale, he could not help admiring the appearance of candour, goodness, and elevation of mind which he showed in the long and frequent conversations which they held together; and yet he reproached himself afterwards that he did not fairly tell him at once that he disbelieved his pretensions. There was a degree of pusillanimity, he observes, in thus appearing to give credit to an imposture, of which he afterwards felt ashamed; and still more did he regret that the light and sceptical tone in which his unseen neighbour talked of religious subjects had so far influenced his mind at the time, that he had been weak enough in their conversations to disguise the depth and sincerity of his own convictions. Often and often did the recollection of this piece of moral cowardice recur to his mind, and excite feelings of contrition and shame.

On the night of the 18th February, 1821, he was suddenly awakened by the noise of chains and the grating of locks. Count Bolza, the Commissary of Police, entered his prison, and desired him to dress himself as quickly as possible. In the first moments of his surprise the idea occurred to him that the Count might be sent to conduct him to the confines of Piedmont; that he was once more to rejoin his family and enjoy the sweets of liberty. "Where am I going?" said he to the Count as they got into the carriage. "I cannot tell you till we are a mile beyond Milan." But Pellico saw that their course was not towards the Porta

Vercellina, and this was a sufficient answer. It was a lovely moonlight night; the streets, the houses, the churches, the public gardens in which he had walked with Foscolo, Monti, Brema, Borsieri, and Porro, could all be recognised as they drove along; his heart swelled at the thought that he was looking at them for the last time, and when they passed the gate, he pulled his hat over his face to conceal his tears. "I suppose," he said, after a time, "we are going to Verona." "Farther," replied the Count, "we are going to Venice, where you are to be consigned to the charge of a special commission." They reached Venice on the 20th February.

Pellico's destination was the celebrated *Piombi*, forming the upper part of the old palace of the Doge, and so called from their leaden roofs. From his chamber window he looked out on the roof of the church of St. Mark, beyond which he could catch a glimpse of the extremity of the square with its numerous cupolas and steeples. Rising immediately over the roof of the church was the gigantic *Campanile*, which was so near that he could even in calm weather hear the voices of the persons who were talking on its top. Crowds of doves fluttered about his windows, or rested in the adjoining spires. At one corner of the church a small portion of the court of the palace, with a public well, were visible; but, from the height of his prison, the people in the street beneath looked like children, and their voices were lost as they ascended. He felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. The faces of the men about him seemed more solemn and appalling. The gaoler, with his wife and family, which consisted of a daughter about fifteen and two sons of thirteen and ten years old, had already heard of his name and reputation as a tragic poet. They looked upon him at first as a sort of magician, and scarcely ventured to utter a syllable in his presence; but by degrees all of them, except the wife, whose temper seemed naturally harsh and unamiable, seemed to grow accustomed to him. The daughter and the two boys generally accompanied their mother when she took the prisoner his coffee or his meals, and would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity, when the door was about to be locked.

Meantime the investigation before the special commission was proceeding; day after day Pellico had to undergo long examinations; and often he returned to his cell in such a state of excitement and despair, that he would have committed suicide, if the recollection of his family, and the voice of religion, had not restrained his hand. Yet this harassing scene of never-ending examinations began at last even to shake his religious faith. He neglected prayer—he vented curses on his fellow men and the

world;—he tried to still the agitation of his mind, by singing for hours with a forced gaiety; he gossiped with whoever entered his cell, and endeavoured to look on all things with a cynical indifference and contempt.

But happily, these evil days were few. His Bible, neglected in the meantime, had become covered with dust. “Since you have given up reading that large ugly book,” said one of the gaoler’s little boys to him one day, “you don’t look so melancholy, I think.” “Do you think so?” said Pellico, sorrowfully and with a feeling of shame taking the Bible in his hand, and brushing the dust from it. It opened by chance at these words: “It is impossible, but that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him, that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.” He blushed as he shut the book, and when the boy retired, he fell on his knees, re-opened the Bible, and amidst tears, sweeter than any other enjoyment could have been, he read for an hour, and rose with the feeling, that he had reconciled himself again to a friend whom he had forsaken, and that he could now look on imprisonment, nay, the scaffold itself, with resignation.

His solitude, however, became still more dreary and complete. The two little boys of the gaoler were sent to school; his visitors were now reduced to their mother and sister, and even they no longer lingered in his room, as they had been accustomed to do. The mother’s absence Pellico scarcely regretted, but he felt the want of the compassionate looks and gentle speech of Angela, the daughter, who, though plain, had a certain sweetness of look and language which were not without their attractions to a solitary prisoner. “When she brought me my coffee,” says he, “and told me she had made it, I thought it excellent. When she said her mother made it, it seemed but tepid water.” Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico, if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering oven in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, the air, were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their

tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and the stings of these creatures almost drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind, and religious faith, he bore up against all these miseries. He determined if possible to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen and ink by the gaoler; but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for this purpose, but contrived to procure a substitute by scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the anxious visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the gaoler approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his *legal* allowance of ink and paper.

At times again, he would devote himself to poetical composition, often for a day or a night at a time. Two tragedies, "*Esther of Engaddi*," and "*Iginia of Asti*," and four *Cantiche*, "*Tancreda*," "*Rosilde*," "*Eligi e Valafrido*," and "*Adello*,"* with many other sketches of poems and dramas,—among others, one on the League of Lombardy, and another on Columbus, attest the undiminished activity and power of his mind, amidst every thing calculated to paralyze the intellect, and deaden the heart. As there was occasionally some difficulty in getting the *legal* supply of paper renewed when exhausted, the first draft of all these was made either on the table, as above mentioned, or on the scraps of paper in which figs and dry fruits had been brought to him. Sometimes, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of the turnkeys, he could procure a sheet or two of paper in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when he would request that the Siora Zanze (Angela) would make him some coffee stronger than usual. The effect of the liquid, acting on an empty stomach, was to produce a state of mild and pleasing intoxication, which Pellico, having once experienced its soothing influence, could not resist the temptation of repeating, even when he was not under the necessity of famishing himself during the

* All these are included in the two volumes of his "*Opere Inedite*," lately published at Turin. To them, and to a still more recent volume, "*Tre Nuovo Tragedie*," we propose to devote an article very shortly.

day. Frequently he would abstain from food, merely to enjoy the state of pleasurable sensation produced by this refreshment. And grievously was he sometimes disappointed, when, instead of the strong cordial beverage which Angela used to send him, he received only some weak and watery potion, manufactured by her mother. How important are trifles to a prisoner! These occasional disappointments seemed to poor Pellico almost more grievous than imprisonment itself, and poor Angela on her next visit was sure to encounter a torrent of reproaches for having broken her word.

A scene of this kind one day extracted from the poor girl the confession that she was in love,—not with Pellico himself, (though he pleads guilty to a momentary imagination of that sort having flashed across his mind,) but with a young man of her own age. “The course of true love” had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener, in Pellico. The whole of this little idyl is beautifully given. Gradually, Pellico begins to find that Angela was less plain than he had at first thought, nay, that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty; her visits began to be anxiously longed for, the touch of her hand confused him; and at last, one day, when the innocent girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honour him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story, much to the disappointment of the reader, breaks off as abruptly as Cambrucan's. Some hints dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of an unfavourable tendency, but Pellico gave no heed to them. So it was, however, she returned no more; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed upon him more desolate than ever. It felt, he says, like a tomb.

A somewhat singular incident, however, occurred to divert his thoughts. One of the turnkeys, one morning, with a mysterious air, presented him with a letter. It bore to be written by a person whose name Pellico conceals, who described himself as an admirer of his genius, and requested him, by means of the friendly turnkey, to correspond with him. Pellico at first naturally suspected this to be a mere scheme to entrap him into a correspondence which might be turned against him, but the fact turned out to be otherwise. The most singular part of the business, however, was the strain which the unknown letter-writer chose to adopt. His letters, instead of touching on his own situation or that of Pellico,

consisted of a series of the most audacious and abusive attacks on the Christian religion; and when Pellico, determined not to be guilty a second time of the moral pusillanimity he had shown in the case of the *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy, frankly avowed in his answers the strength of his own convictions, and the disgust which the ribaldry of this modern Julian (for so he chose to term himself) had caused him, he only became more impious and indecent in his replies, till at last Pellico allowed the correspondence to drop. Had it been worth any one's while to divert himself with the misfortunes of a poor captive, we should almost have been disposed to regard the whole of this letter-writing episode as a mystification. At a subsequent period of his captivity, however, he obtained some information which seems to have considerably modified his unfavourable opinion of this singular correspondent.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence—for here were his ants, his spider; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour; here, in the exercise of composition, in the consolations of devotion, he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, had two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of great part of the city and the Lagune. Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the larger window lived a poor family, who soon evinced, by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hand towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, they have just put some body into the *Piombi*—O, poor prisoner! who are you?'—'I am Silvio Pellico.' Another boy came running to the window, and cried, 'You are Silvio Pellico?'—'Yes, and you, my dear children?'—'I am called Antonio S., and this is my brother Joseph.' Then, turning round, I heard him say, 'What more shall I ask?' and a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window, "good night, Silvio!" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "good night!"

Suffering and anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a

year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

Yet do I feel, at times, my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay : I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free ;
But much to one who long has suffered so,
Sickness of heart and narrowness of place.

"My nights," says Pellico, "became more and more sleepless and feverish. In vain I gave up taking coffee in the evening ; my restlessness continued the same. I thought at times, that I consisted of two men, one anxious to write letters, the other to do something else. 'Well,' said I, 'let us compromise matters ; let us write the letter, but let us do it in German, and thus we shall learn the language.' So for a time I continued to write only in bad German, and even in this way I made some progress in that study. Towards morning, after a night of wakefulness, sleep would fall upon my wearied brain. Then I dreamt, or rather raved, of seeing my father, my mother, or some other dear relative, despairing of my fate ; I heard their sobs in my sleep, and would awaken sobbing, and terrified.

"Sometimes, in these short dreams, I thought I heard my mother comforting the rest, entering my prison along with them, and addressing to me the most consoling words on the duty of resignation ; then, when I was rejoicing at the prospect of my own resolution and their courage, she would suddenly burst into tears, and all would weep along with her. I cannot describe the agonies which these visions caused me.

"Sometimes, to escape these miseries, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my light burning all night, and sat reading or writing at my table. But the time always came when I found myself reading, perfectly awake, but understanding nothing, and my head incapable of directing my thoughts for composition. Then I would try to copy something, but I copied, thinking of any thing except what I was writing, thinking only of my misfortunes.

"And yet when I went to bed it was worse. Every position in which I lay was intolerable to me. I moved about convulsively ; I was obliged to rise ; or, if I dropped asleep, those fearful dreams shook me more than want of sleep. My prayers came with difficulty, yet I repeated them often, not in many words, but in invocations to God—to that God who had united himself with man, and was acquainted with his woes.

"In these terrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that, even when awake, I seemed to hear groans, or the sound of stifled laughter, in my prison. From infancy I had never been a believer in witches or spirits—but now these groans and sounds of laughter terrified me, I

knew not why, till I began to doubt whether I were not the sport of some unseen and malignant being. Several times I took the light, and looked if any one had concealed himself under the bed to torment me. Sometimes I thought they had removed me from the former room to this, because it contained some trap door or secret aperture in the walls, through which my gaolers might inspect my movements, and find a cruel amusement in my terrors. Even when standing at the table, I thought I felt some one pull me by the coat, or a push given to a book on the table, or that some one behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprang upon my feet, looked around me, walked about timidly, and asked myself whether I were in my senses or not. Of all I saw I no longer knew what was reality and what illusion, and used to exclaim with agony, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'

This morbid state which, had it been prolonged, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico recovered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which for a time threatened the safety of the prison itself, is described with a force and animation that makes us feel as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico.

On the 11th January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagoon with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the sky without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary Piombi, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea which he could not exclude, that evil as had been the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him. Count Camillo Laderchi, he learned, had been liberated, as well as Professor Gian Domenico Romagnosi and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Maroncelli now occupied the prison which had been inhabited by Laderchi; Rezia and Canova were confined together; Professor Ressi was dying in a neighbouring cell; some weeks afterwards he learned that he was dead.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence.

The president, rising with an air of dignified commiseration, informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor. The sentence had been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered, "The will of God be done!" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," said he. "From this moment you will be allowed the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and re-conducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazzetta. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's-staircase, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, of course controlled the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him, "Ah! signor, I wonder how so many strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot." The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and face the palace; an officer appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand; it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but revived more loudly at the conclusion: "Condemned to the *carcere duro*,* Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen." The prisoners were then re-conducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German Commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the Emperor, and that his ma-

* "*Carcere duro*," imprisonment accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. In the *carcere durissimo* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

jesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four—a roundabout way of stating the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would only be of half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly, there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated. Everywhere on their route the prisoners were received with kindness. Pellico had feared that this would cease when they had crossed the Alps; but it was not so: in Germany, as well as in their native Italy, they were everywhere received with the exclamation, "*Arme Herren*"—Poor gentlemen!

"Sometimes," says Pellico, "our carriages were forced to stop as we entered a village, before deciding where we were to be lodged. Then the people would gather round us, and we heard on all sides expressions of compassion that burst from the heart. The kindness of these poor people affected me more than even that of my own countrymen. How grateful I felt to all! how sweet is the sympathy of our fellow creatures! how delightful to love them!

"The consolation I derived from this mitigated the rancour I felt towards those whom I had called my enemies. Who knows, thought I, if I could see them more narrowly—if they could but see me—if I could read in their souls and they in mine, who knows but I should be forced to confess there was no villainy in them, and they to admit that there was as little in me! who knows but we might feel ourselves compelled mutually to pity, to love each other! Too often men *hate*, only because they do not *know* each other; and could they but exchange words, they would extend the arm of confidence towards one another."

They reached their destination on the 10th of April. Unwell when he left Venice, the journey had exhausted Pellico's strength; his body was racked with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution. Maroncelli and he were placed in two separate cells; and the imperial Commissary, on parting, impressed upon them the necessity of the most implicit submission to all the rules of the prison.

About half an hour after Pellico had taken possession of his new dungeon, the door opened, and the head gaoler entered. The character of this man, who bore the renowned name of Schiller, unfolds itself with singular beauty, and is one of the most delightful parts of the book. On his first entrance, Pellico, suffering from pain and irritation of mind, received him rather rudely. He came to bring him a pitcher of water to drink.

" 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will bring the bread.' 'Thanks, good man.' 'I am not good.' 'The worse for you,' I added. 'Is this chain (pointing to one on the floor) for me?' 'Yes, signor, if you

should be unmanageable or insolent : but if you are reasonable, we shall only put a chain on your feet. 'The smith is preparing it.'

"He walked slowly up and down, shaking a vile mass of large keys, while with angry looks I watched his old, gigantic and meagre figure, and, in spite of some lineaments of no vulgar kind, I thought I read in his countenance nothing but the odious expression of the most brutal harshness.

"How unjust are men, when they judge by appearances and according to their own hasty prepossessions. 'The man who I thought was rattling his keys joyfully for the mere purpose of making me feel his power—whom I had conceived hardened by a long course of cruelty—was accessible to sentiments of compassion, and made use of this harsh tone only to hide the feelings of which he was conscious. He wished to hide them, from the fear of being thought weak, or the idea that I might prove undeserving of them; and yet, believing at the same time that I was more unfortunate than guilty, he longed to disclose them.

"Annoyed by his presence, and still more by the air of a master which he wore, I determined to humble him, and said to him imperiously, as I would have done to a servant, 'Give me some drink.'

"He looked at me as if to say, 'Arrogant man, here you must get quit of the habit of commanding.' He said nothing however, but bending his long back, he took up the pitcher and gave it to me. As I took it, I observed he trembled; and attributing this to his age, a feeling of compassion and respect mingled with and mastered my pride.

"'How old are you?' said I, with a voice of more gentleness. 'Seventy-four, signor; and many misfortunes of my own and other people have I seen.' This allusion to his own misfortunes and those of others was accompanied by a new fit of shaking, as he replaced the pitcher: and I could not help now attributing it not so much to age as to the influence of a generous feeling of sympathy. This idea at once removed from my mind all those hostile feelings with which I had at first regarded him. . . . I looked at him more attentively than before, and his look was no longer displeasing to me; and notwithstanding a certain air of rudeness in his language, there were in it traces of an amiable mind. 'The office of head gaoler,' said he, 'has been conferred upon me as a place of repose, but God knows if it does not cost me more pain than risking my life in battle.' I repented having asked for drink with such haughtiness. 'My dear Schiller,' said I, taking him by the hand, 'it is in vain for you to deny it; I know that you are a kind man; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank heaven that he has given me such a guardian.' He listened to my words, shook his head, then answered—rubbing his forehead as if at the recollection of some unpleasant thought, 'I am a *harsh* man, signor. I have taken an oath which I cannot violate. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without regard to their condition, without indulgence, without allowing the least abuse, and particularly the prisoners of state. It is the Emperor's concern, and I must obey.'—'You are an honest man, and I shall respect what you think a conscientious duty.'—'Poor gentleman, have patience, and make allowance for me. I shall be inexorable in my

duties ; but my heart—my heart—is filled with anguish at my inability to succour the unhappy. 'This is what I wished to tell you.' . . . Both of us were moved. He entreated me to be calm, and to give way to no violence, as the prisoners too often did, that he might not be compelled to treat me with rigour ; then resuming his harsher tone, as if to conceal from me the depth of his sympathy, he said, 'I must go.' He turned however, asked me how long I had been so miserably tormented with cough, and muttered a curse against the physician because he was not to come that evening to visit me. 'You have a fever enough to kill a horse,' he added : 'you will require a mattress at all events, but we cannot give it you till the physician comes to order it.' "

Nothing could be conceived more miserable than the situation in which Pellico was now placed. Exhausted by cough and fever, he had to wait till the usual visiting day of the physician arrived, which was not to be till the second day following. No change from the coarsest food, no mattress could until then be allowed him. Covered with perspiration, he in vain applied to be allowed the use of some of the sheets he had brought with him. It was contrary to the rules of the prison, which allowed only a sheet per week. At last the physician arrived, who sanctioned the indulgence of the mattress, and directed him to be removed from his subterranean cell to the floor above ; and this, after a special application to Count Mitrowsky, the governor of the provinces of Moravia and Slesia, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two Pellico's prison dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colours, and a shirt as rough as hair cloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened them on, thinking that Pellico did not understand German, he observed to Schiller, 'I might have been saved this trouble ; he has not two months to live.' "*Mochte es seyn!*" (would it were so !) exclaimed Pellico, to the confusion of the poor workman, who begged his pardon, and prayed that his prophecy might not be fulfilled.

On the detail of all the minor miseries of the prison, we will not pause ; suffice it to say, that if a system could be devised for rendering existence intolerable, it seemed to have been discovered and carried into execution in the prison of Spielberg. The only consolation the prisoners experienced was the obvious though ineffectual desire which the officials felt to mitigate their sufferings, even with no inconsiderable risk to themselves. Often Pellico was obliged to refuse the finer bread, which the servant who cleaned out his room would secretly put into his hands from perceiving his inability to swallow the black bread allowed to the condemned ; and often, when Schiller would in the same way bring him a bit of boiled meat, though he confesses he could

have sometimes almost snatched and devoured it, he felt himself obliged to reject his kind offering, from the feeling that if the practice was persisted in, it would, in all probability, be discovered, and that the kind-hearted gaoler might be the sufferer.

We prefer turning to some of those incidents by which the gloom and suffering of the prison were occasionally mitigated. Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels had been less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard the song sung in the cell adjoining his own. His heart beat rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, "Who are you, unfortunate man?—I am Silvio Pellico." "O Silvio," answered his neighbour, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our gaolers." It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the threats of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners; but at last, by watching the moments when the sentinels were farthest off in making their rounds, and talking in a whispering tone, they found themselves able to converse every day, though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives—they tried to impart to each other comfort and hope. Oroboni shared the strong religious feelings of Pellico; and even Pellico himself derived lessons of resignation and christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a week, between two guards, upon a platform of the castle, commanding a view of the city of Brünn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which all the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the unfortunate Maroncelli, who still languished in his subterranean cell below. Each used to whisper to Pellico as he past "Buon passeggio!" (a pleasant walk,) but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed, and cry, "There is one of the Italians!" and sometimes, thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old, he has death in his face." It was with difficulty, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the

grass; and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossipped together. Both were good natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohémian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendent; at the other lived a head gaoler, with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendent had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself be carried out on a sofa into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest as if with intense and inquiring confidence on those who spoke to her.

"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serious and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then, when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infants I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often embraced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own!' And then she wept. A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her loving heart doubtless offered up for me. And I exclaimed with sobs, 'O happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!'

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendent. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"'How unfortunate we are,' they would say, 'that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it will be a day of joy for all the family.'

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I

listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

"She told me things I knew already, which yet struck me as new;—that misfortune does not degrade a man, unless he be a worthless one, but rather elevates him;—that if we could understand God's counsels we should frequently see cause to think the conqueror more to be pitied than the vanquished, the exulting than the afflicted, the rich than the destitute; that the special grace shown to the unfortunate by our Saviour should reconcile us to our situation, and that we ought to glory in the cross which was borne by him.

"But these two good old women, whose company gave me such consolation, were soon, for family reasons, obliged to leave Spielberg, and the children no longer came upon the platform. How deeply did these losses afflict me!"

The health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe head-aches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Oroboni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. "My friend," said he, "I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend." Poor Oroboni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy, showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resignation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, "I pardon from my heart all my enemies." His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, 'I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie.'"

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of gaoler, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

"From the time he left us he was often unwell, and we inquired for

him with the anxiety of children. When he got a little better, he used to come and walk under our windows; we hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, and say to the sentinel, in a voice that we could overhear, 'Da sind meine Sohne,' (there are my sons!)

"Poor old man, what grief it gave me to see him tottering feebly along, without being able to offer him the support of my arm!

"Sometimes he would sit down on the grass and read the books he had lent to me. That I might recognise them, he would read the titles to the sentinel, or repeat some extract from them. For the most part the books were stories from the almanacks or other romances of little value, but of good moral tendency. After several relapses of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital, where he shortly died. He had amassed some hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings; these he had lent to some of his fellow soldiers, and when his end approached, he called them about him and said, 'I have no relations, let each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask that you will pray for me.'

"One of these friends had a daughter of about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter. Some hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He was no longer able to speak distinctly, but he took a silver ring, the last of his possessions, from his finger, and put it upon her's. Then he kissed her, and shed tears over her. The girl sobbed, and bathed him with her tears. He dried her eyes with his handkerchief; then took her hands and placed them on his eyes;—those eyes were closed for ever!"

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years' of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too past away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. — At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a little as he walked, and indisposing him from taking his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall, in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the re-

removal of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he grew daily worse: leeches, caustics, fomentations were tried in vain, they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but O, how much did I suffer for him. The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him wasting amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not to be able to bring him health—to feel the presentiment that that knee would never be healed—to perceive that the patient himself thought death more probable than recovery—and with all this to be obliged at every instant to admire his courage and serenity—Ah! the sight of this agonized me beyond expression!

"Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did everything to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet the moment he recovered his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me.

"His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any further opinion of his own.

"A moment afterwards, however, the sub-intendant entered, and said to Maroncelli—'The chief physician did not like to explain himself in your presence; he was apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I have assured him, however, that you do not want for courage.'

"'I hope,' replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some proof of it by suffering these pangs without complaint. What would he recommend?'

"'Amputation, Signor!—except that seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?'

"'Of death?—And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course?'

"'Then we shall send word immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained—'

"'What! is a permission necessary?'

"'Yes, Signor.'

"In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. 'The patient' was carried into a larger room. He asked me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation; let me, at least, do so in the arms of a friend.' I was allowed to accompany him. The Abate Wrba, our confessor, (who had succeeded our former confessor, Paulowich,) came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli employed the interval in singing a hymn.

"The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say, our barber-surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions; the

other a young surgeon, an *élève* of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been despatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over its execution.

"The patient was seated on his bedside, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the sane part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through the muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

"Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it to him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing else to present to you in token of my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear."

Amidst so much that is calculated to inspire the profoundest disgust at the whole system of the Austrian prison discipline, it may be right to mention that the emperor himself, who had probably heard of the courage and resignation with which Maroncelli had borne his hard fate, specially directed that his diet during his recovery should be of the most restorative kind, and should be sent him from the kitchen of the superintendant. One would have thought that after nine years of captivity, followed up by such a scene as that we have just quoted, an instant order for his liberation would have been rather "more German to the matter." But this suited not the unbending rules of state. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were again consigned to their old prison, improved, however, so far, by the removal of the partition which had formerly divided it from the cell once occupied by the hapless Oroboni.

Are not our readers tired of this long detail of misery, unadorned as it is in our pages by the exquisite language and deep pathos of the original? We fear they must; and therefore passing over many events to which he has contrived to impart variety and interest—the visits of successive imperial commissaries from Vienna, the changes of gaolers, the fluctuations of hope and fear as to his ultimate liberation—let us turn at once to the catastrophe of this dungeon drama.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. Ten years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spiel-

berg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of Oroboni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendant, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience-room. They found there the director and the superintendant, the former of whom bowed to them more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour, of announcing to you that his majesty the emperor has had the kindness—." Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books, or a less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, Signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralise the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"'Are you silent,' said the director of police; 'I expected to see you transported with joy.' 'I beg of you,' I answered, 'to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy.'

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"'Retire,' said he, 'to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the emperor's clemency has been extended.' We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned as we passed before the prisons of our friends, at the thought that we could not take them along with us. Who knew how long they were destined to languish there!—how many

of them to be the slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years, during which I had looked on no such spectacle. . . . After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brünn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which the emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not however what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the emperor, and began to fear that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schönbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the home-sickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which had formerly relieved him (*digitalis*), he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came—*Italy*—was to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand, that father, mother, or some one most dear to me might be no more. My depression of spirits increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather, the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull

aspect of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom,—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, reminded me of so many things! A young man who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness: in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honoured once, whose memory I love and honour still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces,—but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to inquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed a melancholy night. I was agitated like a criminal on the evening before he receives his sentence of condemnation. In the morning I washed my face carefully, and looked in the glass, to see whether it bore traces of weeping. I put on as far as possible a tranquil and smiling air; I repeated a short prayer to God, but in truth my thoughts wandered, and hearing Maroncelli already moving about on his crutches, and talking to the servant, I ran to embrace him. Both seemed to have collected their courage for the separation. We spoke with some emotion, but in a strong voice. The officer of the gendarmerie who ~~went~~ to conduct him to the frontiers of Romagna was come; he must depart immediately—one embrace—another—he entered the carriage—he disappeared, and I remained as if annihilated.

“ I returned to my room and prayed for the poor mutilated being, separated from his friend. I have known many excellent men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli; none more alive to all the refinements of gentleness, none more inaccessible to attacks of bad humour, or more constantly mindful that virtue consists in a continual exercise and interchange of toleration, generosity, and good sense. O thou! my companion through so many years of sorrow, may heaven bless thee wherever thou mayst be destined to breathe, and grant thee friends who may equal me in attachment, and surpass me in worth!*

* Maroncelli shortly afterwards went to Florence, where he was not allowed to remain long, the government having ordered him away, in consequence of the expressed wishes of that of Austria. He is now in Paris; and we observe that a French translation of Pellico's *Memoirs*, with notes by him, is announced for immediate publication.

"We set out the same morning for Brescia, where our other fellow-captive took leave of me. Here he learned, for the first time, that he had lost his mother, and the sight of his tears wrung my heart at parting. Grieved, however, as I was for so many causes, the following occurrence almost extorted a smile from me. On the inn table there lay a play bill, which I took up and read; '*Francesca da Rimini, Opera per Musica.*—Whose is this opera?' said I to the waiter.—'Who may have composed the music,' said he, 'I know not, but, in short, it is that *Francesca da Rimini*, which every body knows.' 'Every body,' said I,—'you are mistaken. I who am but just arrived from Germany, what can I know about your *Francescas*?' The waiter, a young fellow with a rather haughty and truly Brescian expression of countenance, looked at me with disdainful pity. 'Signor, we are not talking about *Francescas*. We speak of *one Francesca da Rimini*, I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. Here they have turned it into an opera, spoiling it a little, but all's one for that.' 'Ah! Silvio Pellico,' said I, 'I think I have heard of him. Is not that the political agitator who was condemned to death, and afterwards to the *carcere duro* some nine or ten years ago?'—I ought never to have uttered that jest. He looked round,—then at me,—grinned so as to show two and thirty handsome teeth, and if he had not heard a noise at the time, I verily believe he would have knocked me down.

"He went on murmuring to himself, '*agitator! agitator!*' But before I left, he had got hold of my name. He could then neither ask questions nor answer them, nor even walk about, such was his distraction and surprise. He kept gazing at me, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, 'yes sir,' 'coming sir,' without knowing the least what he was about. . . . Another delay took place at Novara. On the morning of the 16th Sept. the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would, unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th September dawned. Our journey proceeded: How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy groupe. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was—I am the most enviable of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leaving—
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ing at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music. We were unwilling to interrupt the course of the narrative by any reflections of our own, and now we have lingered on it so long, that we have left ourselves no room for any, had they been called for. One observation, however, we must make, in the justice of which we think every one will concur, that a book like this could not have appeared at a more acceptable time than the present; that the spirit of religion, humanity, resignation, and Christian charity, which it breathes, and the simple, subdued, and natural tone in which these sentiments are embodied, contrast most favourably with those hideous pictures of crime, those alternately voluptuous or loathsome exhibitions of vice, those physical horrors, that affected contempt for all generous sentiments, that fierce and relentless spirit of pride, hatred, and selfishness, which have of late contaminated our own literature, and still more conspicuously that of France. These "Prison Thoughts" of Pellico may teach us, that it is not necessary to heap together impossible miseries, in order to touch the feelings; nor "on horror's head horrors accumulate," in order to excite the dormant sympathies; nor to make the hero of the tale a ruffian, an atheist, or a misanthrope, in order to invest his character with dignity and originality; nor to hurry the reader through a series of violent and startling contrasts, in order to stimulate the edge of curiosity. They should teach us that it is on the simple, the natural, the gentler elements of feeling, not on the uncommon or the overstrained, that our sympathies must permanently repose; and that though novelty may for a time give a fleeting popularity to compositions inculcating the affectation of indifference, selfishness, and contempt for the ties which bind man to his Maker and his fellow men, those better feelings are too deeply engraved on the heart to be ever eradicated, or even long held in abeyance. The fate of this book, we are convinced, will prove, that when a writer has the manliness to avow the sincerity of his belief, the depth and stability of his attachment to his fellows, his confidence that, even in this world, full as it is of deceit and suffering, "virtue is no name, and happiness no dream,"—and does this too amidst every thing calculated to shake his faith, and deaden his feelings, he will find "fit audience," and that not few. And Signor Pellico may be assured that his cheering, elevated, and tranquil pictures of the human heart will survive for the instruction and consolation of others, when the hollow, glaring, and disturbed phantasmagoria of life to which we have alluded is deservedly forgotten.

ART. XI.—*Annuaire pour l'An 1833; présenté au Roi par le Bureau des Longitudes.* (Notices Scientifiques par M. Arago.) 18mo. Paris.

AMONG the opinions or prejudices relative to the phenomena of the natural world, which mankind seem to have adopted by common consent, there is none which has prevailed more universally, or from an earlier period of time, than that of the moon's influence on the terrestrial atmosphere and the state of the weather. It is in vain that philosophers affirm they can trace no physical connexion between the moon and the effects ascribed to her; to the sailor, the agricultural labourer, and indeed the great mass of mankind, the influence of the moon on the weather is a fact established by every-day experience, the truth of which it would be absurd to call in question. Whether the notions so universally diffused on this subject are to be referred to the class of vulgar prejudices, or have any foundation in fact, is a question which M. Arago has discussed at considerable length in the excellent little annual whose title we have now copied. In the present state of science such a discussion may to some appear superfluous; but the labour of the philosopher is not thrown away when it tends to eradicate even a single prejudice. For this reason, and because the subject is in itself really very curious, we are induced to present our readers with a brief abstract of M. Arago's very interesting paper.

The first question which M. Arago undertakes to examine is, *whether the moon exercises any influence on the rain.* The data on which he founds his remarks are derived from a series of observations published by M. Schübler, a professor at Tübingen. They comprehend a period of twenty-eight years, and were made at the following places, namely, at Munich, from 1781 to 1788; at Stuttgart, from 1809 to 1812; and at Augsburg, from 1813 to 1828. From the comparison of these observations it appears that the maximum number of rainy days takes place between the first quarter and the full moon, and the minimum between the last quarter and the new moon. The number of rainy days in the last of these intervals is to that in the first as 606 to 845, or in round numbers, as 5 to 6. And this proportion is not only true of the twenty years taken together, but also of the separate groups of four years, which give analogous numbers. We are therefore to conclude, if we put faith in the observations, that it rains more frequently during the increase than during the wane of the moon.

The above results are confirmed by a series of observations made at Vienna, and discussed by Pilgram in the year 1788. On 100 repetitions of the same phase, Pilgram found the falls of rain to be as follows: new moon 26, mean of the two quarters 25, full moon 29; consequently, at Vienna, as well as at Augsburg and Stuttgart, it rains more frequently on the day of the full than on that of the new moon.

Another element remains to be taken into consideration, namely, the moon's distance from the earth, which, admitting the lunar action on the atmosphere, it is natural to suppose will have a marked influence on

the phenomena. In fact, Schübler found that during the 371 anomalous revolutions of the moon which take place in twenty-eight years, the number of rainy days included within the seven days nearest the perigee were 1169, and within the seven days nearest the apogee 1096. From the observations at Vienna, Pilgram found that during 100 lunations, the number of rainy days at the perigee were 36; and at the apogee, 20 only. Thus, other circumstances being alike, the nearer the moon is to the earth, the greater are the chances of rain.

"Confining ourselves," says Arago, "to the principal results, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the moon exercises an influence on our atmosphere; that in virtue of this influence rain falls more frequently towards the second octant than at any other epoch of the lunar month; and lastly, that the chances of rain are fewest between the last quarter and the fourth octant."

The influence of the moon on the terrestrial atmosphere seems also to be rendered evident by observations of a different kind, namely, the mean heights of the barometer at the different lunar phases. On calculating a series of observations made at Padua by the Marquis Poleni, and extending over a period of 45 years, Toaldo found that the mean height of the barometer at the quarters is *greater* than its mean height at the syzygies, and that the difference amounts to 0.46 millimetres.

From the observations of M. Flaugergues, made at Viviers in the department of Ardèche, and comprising a period of 20 years, there results: mean height at the quarters 755.81 millimetres; mean height at the syzygies 755.39; difference 0.42.

From a series of observations made in the Royal Observatory at Paris, and discussed by Bouvard, the following results were found: mean height at the quarters 756.59 millimetres; mean height at the syzygies, 755.90; difference, 0.69.

Thus we have three distinct series of observations, made at places considerably distant from each other, and all pointing to the same conclusions. The chances are small that such an agreement is merely accidental; and it seems a fair inference that "the moon, in our climates, *does* exercise an action on the atmosphere, very small indeed, but clearly indicated by the comparison of a large number of barometric observations." Few, we should think, will be disposed to attach much value to the minute differences above noted.

Admitting, however, the lunar action on the atmosphere to be established, the next question is to determine its nature. Now the moon can be supposed to act on the atmosphere only in one of three ways: either by its attraction; by the light which it reflects; or by obscure emanations of an electric, magnetic, or unknown nature. As the lunar action, of whatever nature it is, causes an inequality of pressure, indicated by the barometrical observations, it would appear, *a priori*, most probable that it is exercised in the way of attraction. On this subject M. Arago enters into a pretty long argument, through which our limits will not permit us to follow him. The result however is, that if the effects of the lunar attraction on the atmosphere are at all sensible, they must follow a law entirely different from that which is indicated by the above observations. In fact, it is easy to see, that if the varia-

tion of atmospheric pressure arises from the *attraction* of the moon, it ought to be precisely the same at the new and full moon, and also at the first and last quarters. But according to the observations of Flaugergues, the difference of pressure attains nearly its maximum at the quarters, when, according to the theory, it ought entirely to disappear. We may remark, that this subject was examined many years ago by M. Bouvard, who satisfactorily demonstrated that the atmospheric *tide*, so far as it depends on the same cause which produces the tides of the ocean, and is governed by the same laws, is altogether inappreciable. The conclusion therefore is, that "the inequalities of pressure indicated by observation must be referred to some cause different from attraction; to some cause certainly depending on the moon, but of which the nature and mode of action still remain to be discovered."

M. Arago next proceeds to the examination of the popular opinion regarding the influence of the phases of the moon on the changes of the weather. From the observations computed by Toaldo, the ratio of the number of *changes* of weather to the number of *no changes* at the different phases of the moon, was found to be as follows: New moon, 6 to 1; Full moon, 5 to 1; First quarter, 2 to 1; Second quarter, 2 to 1; Perigee, 5 to 1; Apogee, 4 to 1; that is to say, of seven new moons, six were accompanied with a change of weather, and at one of them there was no change; of six full moons, five were attended with a change; and at the quarters, the changes were twice as frequent as the continuance of the previous weather.

These results would be decisive of the question, if their accuracy were beyond suspicion; but, independently of the arbitrary sense that may be attached to the term *change of weather*, it appears that Toaldo "does not content himself with attributing to the phases of the moon the changes which take place on *'the very day of the phase'*; he classes also, in the same category, the changes of the day that precedes and follows. In certain instances, he even extends the lunar action to the second day before and after the phase. In adopting such bases, is it to be wondered at, that the moon has appeared to be endowed with so powerful an influence?"

The result of Pilgram's observations at Vienna is entirely different. During a hundred lunations, the number of changes of weather on the days of the respective phases, were as follows:

New moon . . .	58	Perigee . . .	72	New moon in apogee	64
Full moon . . .	63	Apogee . . .	64	Full moon in perigee	81
Quarters . . .	63	New moon in perigee	80	Full moon in apogee	68

It results from the simple inspection of this table that, with regard to the changes of weather, the *new moon* is the least active of all the phases. The contrary is proclaimed by popular opinion. The observations, nevertheless, from which the table is deduced, extend over 52 years; and as Pilgram was himself a believer in the lunar influence, it may be inferred, that if he committed errors, they would not have a tendency to militate against his own preconceived notions.

Among the ancients the opinion was universally entertained that the

different aspects of the moon furnish sure *prognostics* of the future state of the weather.

"If," says Aratus, "on the third day of the moon the horns of the crescent are sharp and well defined, the sky will continue serene during the whole of the month."

This is a notion which we believe to be very prevalent at the present day among the peasantry of our own country. The following is the commentary of Arago :

"In reality, when the moon in the evening begins to disengage herself from the sun's rays, she has always the form of a crescent, terminated by two very sharp horns ; but if the atmosphere happens to be troubled, the horns appear enlarged. This enlargement, however, is a mere optical illusion, and is occasioned by strongly illuminated clouds, in apparent contact with the moon, and seeming to form a constituent part of her body. The fine extremities of the crescent are then lost as it were in the parasitical light which surrounds the moon, and become invisible to the naked eye. All this is rendered evident by employing a telescope, which destroys the illusion."

Many other aphorisms of the same nature might be quoted from Aratus, Theon, Theophrastus, Pliny, and other ancient writers on rural affairs. But they may be dismissed with the general remark that they had their origin in that ignorance which confounds *signs* with *causes*, and are now disregarded, excepting by the most illiterate and credulous. They are besides at total variance with the theory of the influence of the phases.

The agency of the moon has not been confined, in popular opinion, to the changes of weather ; she has been allowed in all ages and countries to exercise a direct and important influence on organic life. Many of the opinions vulgarly entertained on this head are curious, and are founded on well established facts ; the error lying, not in the observations, but in the theory which makes the moon the *cause* of phenomena of which she is only the silent and unconcerned spectator. We may mention one or two of the most remarkable.

"It is generally believed, especially in the neighbourhood of Paris, that the moon, in certain months, has a great influence on the phenomena of vegetation. The gardeners give the name of *red moon* (*lune rousse*) to the moon which, beginning in April, becomes full either about the end of that month, or more usually in the course of May. In the months of April and May the moon, according to them, exercises a pernicious influence on the young shoots of plants. They maintain that they have observed during the night, when the sky is clear, the leaves and buds exposed to this light to become red, that is to say, to be frozen, although the thermometer, in the free atmosphere, stood several degrees above the freezing point. They also assert, that if the rays of the moon are intercepted by clouds, and thereby prevented from reaching the plants, the same effects do not take place, under circumstances perfectly similar in other respects with regard to temperature. These phenomena seem to indicate that the light of our satellite is endowed with a certain frigorific influence ; yet, on directing the most powerful burning-glasses or the largest reflectors towards the moon, and placing the most delicate thermometers in their foci, no effect has ever been observed which could justify so singular a conclusion. Hence with philosophers the effects of the April moon are now referred to the class of vulgar prejudices, while the gardeners remain convinced

of the accuracy of their observations. A beautiful discovery, made some years ago by Dr. Wells, will enable us, I think, to reconcile two opinions in appearance so contradictory.

"No one had supposed, before Dr. Wells, that terrestrial substances, excepting in the case of a very rapid evaporation, may acquire, during the night, a different temperature from that of the surrounding air. This important fact is now well ascertained. On placing little masses of cotton, down, &c. in the open air, it is frequently observed that they acquire a temperature of six, seven, or even eight centigrade degrees below that of the surrounding atmosphere. The same is the case with vegetables. We cannot therefore judge of the degree of cold with which a plant is affected during the night by the indications of a thermometer suspended in the free atmosphere: *the plant may be strongly frozen, although the air remains constantly several degrees above the freezing point.* These differences of temperature between solid bodies and the atmosphere only rise to six, seven, or eight degrees of the centesimal thermometer, when the sky is perfectly clear. If the sky is clouded, they become insensible.

"Is it now necessary to point out the connexion between these phenomena and the opinions of the country people regarding the April moon?"

"In the nights of April and May the temperature of the atmosphere is frequently only four, five, or six centigrade degrees above zero. When this happens, plants exposed to the light of the moon—that is to say, to a clear sky—may be frozen, notwithstanding the indications of the thermometer. If the moon, on the contrary, does not shine—in short, if the sky is cloudy, the temperature of the plants does not fall below that of the atmosphere; and they will consequently not be frozen, unless the thermometer indicates zero. It is therefore quite true, as the gardeners pretend, that under thermometrical circumstances precisely alike, a plant may be frozen or not, according as the moon may be visible or concealed behind clouds. If they are deceived, it is only in their conclusion, in attributing the effect to the light of the moon. The moon's light is, in this case, only the index of a clear atmosphere; it is only in consequence of the clearness of the sky that the nocturnal congelation of plants takes place; the moon contributes to the effect in no way whatever; although she were hid under the horizon, the effect would not be different."

The explanation here given is perfectly satisfactory, and may be extended to some other notions that have prevailed respecting the lunar influence. For example, it is said by Pliny and Plutarch, and is at the present day generally believed in the West Indies, that "the moon sheds a copious humidity on bodies exposed to her rays, and that her light hastens the putrefaction of animal substances." This opinion is, to a certain extent, countenanced by facts:

"A body exposed to the light of the moon—that is to say, to a clear sky, becomes, in consequence of its radiation, colder than the surrounding air. Under these circumstances the air deposits a portion of its humidity on the cold surface of the body, which is neither more or less than the phenomenon of dew, as analyzed by Dr. Wells. Now, animal substances become much sooner putrid when moist than when dry. The observation of Pliny and Plutarch is therefore correct in all its details. It was only necessary to reform the theory, and acquit the moon of the mischief ascribed to her."

Again, it is a commonly received opinion that the light of the moon darkens the complexion. If such an effect is produced by exposure to the moon's rays, its explanation must be sought for elsewhere than in the action of the lunar light, as is demonstrated by the following fact.

"Of all known substances, the chloride of silver is that of which the colour

suffers the greatest and most rapid change on exposure to light. But a plate of this chemical compound, exposed for a long time to the light of the moon condensed in the focus of a powerful burning glass, is observed to lose nothing of its primitive whiteness."

Nevertheless, the popular opinion is perhaps not altogether destitute of foundation. The skin exposed to the light of the moon—that is, to a clear sky—probably acquires, like dead substances placed in the same circumstances, a temperature several degrees below that of the surrounding air. It is true that the animal heat is incessantly repairing the defect occasioned by radiation; yet, "who would affirm that the physical conditions under which an intense local cold places the epidermis may not alter its texture and modify its shade?"

We shall conclude our extracts, with the following striking passage, from which it might almost be inferred that M. Arago himself is inclined to allow the moon to retain a portion at least of that influence she has been so long supposed to possess in the affairs of the terrestrial world.

"Hippocrates had so lively a faith in the influence of the stars on animated beings, and on their maladies, that he very expressly recommends not to trust physicians who are ignorant of astronomy. The moon, however, according to him, only acted a secondary part; the preponderating stars were the Pleiades, Arcturus and Procyon.

"Galen shewed himself, in this respect, a zealous disciple of Hippocrates; but it was the moon to which he assigned the chief influence. Thus the famous *critical days* in diseases—that is to say, the 7th, the 14th, and the 21st, were connected with the duration of the principal phases of our satellite, and the lunar influx became the principal pivot of the system of *crises*."

"With regard to the theory of lunar influence on disease, it still counts a goodly number of partisans. In truth, I know not if the circumstance ought to astonish us. Is it not something to have on one's side the authority of the two greatest physicians of antiquity; and among the moderns, that of Mead, Hoffman, and Sauvage? Authorities, I admit, are of little weight in matters of science, in the face of positive facts; but it is necessary that these facts exist, that they have been subjected to severe examination, that they have been skilfully grouped, with a view to extract from them the truths they conceal. Now, has this procedure been adopted with regard to the lunar influences? Where do we find them refuted by such arguments as science would acknowledge? He who ventures to treat, *a priori*, a fact as absurd, wants prudence. He has not reflected on the numerous errors he would have committed with regard to modern discoveries. I ask, for example, if there can be any thing in the world more bizarre, more incredible, more inadmissible, than the discovery of Jenner? Well! the bizarre, the incredible, the inadmissible, is found to be true; and the preservative against the small-pox is, by unanimous consent, to be sought for in the little pustule that appears in the udder of the cow. I address these short reflections to those who may think that in this article I have taken an unnecessary trouble."

Arago on Lunar In

ART. XII.—*Quadro della Storia Letteraria di Armenia*, estesa da Mons. Placido Lukias Somal, Arcivescovo di Liunia, ed Abate-Générale della Congregazione dei Monaci Armeni Mechitaristi di San Lazzaro.— (A Sketch of the History of Armenian Literature, by Placido Lukias Somal, Archbishop of Liunia, and Abbot-General of the Congregation of Armenian Mechitarist Monks of St. Lazarus.) Venice. 1829.

WE have no intention of betraying the incautious reader into the investigation of a study which he may judge so unprofitable as the language and literature of Armenia; nor in fact did we cherish the wish insidiously to perpetrate such a literary *guet-a-pens*, would the volume now before us offer a decent pretext for accomplishing the meditated purpose, although unexceptionably adapted to that which we actually have in view. This *Quadro* supplies not a fragment of Armenian composition, in prose or rhyme, to translate. It is simply an historical sketch, written in Italian, of Armenian literature, recording the epochs of its glory, its decay, and its revival, and enumerating its principal authors, together with their works. Could we ask a happier occasion of doing three things we avow our desire to do?—namely, satisfying the interest which we conceive Lord Byron's fancy for these Armenian Monks must have awakened in the minds of his admirers, touching that apparent anomaly, an Armenian monastery in Italy; directing the attention of the studious to a line of research hitherto, we apprehend, little more than a dead letter, save to an exceedingly limited number; and informing the great mass of general readers, who probably have no other idea of Armenians than as vagabond peddlars in outlandish garb, of some few curious facts respecting the language and literature of a little known and much despised race.

We shall speak, first, of the Mechitarist Monastery of San Lazzaro, over which the learned prelate, the author of the book before us, now presides, and its origin.

Most of our readers are, we presume, aware that the larger portion of Armenia forms part of Turkey in Asia, as also, probably, that the industrious natives, who, in pursuit of gain, traverse every province of the Turkish dominions, abound at Constantinople, where they are indulged with several religious establishments. But not so many may be equally aware that the Armenian Church is divided by a great schism; somewhere about one half, both of clergy and laity, having attached themselves to the Roman Catholic creed, who are condemned as heretics by the adherents to the old Oriental Church, and in their turn reprobate as heterodox those of their brethren who persevere in the faith of their forefathers. At Constantinople, these last predominate; or did so at least in the year 1700, when Mechitar Pedrosian, a Catholic Armenian, founded a new monastery in the Moslem capital, of which he was himself appointed abbot. Being persecuted by the adverse sect, he fled with his monks to the Morea, then subject to Venice, and established his monastery, to which he attached an academy, at Modon. Here both flourished, but not permanently. The Morea reverted to the Ottoman sceptre, and in 1717 the worthy abbot transferred his monastery and academy to Venice, where upon the island of San Lazzaro, one of the more detached of the

60, 70, or 130 (geographers are not agreed as to the number) islets which constitute the substratum of the inhabited portion of Venice, it has ever since remained and prospered. In honour of its founder it is called Mechitarist.

Abbot Mechitar, during the remainder of his life, diligently and successfully exerted himself, taking advantage of a situation that enabled him to combine the knowledge of Europe with that of his native land, to render his monastic college the principal seat of Armenian erudition and education. Thither all such of his countrymen as desire a superior degree of cultivation for their offspring habitually send their sons for instruction. The best Armenian printing press extant is the Mechitarist, from which press issues a newspaper, permitted by the Turks, under certain restrictions, to circulate among their Armenian subjects; and neither the monks nor their superiors neglect any of the opportunities for improvement that they possess. Their chief literary occupations are indeed more useful to their less enlightened countrymen than interesting to strangers, namely, translating into Armenian the classic works of France, Italy, England, and Germany. But that in this endeavour to enrich Armenia with the treasures of Europe, they do not undervalue their native lore, we have practical demonstration in the interesting work of which we are now about to offer a very brief abstract.

But before we speak of Armenian authors and their works, we must mention one fact concerning the language, which is important, namely, that the language of literature is not that of ordinary life and business. The former is called Haican, from Haico, the reported progenitor of the nation; the latter Armenian. This appears, however, to be a modern distinction, the relative condition of the two languages being now what that of all the languages derived from the Latin was during the middle ages, when French, Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese, were but so many corrupt jargons, each in its own country called emphatically the vulgar tongue, in which scholars no more thought of writing than we should of inditing this article in broad Yorkshire, had the chance of birth made that dialect our especial vernacular. Thus the Armenian language and literature of the nineteenth century offer us an interesting living illustration of one of the characteristics of the middle ages.

We now turn to the *Quadro*. In it our learned prelate has recorded the names and merits of upwards of 220 authors, besides those whom he qualifies as unknown, meaning thereby that their names only are known, from being mentioned or quoted by compatriot writers. Amongst these 220 we find historians, theologians, poets (chiefly sacred), philologists, geographers* and mathematicians; but the first two classes constitute a large majority. Of course we shall not follow our author through the list, but content ourselves with extracting from his details a short account of the origin, fall, and revival of Armenian literature, and mentioning one or two of the names which are still esteemed the glory of their country and language.

* Among these we may notice the "Travels of Macarius," published by the Oriental Translation Fund Committee, which throw much light on what may be called the "transition geography" of history.

The most learned Armenian antiquaries do not, we believe, pretend to trace their literature further back than about 150 years before the Christian era, when two Parthian brother princes, Arsaces and Valarsaces, reigned over Persia and Armenia. The latter monarch, being a lover of letters, was inquisitive touching the circumstances of his kingdom in time past, and employed Marabas Catina, whom our reverend author calls "a very learned man, and indeed one of the most sublime geniuses of those times," (something of a compliment when we recollect what those times were,) to write a history of Armenia. Marabas obeyed, collecting his materials from old Persian documents preserved at Nineveh, and laid open to his examination by Arsaces, king of Persia, as well as from other sources. He completed his task down to the very period at which he wrote, and the work is said to have earned him the title of the Armenian Herodotus. He was followed by some half-dozen historians and Heathen theologians, if we may so designate believing writers upon mythology, and, our Mechitarist abbot doubts not, by a multitude of others altogether forgotten. But even of the commemorated few, and of the Armenian Herodotus himself, the names and the nature of their works is all we know or can hope to know. Their productions have long been lost, but have not thus become quite valueless, inasmuch as they were the sources whence later Armenian writers, who have survived, compiled their works.

The authors who lived in the fourth century of the Christian era are the first whose writings have been preserved. Christianity then prevailed in Armenia, her writers were princes and prelates; and this is esteemed what the abbot of San Lazzaro calls the first, and we should rather term the beginning of the golden age of literature,—a period, be it remembered, when classical literature was fast decaying.

But the fifth century was the real golden age of Haican literature, which thus, for a while at least, seems to have thriven in proportion as classical splendour faded away. This century was fruitful in authors, and was further distinguished by two events important to the progress of learning. The Armenians had till then had no alphabet of their own, indifferently using Greek, Syriac, and Persian characters. Early in the fifth century Mesrop Masdoty invented an appropriate Haican alphabet of thirty-eight letters, still called, in honour of the inventor, Mesropian, and employed as capitals, since others, of more convenient form, have supplanted them in common use. About the same time schools were, by the favour of the Armenian sovereign, instituted throughout Armenia, and the scholars there trained exerted themselves in producing Haican versions of the Bible, and of the master-pieces of Greece and Rome.* To these circumstances we may probably ascribe the great development of native talent that ensued.

One of the most distinguished authors who now appeared was Archbishop Moses Chorenensis, or Chorenabyi, according to the Armenian formation of a surname for the birthplace. Besides innumerable invaluable translations, he wrote a history of Armenia, (relying for the early

* Our learned prelate some years since published a *Quadro* of translations into Armenian.

part upon our friend Marabas, and many others, of whom the names only have descended to modern times,) A treatise upon rhetoric, and a treatise upon geography, all of which, together with some homilies, have been preserved, as well as some hymns still habitually sung in the Armenian church service. A number of smaller works, which his reverend panegyrist denominates *operette*, have entirely or partially perished; and of Moses Chorenabyi's Commentaries upon Haican Grammar only a few fragments remain, inserted as quotations in the productions of later and more fortunate writers. Moses' History of Armenia was printed in England, in the first half of the last century, by the sons of the celebrated W. Whiston, and most judiciously with a Latin version, as at that time no Englishman, and only two continental scholars,* understood Haican.

As we desire only to attract some portion of attention to Armenian literature and its Mechitarist cultivators, what we have said of the multifarious labours of Archbishop Moses Chorenabyi may suffice as a sample of the kind of authors who adorned or constituted this golden age. With the fifth century the era closed, and the remainder of our history may be briefly despatched. In the sixth century Haican literature first remained stationary, and then began to decline. With every succeeding century, to the sixteenth inclusive, the decline became more decided, more rapid, and the very genius of the language was corrupted by attempts to assimilate its grammar to the Latin. Nevertheless we do not mean to say there were no authors during this contemned period: on the contrary, they abounded, but, in a literary sense, they were worthless, and some are even accused of writing in Armenian, not Haican. A few histories, however, national, Tartar, Arab, &c., some of them in verse, and deserving esteem for the information they contain, are carefully preserved even of the worst times.

In the seventeenth century Armenian schools and colleges arose in the east and in the west; Armenian printing presses were set up in various towns, and Armenian literature began to revive. Again: historians, theologians, and poets wrote in choice Haican, and amongst the rest the only *improvisatore* mentioned by our author flourished, Nerses Moghensis, or Moghabyi. In the eighteenth century the revival was complete, very much owing to the zealous and judicious exertions of the already commemorated Mechitar Pedrosian. His academy still yields excellent scholars in their own and other languages, and Armenian literature promises fair to participate in the vigorous stimulus which throughout Europe literature seems in these latter times to have received. The only reason we see for apprehending that it may not fully keep this promise, is the disadvantage of writing in a dead language, not in that of impulse and passion, that in which we think, feel, converse, and transact all the business of life.

* These two singularly erudite philologists were La Croze, librarian to the king of Prussia, and Schroeder, Professor of Oriental Languages at Marburg.

~~1832~~ *Les Consultations du Docteur Noir. Stello, ou les Diables Bleus (Blue Devils).** Par le Comte Alfred de Vigny. *Première Consultation.* Paris, 1832. 8vo.

OF Count Alfred de Vigny we have already had more than once occasion to speak, and that with more or less of praise according as he devoted himself to the narrative or the dramatic style.† In the former we really think him one of the very few imitators of Sir Walter Scott, who have actually caught a spark of the genial fire that has so long delighted the whole reading world, and turned away the stigma formerly attaching to the perusal of works of prose fiction. De Vigny's *Cinq Mars* possessed a degree of graphic truth and vigour in the historical portraits, which, although far from rivalling, yet reminded us of those wondrous resuscitated and embodied realities, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, and *Quentin Durward*. With *Cinq Mars* full in our recollection, we eagerly opened the *polyonymous* volume before us. But this is no historic novel. It is a production altogether *sui generis*, and we must endeavour by a brief sketch of it to enable the reader to devise an appropriate designation for this clever but whimsical literary *nondescript*.

Stello, a youthful poet, the representative, we shrewdly suspect, of the talented author, is troubled with the blue devils, whom he describes as so many flesh and blood demons, of the magnitude of gnats, hammering, sawing, and drilling away at various phrenological protuberances of his skull. And one result of their labours seems to be, a passion for representative monarchy, and a consequent inclination to abandon the worship of the muses, and plunge into the labyrinths of politics. The invalid's real malady being, as the perspicacious reader will perhaps have conjectured, the contempt generally expressed for poets, and his real object to establish a state of the world in which poets and poesy shall enjoy meet and suitable honours.

The physician called in to cure the ostensible disease, who is called indifferently Dr. Black and the black doctor, (*le Docteur Noir*, and *le noir docteur*,) and whom the patient says he consults as equally a healer of the mind as of the body, administers, by way of remedy, these stories, intermixed with an infinity of philosophical discussion, and all intended to establish as a fact, that under every form of government, poets are, and ever have been, treated with contempt and aversion by those in power. The first story recounts the fate of the poet Gilbert, under the despotic Louis XV.; the second that of Chatterton, under the Constitutional British Monarchy; the third that of André Chenier, under the democratic reign of Terror; and in all, the narrator represents himself as an actor, or at least a spectator. Of these stories we infinitely prefer the last, and that for many reasons. In the first two, besides that the catastrophe of each deviates entirely from historical fact, the author endeavours to depict manners as he has gathered them from books; and were we to estimate the delineation of French court-

* The translation is Count A. de Vigny's; we copy the title page with our best accuracy:

† See vol. iii. p. 314, and vol. ix. p. 78, of F. Q. R.

manners under Louis XV. by that of ordinary English manners under George III., we should pronounce both fancy pieces. We believe however that the first is the least unlike of the two, as, indeed, might have been anticipated. The men and manners of the third tale he may paint from memory; or, as Count Alfred is too young to have himself seen the times of terror, they must yet live so vividly in the recollection of many of his intimates, as far better to supply the place of personal knowledge. This tale in fact exhibits so much of that graphic truth we have already eulogized, as well as of dramatic effect, that we only hesitate which scene to extract.

The subject-matter of the story is the anxiety of the family and friends of André Chenier to save that illegally-incarcerated and poetically-given individual from the guillotine. It opens on the 5th of Thermidor, when the plot for the overthrow of Robespierre was fast ripening. Early on this day, Chenier the father visits our doctor, to whom he is a stranger, in the disguise of a livery servant, to solicit his aid in liberating his son; and in the demeanour of the old gentleman we have a happy exemplification of the timidity of a persecuted class, and of the obstinacy of age. M. Chenier mulishly persists in his own plan of moving heaven and earth, and especially Robespierre, with petitions in behalf of his son, and representations of the informality of his arrest, rejecting as a cowardly excuse the doctor's advice to be quiet, and pray that his son may be altogether forgotten during the brief period that Robespierre's tyranny can still endure. Then come two prison scenes, the first a tête à tête with Mad. la Duchesse de St. Aignan, in which some of the secret feelings of a virtuous female heart, her anxious care for her unborn babe, and her unconscious love for her fellow prisoner, the young and imperilled poet, are naturally portrayed. The other presents us with the assembling of the high-born prisoners for their common breakfast, the levity, tempered by perfect good breeding, of the greater number, and the interruption of the meal by the entrance of a drunken and ignorant messenger, accompanied by a rabble-rout, with his list, by which he summons the *fournée*, or batch of the day, as it was called, for the guillotine. Chenier and the duchess are saved by the address with which the gaoler's daughter steals a leaf of the drunkard's list. We are next transported to the cabinet of Robespierre, to whom the doctor is professionally called; and from this part we shall take our extracts, beginning with the narrator's view of the character of this extraordinary man and his principal colleagues.

"These men, gorged with power and glutted with blood in their inconceivable political orgies, were ordinary and narrow in their conceptions, ordinary and false in their works, ordinary and mean in their actions. They had some moments of brilliancy only by a sort of feverish energy; a nervous delirium springing from fears like the rope-dancer's on his cord, and above all, from the feeling that seemed in them to have taken the place of the soul, I mean the continuous emotion of assassination.

"This emotion, Sir, has something of anger, fear, and spleen combined. The assassin thinks to free himself from an avenger of his first murder by a second, from an avenger of the second by a third, and so on through life, if

he have the power. He then operates upon a nation as he would upon a gangrened body. He cuts, and carves, and slices.—He pursues the black spot, and that black spot is his own shadow; it is the contempt and hatred entertained for him; he finds it every where. Impelled by his melancholic chagrin and frenzy, he exhausts himself in efforts to fill a bottomless vessel, and that is moreover his Hell."

Upon entering Robespierre's apartment on occasion of the present visit, the physician thus describes the dictator's appearance.

"He was then in his 36th year; his face was crushed between the forehead and the chin, as though two hands had tried forcibly to unite them over the nose. The skin was of a papery paleness, dead, and as if plastered, moreover deeply indented with the hail of the small-pox. Neither blood nor bile circulated. His little eyes, dull and heavy, never looked one in the face, and a perpetual disagreeable winking lessened them yet more, whenever they chanced not to be quite hidden by his green spectacles. His pinched and wrinkled mouth was convulsively contracted by a sort of laughing grimace, whence Mirabeau likened him to a cat that had just drank vinegar. His hair was spruce, pompous and full of pretension. His fingers, shoulders, and neck were incessantly, and involuntarily twitched, twisted and shaken, by little spasms of nervous irritation. He was dressed from early morning, and never did I catch him in *dishabille*."

Robespierre receives the black doctor most politely, and professes a feverish anger against the English newspapers for speaking of the French armies as "Robespierre's troops," and treating him as actual dictator of France. The doctor clearly perceives this indignation to be assumed, and incautiously betrays his penetration; whereupon Robespierre, continuing to chat amicably with him, adds the doctor's name to a list for the guillotine lying beside him. He then gives his visitor a paper of his co-dictator, St. Just, to read, and upon some pretext leaves him.

The paper consists of a set of childish sentimental laws for a modern Utopia, where, as in the good old Lord Gonzalo's island, there is to be unexampled virtue and morality, freed from the inconvenient restraints of marriage. The doctor's study of plans so happily suited to those wholesale executioners and their philanthropic projector, is interrupted by the entrance of Joseph Chenier, who desires to be announced to Robespierre as a member of the Convention, and the author of "*Caius Gracchus*" and "*Timoleon*." The dramatist questions the physician in a way that awakens in the latter a fear of eaves-droppers, if not of key-hole observers; and we extract the dialogue that ensues, which would we think have a good effect on the stage.

"I rose and walked about, that the conversation might seem less continuous. He understood me, and walked in the contrary direction. We moved at a steady pace, like two sentinels who cross each other. Each assumed an air of internal meditation: one spoke a word as he passed, the other answered as he repassed.

"As I went from the door to the fire-place, I said, as low as possible, but with an appearance of perfect indifference, 'It is possible we may be purposely brought together:' and then, very loud, 'a pretty apartment this.'

"He returned from the fire-place to the door, and meeting me in the middle, said, 'I believe it;' then raising his head, 'it looks upon the court.'

"I passed:— 'I saw your father this morning,' said I; and shouted, 'What fine weather!'"

"He repassed;— 'I knew it; my father and I no longer see each other. I hope André will not be long there;—a magnificent sky.'

"I crossed him again, saying, 'Tallien, Courtois, Barras, Clausel, are good citizens,' and then, enthusiastically, 'how fine a tragic subject is Timoléon!'"

"He crossed me returning;—"And Collot d'Herbois, Loiseau, Bourdon, Barrère, Boissy-d'Anglas;—yet I prefer my Fenelon."

"I quickened my walk. 'This may still last some days;—the versification is said to be beautiful.'

"He rapidly strode forward, and elbowed me. 'The triumvirate will not outlast four days.—I read it at the Citizeness Vestris' house.'

"This time I pressed his hand as we passed. 'Beware of naming your brother; he is not thought of;—the catastrophe is much admired.'

"At our next meeting he warmly caught my hand. 'He's on no list. I shall not mention him; the 9th I release him with my own hand;—I am only afraid it may be too clearly foreseen.'

"This was the last passage. The door opened, and we were at opposite ends of the room."

Robespierre and St. Just now enter, and a conversation ensues, in which Robespierre avows having brought the doctor and Joseph Chenier together, in order to introduce the deputy to a man who takes such an interest in his family. The doctor tries to turn the matter off by saying,

"Faith, I love literature for my part, and his Fenelon"—

when Robespierre interrupts him, to display the Contempt entertained by himself and St. Just for persons who waste their time on poetry! The perplexity of the situation is next heightened by the entrance of Chenier, the father, whom Robespierre thus announces:

"Here is another acquaintance of your's. I have prepared you a pleasant, sociable meeting."

The scene now again becomes strikingly dramatic. The son and the friend repeatedly and vainly endeavour to check the old man's determined purpose. He treats them as inimical, or dastardly and selfish; and duped by the affected good nature of Robespierre, who relishes the scene, like a cat sporting with a mouse, pleads André's cause in triumphant confidence of success. The dictator then sits down, saying,

"So that was their grand affair! What think'st thou, St. Just? Did they fancy the ignorant of the little brother's imprisonment? The good folks must really suppose me an idiot. Only, it is true enough I should not have troubled myself about him for some days."

And so André Chenier, by his father's imprudence, is at once consigned to the revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine, being executed two days prior to the overthrow of Robespierre. The execution scene is well given, as witnessed by the doctor from his own window.

And now, what think you, gentle reader, has been the worthy physician's object in telling these three stories, beyond the expulsion of the blues devils, who died at the first dose? Perhaps to induce his gifted patient to abandon a career so profitless, so despised, as poetry? The very reverse. To prove that one form of government is no better than

another, that politics are therefore the most unprofitable of studies, and thence to convince the disheartened poet that he ought to devote himself wholly and solely to his art. Lest our readers should be unduly biassed by the narrative half of the argument, we shall end by extracting a passage or two of this conclusion, which is written *con amore*. Stello asks the cause of this universal contempt.

" 'The sentiment is envy,' said the inflexible doctor; 'the idea (indestructible pretence!) is the uselessness of the arts to the social state. The pantomime of all towards the poet is a protecting and supercilious smile; but all feel in the depth of their hearts something like the presence of a superior divinity.'"

He afterwards supposes Homer thus to argue against Plato.

"Imagination with his elect, is as superior to mere Judgment with his orators, as are the gods of Olympus to the demigods. The most precious gift of heaven is the rarest. Now, see you not that a century hardly produces one of these poets, for a crowd of clever, sensible logicians and sophists. Imagination contains within itself Judgment and Memory, without which it were not. What resistlessly commands men if not emotion? What generates emotion if not art? Who teaches art if not God himself? For the poet has no master, and all sciences are taught, save his alone. You ask me what institutions, what laws, what doctrines I have given to cities? To nations none; to the world a deathless one. Your doctrines, your laws, your institutions, have been good for one age, one people, and with them have died; whilst the works of the divine art live for ever in proportion* as they are elevated, and all bear wretched mortals to the imperishable law of LOVE and PITY."

Thus far the supposititious Homer. Now for the doctor himself on the destiny and duties of the poet, whom he exhorts not to wish for popularity, at least whilst alive.

"His mission is to produce works, but only when he hears the secret voice (of inspiration.) He must await it. Let no foreign influence dictate his words; such were perishable. Let him not fear the inutility of his work; if beautiful, by that alone it will be useful, since it will have united men in one common sentiment of adoration and contemplation of itself, and the thought which it embodies."

"Immortal works are formed to delude death, by making our ideas outlive our bodies. Write such if you can, and rest assured that should there be found in them one thought, a single word, useful to the civilizing progress, which you may have dropped, like a feather from your wing, men enough will be always ready to gather it up, and work it to satiety. The application of ideas to things is waste of time in the creators of ideas."

With this passage, of which we recommend the study to the Utilitarians, we take leave, we trust not for long, of Count Alfred de Vigny.

* An ill-natured critic might ask how any thing can live for ever proportionably? But we are not ill-natured, else we might have observed in the beginning of the scene between the Doctor and Chenier, that the latter walks in the wrong direction.

ART. XIV.—*Μαρκου Αυτουινου των εις Εαυτον.* (Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, in Twelve Books, (Greek,) translated into Persian by M. Von Hammer, and intitled in that Language, "Rays from the Light-house of Marcus Antoninus.") 8vo. Vienna, 1831.

THE efforts that have been made, and are still making, for the moral regeneration of Asia, and repaying the old debt of knowledge and civilization incurred ages ago by Europe, are among the most gratifying characteristics of the present age. It is to be lamented that these exertions are seldom so wisely directed as they are generously conceived, and that "zeal without knowledge" has too frequently baffled its own objects. Controversial tracts, written by persons wholly ignorant of the oriental character, and not always very deeply versed in Eastern languages, do infinitely more harm than good; and even if both these defects were removed, some previous mental discipline is necessary to prepare the minds of persons debased by ignorance and prejudice, for a calm and serious investigation of the truth. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we announce the publication of a Persian translation of the *Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus*, by that distinguished orientalist M. Von Hammer. It would be scarcely possible to discover any production of a western writer, more peculiarly suited to oriental taste than the profound and philanthropic maxims of the imperial author; they unite the intrinsic worth of truth with luxuriance of thought and conciseness of expression, qualities which must recommend them to the grave and almost stern character of eastern readers. There is ample food for meditation in each pithy sentence; the volume is just that which would be most desired by those who love to indulge "the indolent activity of thought."

Since the glorious days of the Khalifât, when the scientific works of the Greeks and Romans were translated into Arabic and Syriac, and thus in many instances rescued from total or partial destruction, we remember but one example of a Greek classic being rendered into an oriental language. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, John Elichman, of Silesia translated into Persian "The Table* of Cebes" and "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras;" as excellent a selection as could well have been made. He died, however, before his work passed through the press, and the publication was superintended by his friend, the celebrated Salmasius. A new edition of this would be a valuable addition to our stock of elementary Persian works.

The principle by which M. Von Hammer has been guided in making this translation, is not to render his original literally, but to dress it in such colours as the imperial author would have used, had he written in Persian instead of Greek. The typographical execution of the work is very creditable to the Vienna press, and the clearness given to

* In accordance with ancient usage we prefer the word "Table" to "Picture," because the latter word does not fully express the meaning, and we are more easily misled by a common than an obsolete phrase.

the type by lengthening the ligatures of the letters, is certainly a decided improvement, especially to persons, like ourselves, whose sight is none of the best, and whose knowledge of oriental languages is but limited.

We think it right to add, that this typographic curiosity has been published at the sole expense of its learned and deserving editor; though, unlike Schlegel, he has not trumpeted the fact, and made it the theme of endless and idle boasting. We have noticed a very few typographical errors, but none of such importance as to produce any serious inconvenience to the student.

We trust that the work will receive the patronage of all those in this country, who are anxious to encourage oriental literature. The work itself well merits their support, and its editor has amply earned the gratitude both of Europe and Asia:

ART. XV.—1. *Trente Mois de ma Vie, Quinze Mois avant et Quinze Mois après mon Voyage au Congo, ou Ma Justification des infamies débitées contre moi; suivie de Détails nouveaux et curieux sur les Mœurs et les Usages des habitans du Brésil et de Buenos Ayres, et d'une Description de la Colonie Patagonia.* Par J. B. Douville, Auteur du *Voyage au Congo*, Secrétaire de la Société de Géographie, et Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes, Françaises et Etrangères. Paris, chez l'auteur, rue de Saints-Pères, No. 63. 1833. 8vo.

2. *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie.* Février, 1833. 8vo. Paris.

WE thought we had done with M. Douville and his African Travels for ever; but he will still thrust himself and his fabricated claims to be a great discoverer (on a par with Columbus and Galileo, and like them not less unjustly persecuted,) on the public attention. The "Justification" which he has now published, forming a volume of 400 pages, is intended as a reply to the statement respecting him by M. Lacordaire, which appeared in the Literary Intelligence of our last Number, copied from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That statement was of a nature not only to throw doubts on the authenticity of a portion of M. Douville's narrative, but even to make it problematical whether he had ever been in Africa at all. The opinion emitted in the two articles of this Journal (in Nos. XIX. and XX.) was, that the book itself was completely worthless; but that it offered sufficient evidence that the author had performed one journey into the interior, most probably in the honourable capacity of superintendent of a slaving expedition. After a careful examination of the new statements made by M. Douville himself, and comparing them with those given in his Travels, we are more and more confirmed in the belief that our surmises were correct. We will briefly notice these points of confirmation; and having recently received some authentic additional information respecting the hero, which we think is of a kind that will entirely remove those doubts which the Central Commission of the Paris Geographical Society profess (as appears by the last number of their Bulletin) still to entertain respecting M. Douville's astronomical observations, we think it our duty to publish it. Before

we proceed, we may as well mention that there is not one word in the present volume in reply to the remarks we made on his former *Defence*, nor the slightest additional information in corroboration of the statements to which we took exception in our review of his book. On that score, therefore, we have nothing to correct or retract.

M. Douville, instead of confining himself to the press for the reparation of his wounded reputation, (as M. Lacordaire had recommended,) thought proper in the first instance to resort to the more doubtful course of an appeal to arms; he resolved," he says, "to take the lives of the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and of M. Lacordaire, or to die by their hands." He sent each of them a challenge, which was refused by both; by the first on the score of illness, and by the second, because the challenger's character was such as to deprive him of all claim to the satisfaction of a gentleman. This refusal being repeated a second and a third time, and M. Douville having threatened M. Lacordaire with personal chastisement of the most insulting kind, the latter turned him over to the police, who exacted from him a promise of abstaining from all farther provocation. With this result he appears in the end very well satisfied; he had heard that his antagonist was "beaucoup plus grand et surtout plus robuste" than himself, and the reflection with which he concludes his account of the affair is so ingenuously stated, as to deserve transcription for the benefit of future challengers. "Au reste," says he, "je suis bien aisé qu'il ait refusé le défi que je lui ai envoyé. *La chance d'un cartel est toujours douteuse, et combien j'aurais eu à gémir d'être atteint par la balle d'un être aussi vil.*"

The real points at issue between the parties are only two; the *first*, whether M. Douville was at Rio Janeiro from the beginning of 1827 up to the 15th of October of that year, as he told us in his *Voyage au Congo*,—or whether he was at Buenos Ayres during the greater part of that time, as M. Lacordaire has informed us; and the *second*, whether in 1828 he was in the interior of Africa, performing that first journey of which the first and second volumes of the *Voyage au Congo* give the details,—or was at Rio Janeiro, as asserted by M. Lacordaire, who declares that he then and there saw both him and his wife. We are fortunately enabled to set both those questions at rest, in favour of M. Lacordaire, on the most indubitable authority, namely, that of M. Douville himself.

In the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* for June, 1831, (tom. i. p. 392,) there is a notice of M. Douville's recent arrival at Havre, and of his African travels, which it appears, by a subsequent number of the same work, (tom. ii. p. 194,) was transmitted from Havre by M. Douville himself. In this notice we find the following words:—

"Rendu alors (1826) en Europe, il repartit de France avec l'intention d'aller en Chine; les évènements le forcèrent de rester à Buenos-Ayres. Il parcourut jusqu'en 1828 une partie de l'Amérique Méridionale. En 1828 il se dirigea sur le Congo, débarqua à St. Philippe de Benguela," &c. &c.

The first point is also admitted in the volume before us, one half of it, indeed, being devoted to a narrative of what happened to him during his

residence at Buenos Ayres. All the circumstances stated by M. Lacordaire respecting his arrival there, his occupations, and his imprisonment on a charge of forging bank notes, are admitted by M. Douville himself, with the addition, however, that he was acquitted of the charge by the tribunals, of whose sentences he gives copies.

On the second point, M. Douville here falsifies his own first statement in the *Annales des Voyages*, and stoutly adheres to the one given in his travels. In confirmation of that he now produces the following documents: 1. a declaration or certificate of two persons now at Paris, who say that they knew him (Douville) at Loanda about the beginning of 1828; that he shortly after departed for the interior of Africa to explore the country as a naturalist, and that his wife died there of the fever of the country; 2. copies of two letters addressed to him by the Portuguese governor of those settlements, while he was in the interior, the first dated March 1st, the second April 20, 1828. Here also M. Douville saves us the trouble of weighing the credibility of his witnesses, or the probable authenticity of the letters he has printed; at p. 386, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he states, (in proof that he really had been in Africa, a fact which M. Lacordaire had disputed,) that he has in his possession, among other documents, a passport which he thus describes:

"A passport which was delivered to me at Loanda on the 16th of February, 1829, on my departure from that city for my *second* journey into the interior of Africa, which passport, as is therein stated, was delivered to me upon the deposit of a Brazilian passport, dated 9th October, 1827, and with which I had arrived on the 15th December of the same year."

As it appears by this that M. Douville preserves his documents, we were at first a little puzzled to account for his producing only the passport for his *second* journey, and not that for the first. But on turning to the "*Voyage au Congo*," our puzzle was increased, for we there found it stated in plain terms, (and the statement has been transferred to our own pages, No. xix. pp. 173, 174,) that the governor was determined not to allow him to travel a *second* time into the interior, and that, in order to get over this difficulty, he embarked on board a vessel nominally bound to the Brazils, but secretly destined to touch at Ambriz, from which he proceeded into the interior, to make those wonderful discoveries which are destined to immortalize his name. What possible credit can be given to an author whose statements are in such complete opposition to one another? After a few minutes' reflection, the truth of the matter flashed upon us at once. By the simple conversion of an 8 into a 7 in the Brazilian passport, M. Douville has contrived to antedate his arrival in Africa by a year, and as a part of the same bungling and barefaced system of fraud, he has altered the dates of the governor's two letters from 1829 to 1828. Our belief therefore is, that M. Douville and his spouse left Rio in October and arrived at Loanda in December, 1828, and that his *first* and *only* journey into the interior was performed between the 16th of February, 1829, and May, 1830, the dates which he assigns in his book for the *second*. After this, what becomes of the

splendid discoveries for which the Geographical Society of Paris awarded him its honours and pecuniary rewards?

We will now, in as few words as possible, put our readers in possession of our *own theory* as to the occasion of M. Douville's African travels, formed upon a careful comparison of the statements in the volume before us with those of his *Voyage to Congo*.

M. Jean Baptiste Douville appears, by his own account, to have occupied before these travels, rather a doubtful position in society. Not having succeeded in Europe, or in whatever quarter of the Old World he had exercised his talents (see hereafter) in raising himself to that eminence to which he evidently thinks his merits entitle him, he turned his back upon it in August, 1826, and proceeded to the New in quest of better fortune. His first experiment, at Buenos Ayres, it has been seen, was not a very successful one, and our conjecture is that the second, at Rio Janeiro, was not more so. M. Douville, by his own account, had the misfortune to come twice into contact with the officers of justice there, and his description of the miseries and horrors of a Brazilian prison has all the vividness and force of personal experience. Disappointed in his hopes, he was, probably as a last and desperate resource, induced to embark in a speculation to bring slaves from Angola. It will be recollected that by the convention between Great Britain and Brazil of November, 1826, the slave trade was to cease on the part of the latter at the end of three years, after which it was to be considered piracy; the consequence of which was, that as the termination of this horrible traffic approached, the Brazilian slave-traders redoubled their activity in all directions, in order to procure an additional supply for the market. Of this fact we have abundant evidence in the little work of Mr. Leonard, surgeon on board of one of the British cruizers, recently published; he states that in the year 1829, the number of slaves liberated by our cruizers was 5350, a number more than double that of the preceding, or what it was in the following year, when the Brazilian flag had disappeared. Keeping this circumstance in view, there is one passage in the second letter of the governor, addressed to M. Douville, which clearly enough explains the views and position of the person to whom it was addressed. We give it in the original Portuguese, along with M. Douville's French translation, which however leaves out the words in italics.

"*Sintindo muito, que as circumstancias me não permittão poder condescender com os seus desejos, de levar carregadores até ao pais dos Moluás, para o que me obste a consideracão de que actualmente se torna absolutamente indispensavel o emprego de grande numero delles para o servizo do commercio, per isso que se acha em seu ultimo prazo o commercio da escravatura. E alem disso, sendo o pais dos Moluás de una tão longa distancia, que apenas ali tem chegado alguns habitantes deste pais, vira por isso a ser muito terrivel esta viagem para os carregadores delle, e a muitos respeito perigoso e prejudicial.*"

"*Je regrette beaucoup que les circonstances ne me permettent pas de vous laisser conduire ces porteurs jusque chez les Molans, par la consideration que dans ce moment la fin de l'esclavage approche, et qu' alors le commerce en requiert un tres grand nombre. D'ailleurs, les pais des Molués est si éloigné, qu'à peine si l'on peut dire que quelqu'un de ce royaume y ait jamais pénétré:*

par conséquent ce voyage sera terrible pour les porteurs, et sans tous les rapports, dangereux et préjudiciable pour eux.”]

This passage also is important, as exhibiting the utter impossibility of M. Douville's ever having gone near the country of the Molooks, as the governor puts a distinct negative on his proposal of going thither. The tone of the letters, we may also remark, is that of a superior to an inferior, whose movements are regulated by his directions; he sends him orders on the regents of the different districts through which he has to pass, to furnish the necessary porters to forward him on his journey; there is no question of paying them at the rate of so much per day. The whole fabric of M. Douville's enormous expenditure in the interior crumbles to atoms; on his own account we dare say he did not expend a franc, and it need not be matter of doubt that the governor had a share in the profits of this unholy traffic. We have not had time to trace (nor if we had, would it be worth while to waste it on the inquiry) how far the substitution of the year 1828 for 1829 has led to the strange confusion of dates which was so remarkable and suspicious a feature in the Voyage; that it has been one of the main causes of it, we have no doubt.

The readers of the “Trente Mois de ma Vie,” will find that, in what precedes, we have not troubled ourselves with the amusing and monstrous figments with which M. Douville has embroidered the fragment of his real history that M. Lacordaire had supplied us with, but have at once gone to the marrow of the controversy. We shall, however, briefly notice the account of the previous portion of his life, as given by himself, and conclude by filling up a vacuum in it, on authority for the accuracy of which we can pledge ourselves.

He is a native of Hambye, in the arrondissement of Coutances and department of La Manche; born in February, 1794, the son of J. M. Douville, a thread merchant and bleacher; educated at Rennes in Brittany; having from his earliest age a decided passion for locomotion, which, at the termination of his studies, a fortunate chance enabled him very early to indulge. A very wealthy relation left him his whole property, and he immediately began travelling. In his “Voyage au Congo” he had informed us that he had visited both North and South America, South Africa, Egypt, Italy, and some portion of Asia; in his new version the field of peregrination is even more extensive, but differing in important parts from the first. He traversed Europe; next South America; then went *by sea* (!) into Asia; traversed part of India and Cashmir, and returned through Khorasan and Persia to Trebizond, where he took shipping for Genoa. *He passed the end of 1824 and 1825 in Italy and in Germany; returned to Paris in the spring of 1826*, and after a rest of three months, again started (as we have seen) for Buenos Ayres, with the ultimate view of proceeding from thence to the Isle of Bourbon, and from that to Java, from which, he says, there are frequent opportunities of getting to China. To a man of his immense fortune these long voyages occasion no disbursements productive of the least inconvenience. On this occasion he provided himself with the following ample stock of money and merchandize.

1. Hardware, glassware, and other articles, to exchange with the Patagonians (!)	franca.
2. China, cut glass, clocks, physical instruments and other costly articles, for the Chinese	45,000
3. English Bank notes of the Bank of England (!) (£3000)	75,000
4. Spanish dollars, concealed in a double bottom of one of the cases of glassware	10,000
5. A note of the Bank of France	1,000
	<hr/>
	(£5240 sterling) 131,000

He lost his 76,000 francs in paper money in the *trajet* from Havre to Rouen; the vessel, in which he was a passenger, was seized by the Brazilian squadron and condemned for attempting to break the blockade of Buenos Ayres, whereby he lost all his cases of hardware, china, &c. and his remaining stock of dollars. We must refer to the book itself for the wonderful details respecting these misfortunes, and the manner in which our hero contrived to bear up against them: the gravity with which they are told is really more amusing and a better preservative against the spleen than any thing we have met with for a long time. Of the Buenos Ayres, Brazilian, and African portions of his adventures, it is needless to say another word. But there is a little episode of his previous life, in which for five years at least he was *stationary*, over which he has thrown a veil, of which "*nous tacherons de lever un coin.*"

In the year 1819, a Frenchman named J. B. Le Comte became first known to our informant, as the keeper of a small French school, in the first floor of a house in Titchborne Street, Piccadilly, the ground floor of which was occupied as a shop by Mrs. Ward, a straw-bonnet maker. M. Le Comte, after some time, gave it to be understood, that he had not always been in the humble situation he then was; that in fact he was the son of no less a personage than the *Marquis de Douville*, and, in order not to disgrace the family during his probation of adversity, had assumed the name of Le Comte. After a time, M. Le Comte and Mrs. Ward became husband and wife, and about the year 1821 M. Le Comte removed to No. 9, Gerrard Street, Soho, (the large house which was for a number of years occupied by the Linnean Society) and converted it into an academy, which for a time appeared to prosper. M. Le Comte, however, got into pecuniary difficulties, and was obliged to require time from his creditors to meet their demands; this was given to him, and it is but right to say that he discharged these engagements honourably. Mrs. Le Comte subsequently died, and it was not long before the widower was understood to be paying his addresses to a lady of fortune; the match, however, was suddenly broken off, and handbills were circulated immediately after about the neighbourhood, offering a reward of 100 guineas from M. Le Comte to any one who would discover the writer of some anonymous letters which had been written to his prejudice. About the end of 1823, he had, on the strength of his previous payments, got into debt with our informant to a more considerable amount than the latter was altogether satisfied with, and he therefore pressed him rather urgently to liquidate it. M. Le Comte,

however, was unable to do so, and three months afterwards his creditor was constrained, for the want of any better security, to take his bills for the amount, the first of which did not become due till the following August. In June or July, however, passing accidentally along Gerard Street, and observing the house shut up, our informant became alarmed, and on inquiry found the house entirely stripped, and his debtor vanished. He applied to M. Le Comte's solicitor, but could obtain no redress or satisfaction, and from that time till the beginning of last month, (nearly nine years) neither he nor any of M. Le Comte's other creditors have ever been able to get any intelligence of him; and it is curious enough that the only dates given by M. Douville to his previous voyages are precisely subsequent to that of M. Le Comte's departure from England.* Happening to read the statement of M. Lacordaire in our last number, the idea all at once occurred to our informant that the African traveller Douville could be no other than his old debtor. The impression at that time being that M. Douville had left Paris, he waited till he obtained positive information that he was still there, and immediately proceeded thither. M. Douville, however, had by some means or other got scent of his arrival, ordered himself to be denied, and the answer to be given that he had left Paris and was gone to Portugal. Chance, however, the very same day, brought them into contact; our informant instantly recognized his debtor, and the identity of M. Le Comte with M. Douville; the latter at first attempted to run away, but finally plucked up courage, and had the hardihood, at two successive interviews, to deny his identity, and to maintain that, at the time alluded to, he was in another part of the world; but he would exhibit no document whatever to prove this. His creditor offered to pay his expenses to, and during his stay in England, to bring the matter to the test; but this, as might be expected, he refused. Independent of the *personal* identity, to which our informant would swear before any court in Christendom, we have ourselves seen and compared letters of the *soi-disant* Le Comte, and the *soi-disant* Douville, the handwriting of which affords not less strong evidence of the same fact. Mr. Lefley, the managing partner of the house of Dulau and Co. of Soho Square, is the gentleman here referred to. It is needless to add a word of comment on the insight which this transaction gives into the character of M. Douville.

We should have here concluded, but for some documents which the Geographical Society of Paris has published in the No. of its Bulletin for February last; one of them is a "Reclamation" from M. Jomard, a Vice-President of that Society, disclaiming having had any part whatever direct or indirect, in the preparation, correction, or publication of M. Douville's Voyage, or in the act of awarding him the Society's prize. The members of the Central Commission who made that award, were Messrs. Eyriès, d'Avezac, Brué, Warden, and Corabeuf. We have not

* It is only incidentally that we learn from M. Douville, that he had ever been in England before his visit to it in December 1831. He says that he found London greatly embellished since he last saw it, and that one of the objects of his visit was to embrace a brother, whom he had not seen for fifteen years.

seen the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which has led M. Jomard to make this disclaimer; we fancied that it was patent to the world that M. Eyriès was the *redacteur*, the *correcteur*, and every thing else of the work in question; that he was also the writer of the Prospectus, and the *rapporteur* of the commission; and that the late M. Brué had the charge of preparing and engraving the map. It is for M. Eyriès then to explain how so veteran and experienced a *litterateur* and geographer as himself could, as well as M. Brué, become the dupes of this clumsy and bungling forgery. M. Jomard thinks that the Commission might, in case of need, *donner des explications, des motifs tres plausibles*. We do not hesitate to say that they owe it to themselves and to the Society, whose dignity they have compromised, to give these explanations without further delay.*

There is one sentence, however, in M. Jomard's "Reclamation" which we cannot pass over without remark, and we give it in his own words: "D'ailleurs, la Société Géographique d'Angleterre, tout considéré, ne semblerait pas moins compromettre que celle de Paris, puisque, non contente d'avoir accueilli le voyageur avec une haute distinction, elle a ordonné qu'il serait acheté 200 exemplaires de son ouvrage." The circumstance here assumed as a fact is without a shadow of foundation; the London Geographical Society has not only not bought 200 copies—it has not purchased one copy—the only one which it possesses being that which was presented to it by the author. It is surprising to find a person like M. Jomard hazarding a statement which he could have so easily ascertained to be groundless. As little is the London Society compromised by having elected M. Douville as an honorary member; he was indebted for that "*haute distinction*" to the letters of introduction which he brought with him from Paris, and to the official sanction given to the importance and authenticity of his discoveries in the Discourse read to the Society by M. Jouannin at their anniversary meeting, on the 25th of November, 1831, immediately previous to M. Douville's arrival in London.

To conclude—M. Douville (who, we observe, although no longer secretary, still figures among the office-bearers of the Paris Society, in the *section de Comptabilité*) informs us at the end of his last book, that the sum of 14,000 francs is all that is wanting to complete the subscription which is to enable him to proceed on his new journey into the interior of Africa. It appears from the same number of the Bulletin in which M. Jomard's paper appears, that the Minister of Marine had applied to the Central Commission of the Society for its opinion of M. Douville's proposals relative to this journey, and that the Commission

"expressed in its reply, that it had crowned as a discovery M. Douville's *Voyage au Congo*; that since the publication of the work, upon which the press had entered into a controversy, the Central Commission had invited the author to communicate to it the elements or astronomical data which had produced the

* It is more incumbent on M. Eyriès than others to give these explanations, because, as the *redacteur* of the *Annales des Voyages*, he must have been aware of the remarkable discrepancies between the statements given in that periodical relative to M. Douville's discoveries, and those in the *Voyage* itself. See the *Annales des Voyages*, in the articles referred to above, p. 520.

results stated in that work; that M. Douville not having yet transmitted any such communications, *the Commission must remain in doubt as to the certainty of the astronomical results stated in the Voyage to Congo.*"

Sufficient, we think, has appeared to enable the Commission to pronounce a much stronger opinion than it has here done; it is not the *astronomical results* merely, but the truth of the whole second journey, *which it crowned as a discovery*, that is at issue. It had been well if the Geographical Society, or its leading organ, had imitated the wise reserve of the Academy of Sciences, to which M. Douville first submitted his MSS. for their opinion. After several months' delay, no report was made upon them, and when the author, tired out, demanded their return, they were instantly delivered up to him.* Had M. Douville's volumes been published by himself, divested of the sanction that has been given to them, he never would have sold fifty copies, and the public would only have laughed at him as a second Munchausen. Already we have one pregnant instance of the permanent mischief which has been the result of the Paris Society's rash and precipitate need of approbation. In an *Abridgment of Geography*, of formidable size, for the use of schools, recently published by a respectable author, who we believe would have been ashamed to publish anything he did not conceive to be true, we find the whole of these wonderful discoveries incorporated in the description of that portion of Africa to which the "*Voyage au Congo*" relates; every page is studded with the names of M. Douville and of M. Eyriès, singly and in conjunction—like Castor and Pollux—the first is lauded for his "*decouvertes importantes sous tous les rapports*," and the second, for the "*lumière*" which has been thrown by his labours on the geography of Africa.

The French *historical* literature of the present day is getting more and more degraded by the quantity of fabricated Memoirs, published as the *authentic* productions of authors of the very highest rank, and in which every quality which can recommend them to attention, *except truth*, has been acknowledged; matters are now come to that pass, that no one knows which to believe, and which to doubt. If in the kindred science of geography, in which truth is of so much higher importance, such societies as those of Paris and London do not protect us from impositions like M. Douville's, their existence, instead of being a benefit, would be a positive injury to its progress. If this exposure has the effect, as we are inclined to hope it will, of giving a lesson of greater caution in future, we shall be perfectly satisfied with the part we have taken in it.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXII.

DENMARK.

• Oehlenschläger has commenced the publication of a new monthly literary journal at Copenhagen, under the title of *Prometheus*.

The Museum for Scandinavian antiquities, established at Copenhagen by the celebrated antiquaries Münter, Thorlacius, and Nyerup, who are all now dead,—and which has been since upheld with the greatest efforts and indefatigable zeal by Councillor Thomsen, received, in the course of last year, an accession of four hundred articles, some of which are of great interest. Instead of the confined space in which the Museum was formerly contained in the Round Church, the king has allotted to it several rooms in the palace of Christianburg, in which the Gallery of Paintings is contained.

The royal frigate Galathee will sail this summer for Leghorn, to receive the Twelve Apostles executed by Thorwaldsen.

FRANCE.

M. Thiébaud de Bernéaud, one of the librarians of the Mazarine Library, has just concluded a work on the manners, customs, laws, political systems, religion, and literature of the ancient inhabitants of the North.

Charles Nodier has a new work in the press intitled *Les Girondins*.

✱ The French Chamber of Deputies has sanctioned the purchase of the library of the late Baron Cuvier for 72,500 francs, and the Egyptian MSS. of M. Champollion for 50,000. A pension of 6,000 francs has also been granted to the widow of Cuvier, and one of 3,000 francs each to the widows of the learned Orientalists Abel-Remusat, De Chezy, and St. Martin, who fell victims to the cholera of last year.

✱ A Collection of Novels and Tales, the exclusive production of the most talented women in France, is announced to appear in four vols. 8vo. under the title of *Heures du Soir, Livre des Femmes*.

✱ CHAMPOLLION'S WORKS ON EGYPT.—M. Champollion's MSS. are now in the hands of his brother, M. Champollion-Figeac, and consist of more than 2,000 pages, accompanied with drawings. A commission, composed of Messieurs De Sacy, Letronne, Laborde, Daunou, &c., was intrusted with the examination of these materials, and to make a report on them to government. This has now been done, and as soon as the matter is brought before the Chambers and authority given by them, the work will be put to press. In consequence, however, of M. Champollion's death, the work will not be so extensive, and the price will be only one half what was originally announced. The *Egyptian Grammar* of M. Champollion is also in the press, and will be published in 4 livraisons. Considerable embrage appears to have been given Paris by the announcement of Professor Rosellini's work on the same sub-

ject at Florence; it has been said, we know not with what justice, to evince a want of good faith and delicate feeling, not very creditable in certain quarters. Its scientific merits rest on other grounds, and must be pronounced upon hereafter. Rosellini, it will be recollected, was one of Champollion's Italian coadjutors.

A new monthly botanical journal has been commenced at Paris, with this year, which will no doubt prove a valuable substitute for that section of Perussac's Bulletin, now discontinued, which was devoted to the natural sciences. The editor is M. Guillemin.

A complete edition of the works of Flaxman is announced for publication at Paris, by Reveil, uniform with the "Museum of Painting and Sculpture" and "the English School of Painting." It will be completed in 30 livraisons small 8vo., and will include the eleven designs which Flaxman published in 1805 as a supplement to his Iliad, as well as all the inedited works, such as the statues and bas-reliefs of Covent Garden, and the monuments of Chichester and Westminster.

A collection of inedited and authentic documents, intended to throw light on contemporary history, will shortly be published in monthly volumes, of which ten will probably be the extent.

A view of the metropolitan and provincial press of France has been recently published by Messrs. Bresson and Bourgoin, directors of the Office of Correspondence for the French and foreign journals. It appears from this that on January 1, 1833, there were 243 newspapers published in the departments, and 217 at Paris. The newspapers of the departments are published in 123 towns. Nearly one hundred were published for the first time in 1832; some new ones have already appeared this year, and others are in preparation.

NECROLOGY.—M. Kieffer, late professor of Turkish at the College of France, and Vice-President of the Asiatic Society, was born at Strasburgh in 1767, where he studied under Oberlin, Schweighäuser, and Dahler. He was at first intended for the Church, but the study of the Oriental languages, a knowledge of which was required to qualify him for the sacred functions, so captivated him, that he resolved to devote himself wholly to them. A residence of some years at Paris confirmed him in his resolution, and enabled him to carry it into effect. Admitted, in 1794, into the Bureau of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, he was sent, two years after, to Constantinople, as secretary and interpreter to the embassy, of which General Aubert du Bayet was the head. In 1798, when a rupture took place between France and the Porte, M. Kieffer, along with the Chargé des Affaires, was sent to the Castle of the Seven Towers, where his time was devoted to study, and the enjoyment of the society of M. Ruffin, whose instructions, combined with the unwearied perseverance of M. Kieffer himself, enabled the latter to acquire that profound knowledge of the Turkish language, which has since been so honourably displayed in the translation of the New Testament, published at the expense of the London Bible Society. As a proper reward for his services, he was appointed Professor of Turkish in the College of France, and in 1815 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. But it was not merely as a literary man that M. Kieffer distinguished himself, and we should have a very imperfect idea of his vast and useful activity to view him merely as an Orientalist. M. Kieffer found time to engage in many useful associations for the promotion of public morals and education, and to advance the interests of re-

ligion, in its tolerant sense. Having been appointed chief agent for the London Bible Society in France, and a member of many other religious and philanthropic societies, he, as it were, multiplied himself, to fulfil so many duties, and yet acquitted himself so well as to cause an impression that all his energies were devoted to one alone. To diffuse the Holy Scriptures throughout France, and to recommend their perusal, was his chief study. In one year he distributed in this way 160,000 copies of the Bible, which in almost every instance was accompanied with a letter in his own hand; he also corrected the proof sheets of every new edition. Modest and kind in his intercourse with the world, he has left behind him the regrets of all good men. His funeral presented an affecting spectacle, and the tears of his friends expressed their sincere grief at the loss of the Christian and the scholar.

The *Book of the Hundred and One*, published by M. Ladvocat, which was originally announced to form eight volumes, is now at its eleventh volume, and is announced to be completed in fifteen. But besides this, a continuation of it is already begun, under the title of "*Les Cent et Une nouvelles Nouvelles des Cent et Un, ornées des 101 vignettes par 101 artistes*," which is to form six or eight vols.

The number of 101 seems to be a very favourite one at present with French publishers. Another of them announces "*Les Cent et Un Mémoires, Recueil de Documens inédits, pour servir à l'histoire contemporaine*," in ten vols. 8vo., to be published monthly.

There is at present an absolute inundation of works of fiction at Paris, even greater than there was of the fashionable novels in London two or three years since. It is difficult to conceive where readers of them are to be found, much less purchasers. Judging of them merely by the titles, (which we rarely venture to go beyond,) the greater number seem intended to be stimulants to the blasés and worn-out mental stomachs of the Parisians. One ingenious caterer, who has administered to them with great success in another line, the Baron de Lamothe Langon, (who has the reputation of being the father of most of the popular Memoirs of the last few years—such as *Madame du Barri*, *Louis XVIII.*, *the Femme du-Qualité*, and many others,) has just commenced the exploitation of a new mine for the benefit of the lovers of the striking and the terrible—a French Newgate Calendar, the very title of which is enough freeze one's blood—"Chronique du Crime et de l'Innocence: recueil des Evénemens les plus tragiques, Empoisonnemens, Massacres, Assassinats, Parricides et autres Forfaits, commis en France depuis le commencement de la Monarchie jusqu'à nos jours."

Mr. Robert Brown, the distinguished botanist, has been elected one of the eight foreign members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, of the Institute, in room of the celebrated Scarpa, lately deceased.

The Academy of Sciences has elected M. Libri a member of the Academy, Section of Geometry, in place of M. Legendre; and M. Vicat, a corresponding member, in the room of General Marescot.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has elected M. de Montméty an *academicien libre*, in the room of M. de Cousinery.

M. Victor Audouin has been appointed to the natural history professorship of the crustacea, spiders and insects at the Museum of Natural History, vacant by the death of M. Latreille.

M. Brunet's *Supplement* to his valuable *Manuel du Libraire* has just gone to press, and is expected to appear at the end of this year. It will form two volumes. Thirteen years have elapsed since the appearance of the last edition of the *Manuel*, which has been long out of print.

The 9th livraison (or half volume) of another excellent bibliographical work, worthy to stand on the same shelf with M. Brunet's *Manuel*,—we mean M. Quérard's *La France Littéraire*, is to be published this month. It will complete the letter L. The 10th livraison is expected to be ready before the end of this year.

Another voluminous Dictionary is announced to be immediately commenced by a Society of Savans and Manufacturers—"Dictionnaire de l'Industrie manufacturière, commerciale, et agricole," in ten large volumes, 8vo. As the interests of, and the information required by these three great classes are so entirely distinct, we should have thought it a much more advisable plan to publish the portions peculiar to each in separate dictionaries (as has been done with so much success in this country), than to compel each to purchase a work, two-thirds of which can be of little or no use to them.

GERMANY.

NECROLOGY—BARON COTTA, THE BOOKSELLER.—The extensive knowledge and scientific acquirements of Baron Cotta would alone have been sufficient to distinguish him, and to lead us to inquire into the particulars of his long career. But what constitutes the chief value of his biography is his connection with the most celebrated authors of Germany, for he was the friend as well as the publisher of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland, and other illustrious writers of the most splendid period of German literature. Since his appearance, half a century ago, on the field of literature, it may with truth be affirmed that it is chiefly owing to his exertions that the sale of German books has extended in so extraordinary a manner; and here we cannot help recalling the merits of his contemporary, Constable of Edinburgh, who, in a similar degree, gave life and activity in Scotland to a branch of commerce which, before his time, was comparatively inert, and which he raised to honour and respectability by his well-conceived and successful enterprises. Such men constitute an era in the literary history of nations, and deserve honours only less splendid than those of the great men whose works they circulate. Frederick Cotta was born at Stuttgart on April 27, 1764, of an ancient Italian family, whose titles of nobility ascend to the middle ages. Some members of this family established themselves in Saxony about the commencement of the seventeenth century. John George Cotta, the father of the subject of our present memoir, settled in Tübingen about 1740, and there founded the bookselling establishment which still subsists under the same name, and which, even at the commencement of the eighteenth century, gave constant employment to twenty printing-presses. Frederick early displayed a great aptitude for business, and much facility in the attainment of various knowledge. He received his early education at the gymnasium of Stuttgart; went to the University of Tübingen at eighteen, and after remaining there three years, during which he applied himself especially to mathematics, he was, through the recommendation of Professor Pfeiderer, appointed tutor to the young Prince Lubomirski, and for that purpose went to Warsaw. In this city he commenced the study of jurisprudence. After devoting several years to the education of his pupil, he went to Paris along with Johann Gottfried Müller, and there he became acquainted with most of the celebrated individuals who were assembled in that capital

from all parts of Europe, and with the native men of science and literary characters. His stay there also enabled him to perfect his knowledge of the French language, and the study of natural history, mathematics, and jurisprudence.

From Paris he was recalled by his father's orders, in order to assume the direction of his establishment at Tübingen, which had fallen very much to decay. At the time when young Cotta took its management, it hardly produced an annual revenue of 3000 florins. His efforts to raise it to importance were for a year or two, owing to his want of capital, not attended with much success, but a most acceptable present from the Princess Lubomirski of 300 ducats, to recompense the care he had bestowed on her son's education, came most seasonably to his assistance. With this, and a small addition from other sources, amounting in all to 500 florins, he was enabled to make his first speculation. He had previously taken a partner into business with him, but was soon obliged to dissolve the connection in consequence of the extreme timidity of his associate. Relieved from this clog, Cotta's activity was redoubled, and his business rapidly extended. After various speculations, in which he was uniformly successful, about the beginning of the French Revolution he formed the design of establishing a daily political journal. With the exception of the *Hamburg Correspondenten*, there was then no paper in Germany of any importance. All the others were merely the official journals of the provinces, which wore the livery of the court, and were never heard of beyond their own district. During his residence at Paris the idea had occurred to Cotta, but he was then destitute of the necessary capital, and the want of such a paper was not so strongly felt as afterwards. In 1793 he first seriously attempted the execution of his project. He had first made an arrangement with Schiller (who had just about that period returned to Jena, his native place) to be the editor; but from the joint effects of ill health and timidity, Schiller drew back at the very moment of execution. Cotta then engaged Posselt, the author of a "History of Germany," the "Trial of Louis XVI." and many other historical productions, and at last, in 1798, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* made its first appearance at Tübingen. At a later period the publication was transferred to Stuttgart, and in 1803 was removed to Augsburg. His proprietorship of this paper gave Cotta great influence in the courts of Germany; as he had little sympathy with the new ideas, his paper took the side opposed to the revolution. In 1799 he was entrusted with a mission from the states of Wurtemberg, which required him to make a second visit to Paris, and he availed himself of the opportunity to renew his acquaintance with the literary characters whom he had known during his first visit. He then became acquainted with Kosciuszko, with General Moreau, and with Madame de Stael; he saw also the most influential members of the government of that time, but his political mission was entirely unsuccessful. His newspaper, however, benefited by the journey, as it procured him a number of well-informed correspondents for it, as well as for other periodical works of his publication, and particularly for "*The Hours*," a literary paper, edited by Schiller. Cotta made a third visit to Paris in 1801, but it was of short duration. The politics of Napoleon at this period attracted his attention, and a series of articles on the subject appeared in his paper, written by him, which at the time excited considerable notice.

While Cotta was thus rendering his gazette one of the most widely-circulated papers in Europe, he devoted incessant attention to the details of his bookselling establishment; and during his long career there was scarcely a letter or note relative to it which did not pass through his hands. It was only during the latter years of his life that he permitted his wife to assist him. In the midst of this constant occupation his only relaxation was in the society

of men of letters and of his literary friends, the list of which included the greatest names in the German republic of letters:—of these we may mention Goethe, Schiller, Voss, Jean-Paul, Schelling, the two Humboldts, Herder, Fichte, Tieck, Hebel, Thaer, Huber, Matthiesson, Joannes Muller, Pfeffel, Spittler, and a number of savans and writers unknown in other countries, but who enjoy an honourable reputation in Germany. Cotta had also frequent occasion to mingle in the political affairs of his country. In 1805 and 1810 he was brought into contact with Napoleon, and had frequent occasion to converse with him, but he was by no means an admirer of the French Emperor.

In 1815 Cotta was deputed to plead the cause of the German publishers at the Congress of Vienna, in order to procure a law for the general protection of copyright in Germany, but it appears he had not much success in this new mission; nor have matters much improved since, for the law in Germany on this point is even yet very unsettled. In the same year Cotta was elected a deputy to the diet at Wurtemberg, and was the first who, in concert with Waldeck, asserted the ancient rights of his countrymen. After this he was employed in various affairs between the different courts, and had honours and orders conferred on him in abundance. He also made some speculations unconnected with publishing, and in particular, in 1825, he made an attempt to establish steam navigation on the lake of Constance, and in 1826 succeeded in arranging this with the various governments on the banks of the Rhine. It would detain us too long to enumerate the many splendid literary undertakings in which Cotta was engaged during his long career. Every branch of the fine and useful arts in like manner experienced his judicious patronage, and he published many periodical works expressly devoted to these objects. The public mind in Germany under his direction, it may truly be said, has received an impulse which will long carry it forward in the career of improvements, and in him was realized the saying of Brougham, that the booksellers are the best Mæcenases of literature. Cotta died on the 29th December, 1832.

A new edition of Gerle's "*Description of Bohemia*" will appear in the course of the present year, with considerable improvements, derived from the author's repeated journeys through his native country.

A new and complete edition of the works of Körner, the poet, including many inedited poems, tales, dramatic pieces, and interesting fragments, is now in preparation at Berlin. This edition will also contain many letters written by the poet during the latter years of his life, and several letters of Goethe on Körner's character and works.

The University of Halle has lost one of its most distinguished members in the person of Professor Sprengel, the celebrated botanist and historian of Medicine, who died on the 15th of last month.

A *Lexicon Platonicum*, by Professor Ast, in 3 vols. 8vo., with the addition of whatever is valuable in the *Indices Platonici* of Mitchell, is announced for the Easter Fair.

An association of literary men is about to publish a series of *Manuals of the Literature of the West*, and particularly of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and Sweden. The most remarkable passages will be translated. The first volume, which contains the *History of Italian Literature*, with extracts in prose, by Dr. Genthe, was published at

Magdeburgh last year. It contains 507 pages in 8vo. The second volume will be devoted to the Italian poets.

A journal devoted to the arts of painting and sculpture made its appearance at Berlin with the new year, under the title of "*Museum Blätter für bildende Kunst.*" The few numbers that we have seen are tastily got up, and embrace notices of foreign works, among which is the "*Architectural Dictionary,*" of Mr. Britton, whose labours, in drawing public attention in England to the rich remains of past ages that adorn her soil, are highly praised and suitably appreciated. We are glad to see that the old German black letter is getting out of use in works like the present; we are certain that no trivial obstacle to the study their language among other nations would be removed by the general adoption of the Roman character by the Germans.

An important diplomatic collection has just appeared at Frankfort, entitled *Corpus Juris Confederationis Germanicae*, or a complete collection of the original acts of the German Confederation, from the peace of Luneville to the present times, in 3 vols. 8vo.

The inedited works of GOETHE are announced to appear in the following order:—

The first portion, which has recently been published, consist of—

Vol. I.—Den völlig abgeschlossenen zweiten Theil des Faust in fünf Akten.*

II.—Gottfried von Berlichingen, erstes, nie gedrucktes Manuscript, und Götz von Berlichingen, bearbeitet für die Bühne.

III.—Schweizerreise vom J. 1797 und Reise am Rhein und Main i. J. 1814.

IV.—Mannigfaltige, bisher unedirte, Aufsätze über Kunst.

V.—Theater und deutsche Literatur.

The second portion, which will be published this month—

VI.—Gedichte, ältere ungedruckte und neueste.

VII.—Aus meinem Leben, Wahrheit und Dichtung, 4ter Theil, die Jahre 1774 bis 75 umfassend.

VIII.—Alte griechische Literatur, neue französische, neue englische, ausländische Volkspoesie.

IX.—Maximen und Reflexionen über Welt, Staat und Literatur.

X.—Zur Naturwissenschaft im Allgemeinen, verschiedene Aufsätze, (Allgemeine Naturansichten.)

The third portion, to be published in September—

XI.—Die Pflanzen- und Knochenlehre, älteres und neuestes.

XII.—Mineralogie, Geologie, Meteorologie.

XIII.—Farbenlehre, theoretischer Theil, } neu überarbeitet und vervollständigt.
XIV.—Farbenlehre, polemischer Theil, }
XV.—Farbenlehre, historischer Theil, }

* We cannot lose the opportunity of here noticing, with the commendation it deserves, Mr. Hayward's English prose translation of the first part of Faust recently published. It has placed him at once in the first rank of German scholars. Of the extent to which Goethe's celebrated drama had been misinterpreted by all the preceding translators, both English and French, no one could have had any idea without reading the numerous instances which Mr. Hayward has adduced in his Preface and Notes. Mr. Hayward has now, however, an opportunity of crowning his fame by starting first in the field, and giving us a translation of the new Faust—not a mere literal prose translation like the other, (for which there is not the same necessity,) but a free version, exhibiting as close a picture of the original in its various forms as the idiom of our language will admit.

The delay that has taken place in the publication of the second volume of Dr. Scholz's New Testament has arisen, we are informed, from the reluctance of the Leipsig publisher to proceed with an undertaking so very unpromising in the present stagnant state of literature on the Continent. It having been intimated that, if a sale of 200 copies could be secured in England, the work would be proceeded with forthwith, we are happy to learn that the venerable and truly learned Bishop of Salisbury has undertaken to exert his extensive influence among the clergy of that church, of which he is so great an ornament, to effect that desideratum, and thereby prevent the possibility of a work of such long and arduous research being lost to sacred criticism. We have every confidence that the appeal made by the venerable prelate to his brethren of the Established Church, will not only be successful with them, but that it will be responded to by ministers and scholars of all denominations.

An historical work on the civilization of the Greeks, in respect of morals and religion, during the heroic ages, is announced for publication in French, by Professor Van Limburg Brouwer of Groningen.

ITALY.

THE Typographical Society of Milan has this year published an Almanack, with the title of "The Adventures of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland," in which the most remarkable incidents in the life of that unfortunate princess are sketched in a lively style, and with considerable critical discernment.

A new play of Nota, "La Donna Irrequieta," was lately brought out at Naples, and the king came in person from Portici to honour the first representation with his presence, on which occasion the theatre was completely crowded. The performance passed off with the greatest applause, and the author was obliged to come forward to receive the plaudits of the spectators. Between the fourth and fifth acts the king sent one of his attendants to convey to him the expression of his majesty's extreme satisfaction with the piece, which continues to be repeated with the same success.

An important work, entitled *Analyse Grammaticale des differens textes des anciens Egyptiens*, is announced for publication in 3 vols. 4to. by M. Savolini.

M. Plana, the celebrated astronomical professor at Turin, has just published his great work on the Theory of the Moon, in 3 vols. 4to. This work is calculated, in the highest degree, to excite the attention of astronomers.

Died recently, at Rome, Filippo Invernizzi, the editor of Aristophanes. Among his papers were found materials for a new edition of Apollonius Rhodius, for the basis of which he had adopted the text of the edition of Stephen, collated with a hitherto inedited MS. of the Vatican. On this edition he had been engaged for many years, as appears from his correspondence with many foreign scholars. The whole materials are now in the possession of Petrucci, the bookseller, in Rome.

Professor Gerhard, Secretary to the Archæological Institute in Rome, is at present engaged in a professional tour through Upper Italy and Germany, and hopes, in the course of his journey, to conclude the publication of his *Ancient Sculptures*.

A work on the History of Lombardy in the Seventeenth Century has recently appeared by C  sar Cant  , an author of some celebrity; it is said to be a necessary adjunct to Manzoni's classical novel, the *Promessi Sposi*.

A new tragedy by Niccolini will shortly appear under the title of "Louis the Moor," the subject of which is an episode from the history of that duke of Milan of the house of Sforza who cuts so distinguished a figure in Ranke's well-known historical work on that subject.

Turin.—A new tragedy of Pellico, entitled *Gismonda*, (one of the *Three* alluded to in the note at page 483, *ante*.) has been brought out at the theatre of this city, and was received with the most rapturous applause. After it had been performed three times, however, the Austrian minister applied to the Sardinian government to have it withdrawn; and the king in consequence, with his usual obsequiousness to that court, immediately gave orders to that effect. The story of the play is founded on the wars of the 12th century, between the Imperialists and the Milanese, at one of those periods when Milan was utterly destroyed by the former; and the moral of it is to exhibit to the Italians the folly of their civil dissensions, the necessity of their burying all animosities, and uniting against the strangers. Such a subject was quite likely to give umbrage to the stern and suspicious Austrian government. Pellico's *Memoirs of his Captivity* have also been strictly prohibited in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, as might be readily anticipated. The wonder is how the Piedmontese censorship allowed the book to appear at all, or the tragedy to be performed. By the way, we may mention that two reprints of the Italian original have been already made, one in Paris and one in London, with notes. Two French translations are announced, one with copious notes by Maroncelli. Mr. Thomas Roscoe is the author of the English translation which is about to appear in London.

A supplement of corrections and additions to Dr. Ferrario's great work, *Costume antico e moderno*, is being published in numbers at Milan. The author has availed himself of the works of travellers published since 1820—among others, *Travels of Marmara and Mimaud in Sardinia*, of the *Journey to Mekka* in 1826-27 by Descoudray, of Count Potocki's journey to the Steppes of Astrakan and Caucasus, published by Klaproth in 1829, of Timkovski's into Mongolia and China, and of Mr. Arago's *Promenade autour du Monde* on board Captain Freycinet's squadron. Dr. Ferrario has also added a full and interesting description of Palestine, in which he has availed himself especially of the learned work of Lencic: *la Sacra Scrittura illustrata con monumenti fenico-assirj ed egiziani*, published at Rome in 1827. The whole supplement to Dr. Ferrario will consist of two vols. 4to. or nineteen numbers, of which eleven have already appeared. The work is dedicated to the Emperor of Austria.

Dr. Morandini has published a statistical work called *Del Censimento Milanese*, in 3 vols. 8vo. being a history of the various operations for the admeasurement and evaluation of all the landed properties in the Milanese territory, which have been effected at various epochs for the assessment of the land tax. The *cadastre*, as the French call it, for the Duchy of Milan was completed in 1760; it has been since extended to the territory of Mantua and the other provinces of Austrian Lombardy.

An Italian version of Niebuhr's History of Rome is being published at Pavia, and has already begun to undergo the strictures of the learned of that country, which is most interested in the subject of the work. We rather think it will give rise to a voluminous controversy south of the Alps.

RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia, at the request of Prince Lieven, the Minister of Public Instruction, has increased the yearly allowance for the support of the Dorpat Observatory from 2000 to 8000 rubles. The salaries of the two astronomers attached to it are not included in this sum; the repairs also of the building, and its lighting, are executed at the expense of the university.

Last summer a geographical journey through the south-eastern parts of Siberia was undertaken by M. Feodorow, at the command of the emperor, who has appointed a sum of 22,000 rubles to defray the expenses. Still more important results are anticipated from the three years' journey about to be undertaken by the state-councillor Fass, Secretary to the Academy of Sciences. His route is from Peterburgh to Peking, through eastern Siberia.

Gneditsch, a state-councillor, and well known as a poet, died lately at St. Petersburg.

SPAIN.

AN original historical novel recently appeared at Madrid, in 2 vols. under the title of *El Conde de Candespina*, and has been very favourably noticed in the Madrid Gazette. The author, Don Patricio de la Escosura, is an officer in the artillery of the royal guard.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

M. Desgrange, formerly first Dragoman, and Secretary of the French Embassy at Constantinople, has been elected Professor of Turkish in the place of M. Kieffer, deceased.

Dr. Siebold's long-promised work on Japan has been announced as likely to make its appearance very speedily.

M. Brosset, jun. who has devoted himself to the study of the history, geography, and literature of Georgia, has presented to the Paris Asiatic Society, for insertion in its Journal, a description of Turkish Georgia, translated from the work of an Armenian Doctor.

An Arabic Chrestomathia for beginners, with a glossary and notes, in 2 vols. 8vo., will shortly appear by Professor Humbert, of Geneva.

M. Stanislas Julien has been elected Professor of Chinese in the College of France, in the room of Dr. Abel-Rémusat, who died of the Cholera last year.

M. Bianchi, interpreter to the king of the Oriental languages, is about to send to press a new Grammar of the Turkish language, intended for the use of interpreters, merchants, seamen, and travellers in the Levant. It will form a large volume in 8vo., and besides a full detail of the grammar and syntax, will contain numerous exercises extracted from the best authors, in prose and verse, in the Turkish language.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM JANUARY, 1833, TO MARCH, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

- 247 *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*. Herausgegeben von Hengstenberg. 1833. 12 Nos. 4to. *Berlin*. 1l.
- 248 Conard, Predigten über die Bekehrung des Apostels Paulus. 8vo. *Berl.* 7s.
- 249 Illgen, *Zeitschrift für die historische Theologie*. 2ten Bdes 2tes Stück. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 7s. 6d.
- 250 Theologische Studien und Kritiken. 1833. 4 Nos. 8vo. *Hamburg*. 1l. 10s.
- 251 Stapf, *Theologia Moralis*, in Compendium redacta. Vol. III. 8vo. 10s.
- 252 Schrader, Der Apostel Paulus. 3ter Theil. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 8s.
- 253 Lücke, Commentar über die Schriften des Evang. Johannes. 4ter Thl. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Bonn*. 12s. 6d.
- 254 Wonders, *Epitome Sacrae Script. Hexametris memorabilis concinnata*. 12mo. 6d.
- 255 Zung, Die gottesdienstlichen Vorträge der Juden, historisch entwickelt. gr. 8vo, *Berlin*. 10s.
- 256 Absalon, von Estrup und Mohnike. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 6s. 6d.
- 257 Carové, Die letzten Dinge des römischen Katholicismus in Deutschland. 8vo. 10s.
- 258 Eisenschmid, Vergleichende Darstellung aller allgemein verbindlichen und provinciellen Kirchensatzungen der katholischen Kirche. 8vo. *Berlin*. 14s.
- 259 Tafel, Religionssystem der neuen Kirche, aus Quellen dargestellt. 1stes Heft. 8vo. 2s.
- 260 Gieseler, Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte. 2ten Bdes 2ter Thl. 8vo. *Bonn*. 12s. 6d.
- 261 Engelhardt, Kirchengeschichtliche Abhandlungen. 8vo. *Erlangen*. 9s.
- 262 *Allgemeine Kirchen-Zeitung*. Herausgegeben von Zimmernmann. 1833. 12 Nos. 4to. *Darmstadt*. 2l. 10s.
- 263 Wegscheider, *Institutiones Theologiae christianae dogmaticae*. Editio septima, aucta et emendata. 8vo. *Halae*.
- 264 Böhr, *Magazin für christliche Prediger*. 5ten Bdes 2tes Stück. 8vo. *Hannov.* 4s. 6d.
- 265 Schröter, Lehrbuch der Moraltheologie. 2ter Thl. 1ste Abth. *Freib.* 7s. 6d.
- 266 Grandpierre, Discours sur quelques Sujets de Religion et de Morale. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- 267 *Rheinisches Museum für Jurisprudenz*. 1833. 4 Nos. 8vo. *Göttingen*. 1l.
- 268 Wernkeonig, *Commentarii Juris Romani Privati*. Tom. III. 8vo. *Leodii*. 14s.
- 269 Rudorff, Das Recht der Vormundschaft aus den gemeinen in Deutschland geltenden Rechten entwickelt. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Berlin*. 10s.
- 270 Gaupp, *Lex Frisionum*. 8vo. *Vratislaviae*. 2s.
- 271 Ekendahl, *Allgemeine Staatslehre*. 8vo. *Neustadt*. 11s. 6d.
- 272 Veder, *Historiae philosophiae Juris apud Veteres*. 8vo. *Lugd. Bat.* 10s.
- 273 *Corpus Juris civilis*, ed. et cum notis Schrader. Vol. I. (Justinian cont.) 4to. *Berol.* 1l. 14s.
- 274 Müller, Archiv für die neueste Gesetzgebung aller deutschen Staaten. 3ter Bd. 8vo. *Mainz*. 14s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- 275 Hermann, Ueber Herr Professor Ritter's Darstellung der sokratischen Systeme. 8vo. *Heidelberg*. 2s.
 276 Hegel, Phänomenologie des Geistes. Herausgegeb. von Schulze. 8vo. *Berl.* 12s.
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ERRATA IN VOL. XI.

- Page 239, last line, for MS. read volume.
 240, line 4, — a Sybarite read an Anchorite.
 299, line 2, — *quelle* read *que*.

